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A THOUSAND HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT
WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT WRITERS

By JOHN L. STODDARD

Vol. VI

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JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. Born at Frankfort on the Main, August 28, 1749; died at Weimar, March 22, 1832. Author of "Sorrows of Young Werther," "Clavigo," "Stella," "Tasso," "Iphigenia," "Wilhelm Meister," "Faust."

The name of Goethe is not only first in his native land, but one of the foremost in the entire history of literature.

(From "FAUST")

Night. A high vaulted narrow Gothic Chamber

FAUST, *restless, seated at his desk*

Faust. I've now, alas! Philosophy,
Med'cine and Jurisprudence too,
And to my cost Theology,
With ardent labor studied through.
And here I stand, with all my lore,
Poor fool, no wiser than before.
Master, aye doctor styl'd, indeed,
Already these ten years I lead,
Up, down, across, and to and fro,
My pupils by the nose, and learn,
That we in truth can nothing know!
This in my heart like fire doth burn.
True, I've more wit than all your solemn fools;
Priests, doctors, scribes, magisters of the schools;
Nor doubts, nor scruples torture now my breast;
No dread of hell or devil mars my rest;
Hence is my heart of every joy bereft;
No faith in knowledge to my soul is left;
No longer doth the hope delude my mind,
By truth to better and convert mankind.
Then I have neither goods, nor treasure,
No worldly honor, rank, or pleasure;

No dog would longer such a life desire!
Hence I've applied to magic, to inquire
Whether the spirit's voice and power to me
May not unveil full many a mystery;
That I no more, the sweat upon my brow,
Need speak of things, of which I nothing know;
That I may recognize the hidden ties
That bind creation's inmost energies;
Her vital powers, her embryo seeds survey,
And fling the trade in empty words away.

Thou full-orb'd moon! Would thou wert gazing now
For the last time upon my troubl'd brow!
Beside this desk, at midnight, seated here,
Oft have I watch'd to hail thy soothing beam;
Then, pensive friend, thou cam'st, my soul to cheer;
Shedding o'er books and scrolls thy silv'ry gleam.
Oh that I could, in thy beloved light,
Now wander freely on some Alpine height;
Could I round mountain caves with spirits ride,
In thy mild radiance o'er the meadows glide,
And purg'd from knowledge-fumes, my strength renew,
Bathing my spirit in thy healing dew.

Woe's me! still prison'd in the gloom
Of this abhorr'd and musty room,
Where heaven's dear light itself doth pass
But dimly through the painted glass!
Girt round with volumes thick with dust,
A prey to worms and mold'ring rust,
And to the high vault's topmost bound,
With smoky paper compass'd round;
Boxes in strange confusion hurl'd,
Glasses and antique lumber, blent
With many a curious instrument —
This is thy world! a precious world!

And dost thou ask why heaves thy heart,
With tighten'd pressure in thy breast?
Why the dull ache will not depart,

By which thy life-pulse is oppress'd?
Instead of nature's living sphere,
Created for mankind of old,
Brute skeletons surround thee here,
And dead men's bones in smoke and mold.

Up! Forth into the distant land!
Is not this book of mystery
By Nostradam's prophetic hand,
An all-sufficient guide? Thou'lt see
The planetary orbs unroll'd;
When nature doth her thoughts unfold
To thee, thy soul shall rise, and seek
Communion high with her to hold,
As spirit doth with spirit speak!
Vain by dull poring to divine
The meaning of each hallow'd sign.
Spirits! I feel you hov'ring near;
Make answer, if my voice ye hear!

. . . . . .

Faust. How he alone is ne'er bereft of hope,
Who clings to tasteless trash with zeal untir'd,
Who doth, with greedy hand, for treasure grope,
And finding earthworms, is with joy inspir'd!

And dare a voice of merely human birth,
E'en here, where shapes immortal throng'd, intrude?
Yet ah! thou poorest of the sons of earth,
For once, I e'en to thee feel gratitude.
Despair the power of sense did well-nigh blast,
And thou didst save me ere I sank dismay'd;
So giant-like the vision seem'd, so vast,
I felt myself shrink dwarf'd as I survey'd.

I, God's own image, who already hail'd
The mirror of eternal truth unveil'd,
Who, freed already from this toil of clay,
In splendor revel'd and celestial day: —
I, more than cherub, whose unfetter'd soul
With penetrative glance aspir'd to flow

Through nature's veins, and, still creating, know
The life of gods, — how am I punish'd now!
One thunder-word hath hurl'd me from the goal!
Spirit! I dare not lift me to thy sphere.
What though my power compell'd thee to appear,
My art was powerless to detain thee here.
In that great moment, rapture fraught,
I felt myself so small, so great;
You thrust me fiercely from the realm of thought,
Back on humanity's uncertain fate.
Who'll teach me now? What ought I to forego?
Shall I that impulse of the soul obey?
Alas! our very actions as our woe,
Alike impede the tenor of our way!

E'en to the noblest by the soul conceiv'd,
Some feelings cling of baser quality;
And when the goods of this world are achiev'd,
Each nobler aim is term'd a cheat, a lie.
Our aspirations, our soul's genuine life,
Grow torpid in the din of worldly strife.

Though youthful fantasy, while hope inspires,
Stretch o'er the infinite her wing sublime,
A narrow compass limits her desires,
When wreck'd our fortunes in the gulf of time.
In the deep heart of man, care builds her nest,
O'er sorrows undefin'd she broodeth there,
And, rocking ceaseless, scareth joy and rest;
Still is she wont some new disguise to wear,
As house, land, wife, or child, or kindred blood,
As sword or poison'd cup, as fire or flood;
We tremble before ills that ne'er assail,
And what we ne'er shall lose we still bewail.

I rank not with the gods! I feel with dread,
That the mean earthworm I resemble more,
Which still is crush'd beneath the wanderer's tread,
As in its native dust it loves to bore.

And may not all as worthless dust be priz'd,
That in these hundred shelves confines me round?
Rubbish, in many a specious form disguis'd,
That in this moth-world doth my being bound?
Here shall I satisfy my craving soul?
Here must I read in many a pond'rous scroll,
That here and there one mortal hath been blest,
Self-torture still the portion of the rest? —
Thou hollow skull, what means that grin of thine?
But that thy brain, bewilder'd once, like mine,
Sought, yearning for the truth, the light of day,
And in the twilight wander'd far astray?
Ye instruments, forsooth, ye mock at me, —
With wheel, and cog, and ring, and cylinder,
To nature's portals ye should be the key;
Your wards are intricate, yet fail to stir
Her bolts. Inscrutable in broadest light,
To be unveil'd by force she doth refuse.
What she reveals not to thy mental sight,
Thou wilt not wrest from her with bars and screws.
Old useless furnitures! Ye still are here,
Because my sires ye serv'd in times long past!
Old scroll! The smoke of years thou yet dost wear,
As when yon lamp its sickly ray first cast.
Better have squander'd at an earlier day
My paltry means, than 'neath its weight to groan!
Would'st thou possess thy heritage, essay
By active use to render it thine own.
What we employ not, but impedes our way;
What it brings forth the hour can use alone.

But why doth yonder spot attract my sight?
Is yonder flask a magnet to my gaze?
Whence this mild radiance, as when Cynthia's light,
Amid the forest gloom, around us plays?

Hail, precious phial! Thee, with rev'rent awe,
Down from thine old receptacle I draw;
Science in thee I hail and human art;

Essence of deadliest powers, refin'd and sure,
Of soothing anodynes abstraction pure,
Now in thy master's need thy grace impart!
I gaze on thee, my pain is lull'd to rest;
I grasp thee, calm'd the tumult in my breast;
The flood tide of my spirit ebbs away;
Onward I'm summon'd o'er a boundless main,
Calm at my feet expands the glassy plain,
To shores unknown allures a brighter day.
Lo, where a car of fire, on airy pinion,
Comes floating towards me! I'm prepar'd to fly
By a new track through ether's wide dominion,
To distant spheres of pure activity.
This life intense! This godlike ecstasy!
Worm that thou art, such rapture can'st thou earn?
Only resolve with courage stern and high,
Thy visage from the radiant sun to turn!
Dare with determin'd will to burst the portals
Past which in terror others fain would steal;
Now is the time to testify that mortals
The calm sublimity of gods can feel.
To shudder not at yonder dark abyss,
Throng'd with self-torturing fancy's grisly brood;
Right onward to the yawning gulf to press,
Round whose dark entrance rolls hell's fiery flood;
With glad resolve to take the fatal leap,
E'en though thy soul should sink to endless sleep!

Pure crystal goblet, forth I draw thee now,
From out thine antiquated case, where thou
Forgotten hast repos'd for many a year.
Oft at my father's revels thou didst shine,
Gladd'ning the earnest guests with gen'rous wine
As each the other pledg'd with sober cheer.

The gorgeous brede of figures, quaintly wrought,
Which he who quaff'd must first in rhyme expound,
Then drain the goblet at one draught profound,
Hath nights of boyhood to fond memory brought;

I to my neighbor shall not reach thee now,
Nor on thy rich device my cunning show;
Here is a juice makes drunk without delay;
Its dark brown flood thy crystal round doth fill;
Let this last draught, the product of my skill,
My own free choice, be quaff'd with resolute will,
A solemn greeting to the coming day!

(*He places the goblet to his mouth.*)

(*The ringing of bells, and choral voices.*)

Chorus of Angels. Christ is arisen!
Mortal, all hail to thee,
Thou whom mortality,
Earth's sad reality,
Held as in prison.

Faust. What hum melodious, what clear, silv'ry chime,
Thus draws the goblet from my lips away?
Ye deep-ton'd bells, do ye with voice sublime,
Announce the solemn dawn of Easter-day?
Sweet choir! are ye the hymn of comfort singing,
Which once around the darkness of the grave,
From seraph-voices, in glad triumph ringing,
Of a new covenant assurance gave?

Chorus of Women. Embalm'd with spices rare,
In sorrow and in gloom,
His faithful followers bare
His body to the tomb.
For their sepulchral rest,
We swath'd the reliques dear;
Ah! vain is now our quest,
Christ is no longer here!

Chorus of Angels. Christ is arisen!
Perfect through earthly ruth,
Radiant with love and truth,
Girt with eternal youth,
He soars from earth's prison.

Faust. Wherefore, ye tones celestial, sweet and strong,
Come ye a dweller in the dust to seek?
Ring out your chimes believing crowds among,
I hear the message, but my faith is weak;

From faith her darling, miracle, hath sprung.
I dare not soar aloft to yonder spheres
Whence sound the joyful tidings; yet this strain,
Familiar even from my boyhood's years,
Binds me to earth, as with a mystic chain.
Then would celestial love, with holy kiss,
Come o'er me in the Sabbath's stilly hour,
While, fraught with solemn and mysterious power,
Chim'd the deep-sounding bell, and prayer was bliss;
A yearning impulse, undefin'd yet dear,
Drove me to wander on through wood and field;
With heaving breast and many a burning tear,
I felt with holy joy a world reveal'd.
This Easter hymn announc'd, with joyous pealing,
Gay sports and festive hours in times of old,
And early memories, fraught with childlike feeling,
From death's dark threshold now my steps withhold.
O still sound on, thou sweet celestial strain,
Tears now are gushing, — Earth, I'm thine again!

Chorus of Disciples. O'er death itself victorious,
Whom we interr'd in love,
Exalted now and glorious
Is rais'd to realms above.
Near the creative spirit
Joys aye-increasing flow.
Ah! we on earth inherit
Disquietude and woe.
He left us here in anguish,
His glory we bemoan,
For, ah, our spirits languish,
We're comfortless, alone.

Chorus of Angels. Christ is arisen,
Redeem'd from decay;
The bonds which imprison
Your souls, rend away!
Praising the Lord with zeal,
By deeds that love reveal,
Like brethren true and leal
Sharing the daily meal,

To all that sorrow feel
Whisp'ring of heaven's weal,
Still is the Master near,
Still is he with you here!

. . . . . .

Study

As the mist sinks, MEPHISTOPHELES *comes forward from behind the stove, in the dress of a traveling scholar, and speaks.*

Why all this uproar? What's the master's pleasure?

Faust. So this is then the kernel of the brute! A traveling scholar? Why, I needs must smile.

Mephistopheles. Your learned rev'rence humbly I salute!
You've made me swelter in a pretty style.

Faust. Your name?

Mephistopheles. The question trifling seems from one,
Who it appears the Word doth rate so low;
Who, undeluded by mere outward show,
To Being's depth would penetrate alone.

Faust. With gentlemen like you we're wont indeed
The inward essence from the name to read,
As it doth all too obviously appear,
When we, Destroyer, Liar, Fly-god, hear.
Who then are you?

Mephistopheles. Part of that power which still
Produceth good, while it deviseth ill.

Faust. What hidden mystery in this riddle lies?

Mephistopheles. The spirit I, which evermore denies!
And justly too; for whatsoe'er hath birth
Deserves again to be reduc'd to naught;
Better were nothing into being brought.
Thus every essence which you sons of earth
Destruction, sin, or briefly, Evil, name,
As my peculiar element I claim.

Faust. You call yourself a part, yet, as it seems,
Stand there a whole?

Mephistopheles. I speak the modest truth.
Though folly's microcosm, man, forsooth,
Himself to be a perfect whole esteems,

Part of the part am I that once was all.
A part of darkness, which gave birth to light.
Proud light, who now his mother would enthrall,
Contesting rank and space with ancient night.
Yet he succeeds not, struggle as he will;
To forms material he adhereth still;
From them he streameth, them he maketh fair,
And still the progress of his beams they check;
And so, I trust, when comes the final wreck,
Light will, ere long, the doom of matter share.
Faust. Your worthy avocation now I guess!
Wholesale annihilation won't prevail,
So you're beginning on a smaller scale.
Mephistopheles. And, to say truth, as yet with small success
Oppos'd to nothingness, the world,
This clumsy mass, subsisteth still;
Not yet is it to ruin hurl'd,
Despite the efforts of my will.
Tempests and earthquakes, fire and flood, I've tried;
Yet land and ocean still unchang'd abide!
And then of beasts and men, the accursed brood, —
Neither o'er them can I extend my sway.
What countless myriads have I swept away!
Yet ever circulates the fresh young blood.
It is enough to drive me to despair!
As in the earth, in water, and in air,
In moisture and in drought, in heat and cold,
Thousands of germs their energies unfold!
If fire I had not for myself retain'd,
No sphere whatever had for me remain'd.
Faust. So then with your cold devil's fist,
Still clench'd in malice impotent,
You the creative power resist,
The active, the beneficent!
Chaos' strange son! elsewhere I pray
Your mischief-working power essay!
Mephistopheles. It should, in truth, be thought upon;
We'll talk about it more anon!
But have I now permission to retire?

Faust. I see not why you should inquire.
Since we're acquainted now, you're free,
As often as you list, to call on me.
There is the door, the window here,
Or there's the chimney.
Mephistopheles. Sooth to say,
There to my exit doth appear
A trifling hindrance in the way;
The Druid-foot upon your threshold —
Faust. How!
You're by the pentagram embarrass'd now?
If that have power to hold you, son of hell,
Say, how you came to enter in my cell?
What could a spirit such as you deceive?
Mephistopheles. The drawing is not perfect; by your leave,
The outward angle is not fairly clos'd.
Faust. Chance hath the matter happily dispos'd!
So you're my prisoner then? You're nicely caught!
Mephistopheles. In sprang the dog, indeed, observing naught;
The matter now assumes another shape,
The devil's in the house and can't escape.
Faust. But why not through the window?
Mephistopheles. 'Tis a law,
Binding on ghosts and devils, to withdraw
The way they first stole in. We enter free,
But, as regards our exit, slaves are we.
Faust. E'en hell hath its peculiar laws, I see!
I'm glad of that, a binding compact, then,
May be establish'd with you gentlemen?
Mephistopheles. Aye! And the promis'd good therein express'd,
Shall to a tittle be by you possess'd.
But such arrangements time require;
We'll speak of them when next we meet;
Most earnestly I now entreat,
This once permission to retire.
Faust. Another moment prithee linger here,
And give some fair prediction to mine ear.

Mephistopheles. Now let me go! ere long I'll come again
And you may question at your leisure then.
Faust. To capture you I laid no snare.
The net you enter'd of your own free will.
Let him who holds the devil hold him still!
A second time he will not catch him there.
Mephistopheles. If it so please you, I'm at your command;
Only on this condition, understand;
That worthily your leisure to beguile,
I here may exercise my arts awhile.
Faust. You're free to do so! Gladly I'll attend;
But be your art a pleasant one!
Mephistopheles. My friend,
This hour enjoyment more intense
Shall captivate each ravish'd sense,
Than thou could'st compass in the bound
Of the whole year's unvarying round;
And what the dainty spirits sing,
The lovely images they bring,
Are no fantastic sorcery.
Rich odors shall regale your smell,
On choicest sweets your palate dwell,
Your feelings thrill with ecstasy.
No preparation we require.
Now warble on, my viewless quire!
Spirits. Hence, overshadowing gloom,
Vanish from sight!
O'er us thine azure dome
Bend, beauteous light!
Dark clouds that o'er us spread,
Melt in thin air!
Stars, your soft radiance shed,
Tender and fair.
Girt with celestial might,
Winging their airy flight,
Spirits are thronging.
Follows their forms of light
Infinite longing!
Flutter their vestures bright

O'er field and grove!
Where in their leafy bower
Lovers the livelong hour
Vow deathless love.
Soft bloometh bud and bower!
Bloometh the grove!
Grapes from the spreading vine
Crown the full measure;
Fountains of foaming wine
Gush from the pressure.
Still where the currents wind,
Gems brightly gleam.
Leaving the hills behind,
On rolls the stream;
Now into ample seas
Spreadeth the flood,
Laving the sunny leas,
Mantled with wood.
Rapture the feather'd throng,
Gaily careering,
Sip as they float along;
Sunward they're steering;
On towards the isles of light
Winging their way,
That on the waters bright
Dancingly play.
Hark to the choral strain,
Joyfully ringing!
While on the grassy plain
Dancers are springing;
Climbing the steep hill's side,
Skimming the glassy tide,
Wander they there;
Others on pinions wide
Wing the blue air;
On towards the living stream,
Towards yonder stars that gleam,
Far, far away;
Seeking their tender beam,
Wing they their way.

Mephistopheles. Well done, my dainty spirits! now he slumbers!
Ye have entranc'd him fairly with your numbers!
This minstrelsy of yours I must repay.
Thou'rt not the man to hold the devil, it seems!
Now play around him with illusive dreams
Until with ravishment his sense you take;
But tooth of rat I now require, to break
This wizard spell; brief conjuring will suffice,
One rustles towards me, and will soon appear.
The master of the rats and mice,
Of flies and frogs, of bugs and lice,
Commands thy presence; without fear
Come forth and gnaw the threshold here,
Where he with oil has smear'd it. — Thou
Com'st hopping forth already! Now
To work! The point that holds me bound
Is in the outer angle found.
Another bite — so — now 'tis done —
Faust, till we meet again, dream on.

Faust (*awaking*). Am I once more deluded? must I deem
This troop of thronging spirits all ideal?
The devil's presence, was it nothing real?
The poodle's disappearance but a dream?

Study

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES

Faust. A knock? Come in! Who now would break my rest?
Mephistopheles. 'Tis I!
Faust. Come in!
Mephistopheles. Thrice be the words express'd,
Faust. Then I repeat, Come in!
Mephistopheles. 'Tis well.
I hope that we shall soon agree!
For now, your fancies to expel,
Here as a youth of high degree

I'm come, in gold-lac'd scarlet vest,
And stiff silk mantle richly dress'd,
A cock's gay feather for a plume,
A long and pointed rapier, too;
And briefly I would counsel you
To don at once the same costume,
And, free from trammels, speed away,
That what life is, you may essay.

Faust. In every garb I needs must feel oppress'd,
My heart to earth's low torturing cares a prey.
Too old I am the trifler's part to play,
Too young, to live by no desire possess'd.
What can the world afford to ease my pain?
Renounce! renounce! This the eternal song
Which in our ears still rings, our whole life long;
Each hour, in murmurs hoarse, repeats the strain.
But to new horror I awake each morn,
And I could weep hot tears, to see the sun
Dawn on another day, whose round forlorn
Accomplishes no wish of mine — not one.
Which still, with froward captiousness, impairs
E'en the presentiment of every joy,
While low realities and paltry cares
The spirit's fond imaginings destroy.
And then when falls again the veil of night,
Stretch'd on my couch I languish in despair;
Appalling dreams my troubl'd soul affright;
No soothing rest vouchsaf'd me even there.
The god, who thron'd within my breast resides,
Deep in my inmost soul can stir the springs;
With sovereign sway my energies he guides,
But hath no power to move external things;
And thus my very being I deplore,
Death ardently desire, and life abhor.

Mephistopheles. And yet, methinks, by most 'twill be confess'd
That death is never quite a welcome guest.

Faust. Happy the man around whose brow he binds
The blood-stain'd wreath in conquest's dazzling hour;
Or whom, excited by the dance, he finds

Dissolv'd in bliss, in love's delicious bower;
Oh that before that lofty spirit's might,
My soul, entranc'd, had sunk to endless night!
Mephistopheles. Yet did a certain man, one night, refrain
Of its brown juice the crystal bowl to drain.
Faust. To play the spy diverts you, then?
Mephistopheles. I own,
Though not omniscient, much to me is known.
Faust. If o'er my soul the tone familiar, stealing,
Drew me from harrowing thought's bewild'ring maze,
Touching the ling'ring chords of childlike feeling,
With the sweet harmonies of happier days;
So now I breathe my curse on all that windeth
Its coil of magic influence round the soul,
And with delusive flatt'ry fondly bindeth
The wretched spirit to this dismal hole!
And before all, curs'd be the high opinion
Wherewith the spirit girds itself around!
Of shows delusive curs'd be the dominion,
Within whose mocking sphere our sense is bound!
Accurs'd of lying dreams the treacherous wiles,
The cheat of glory, fame's exalted rage!
Accurs'd as property what each beguiles,
As wife and child, as slave and heritage!
Accurs'd be Mammon, when with treasure
He doth to daring deeds incite;
Or when to steep the soul in pleasure,
He spreads the couch of soft delight.
Curs'd be the grape's balsamic juice!
Accurs'd love's dream, of joys the first!
Accurs'd be hope! accurs'd be faith!
And more than all, be patience curs'd!
Chorus of Spirits (invisible). Woe! woe!
Thou hast destroy'd
The beautiful world
With violent blow;
'Tis shiver'd! 'tis shatter'd!
The fragments abroad by a demigod scatter'd!
Now we sweep

The wrecks into nothingness!
Fondly we weep
The beauty that's gone!
Thou, 'mongst the sons of earth,
Lofty and mighty one,
Build it once more!
In thine own bosom the lost world restore!
Now with unclouded sense
Enter a new career;
Songs shall salute thine ear,
Ne'er heard before!

Mephistopheles. My little ones these spirits be.
Hark! with shrewd intelligence,
How they recommend to thee
Action, and the joys of sense!
In the busy world to dwell,
Fain they would allure thee hence;
Stagnate in this lonely cell,
Sap of life, and powers of sense.

Forbear to trifle longer with your grief,
Which, vulture-like, consumes you in this den.
The worst society is some relief,
You'll feel yourself a man with fellow-men.
Not that I'd thrust you 'mid the vulgar throng;
Nor do I to the upper ranks belong;
But if through life I may your steps attend,
I will at once engage to be your friend.
I am your comrade; should it suit your need,
Your servant I, your very slave indeed!

Faust. And how must I requite your service, pray?

Mephistopheles. There's time enough to think of that!

Faust. Nay! nay!
The devil is an egotist, I know;
And never for God's sake doth kindness show.
Let the condition plainly be exprest;
Such a domestic is a dangerous guest.

Mephistopheles. I'll pledge myself to be your servant *here,*
Ne'er at your call to slumber or be still;

But when together *yonder* we appear,
You shall submissively obey my will.
Faust. But small concern I feel for yonder world,
Hast thou this system into ruin hurl'd,
Another may arise the void to fill.
This earth the fountain whence my pleasures flow,
This sun doth daily shine upon my woe,
And can I but from these divorce my lot,
Then come what may, — to me it matters not.
Henceforward to this theme I close mine ears,
Whether hereafter we shall hate and love,
And whether, also, in those distant spheres,
There is a depth below or height above.
Mephistopheles. In this mood you may venture it. But make
The compact, and at once I'll undertake
To charm you with mine arts. I'll give you more
Than mortal eye hath e'er beheld before.
Faust. And what, poor devil, hast thou to bestow?
Was mortal spirit, in its high endeavor,
E'er fathom'd by a being such as thou?
Yet food thou hast which satisfieth never,
Red gold indeed thou hast, that swiftly flies,
Gliding like restless quicksilver away,
A game at which none ever win who play,
A damsel, who, while on my breast she lies,
To lure a neighbor fondly doth essay;
Thine, too, ambition's bright and godlike dream,
Baseless and transient as the meteor's gleam;
Show me the fruits that, ere they're pluck'd, decay,
And trees whose verdure buddeth every day.
Mephistopheles. Such a demand affrights me not; with ease
I can provide you treasures such as these,
But in due course a season will come round,
When on what's good we may regale in peace.
Faust. If e'er in indolent repose I'm found,
Then let my life upon the instant cease!
Can'st thou thy flatt'ring spells around me cast,
And cheat me into self-complacent pride,

Or sweet enjoyment, — be that hour my last!
Be this our wager!
Mephistopheles. Done!
Faust. 'Tis ratified!
If ever to the passing hour I say,
"So beautiful thou art! thy flight delay!"
Then round my soul thy fetters throw,
Then to perdition let me go!
Then may the solemn death-bell sound,
Then from thy service thou art free,
The index-hand may cease its round,
And time be never more for me!
Mephistopheles. We shall remember; pause, ere 'tis too late.
Faust. You're authoriz'd to do so if you choose,
My strength I do not rashly overrate.
Since here to be a slave I'm doom'd by fate,
It matters little whether thine or whose.
Mephistopheles. At your inaugural feast this very day,
I will attend, my duties to commence.
But one thing! — Accidents may happen, hence
A line or two in writing grant, I pray.
Faust. A writing, pedant, dost demand from me?
Is man, and is man's word to thee unknown?
Is't not enough that by my word alone
I pledge my interest in eternity?
Raves not the world in all its streams along,
And must a promise my career impede?
Yet in our hearts the prejudice is strong,
And who from the delusion would be freed?
How blest within whose bosom truth reigns pure,
No sacrifice will he repent when made!
A formal deed, with seal and signature,
A specter this from which all shrink afraid.
The word resigns its essence in the pen,
Leather and wax usurp the mast'ry then. —
Spirit of evil! what dost thou require?
Brass, marble, parchment, paper? Shall I use
Style, pen, or graver? Name which you desire.
To me it matters not, you've but to choose!

Mephistopheles. With passion why so hotly burn,
And thus your eloquence inflame?
The merest scrap will serve our turn,
And with a drop of blood you'll sign your name.
Faust. If this will satisfy you, well and good!
I'll gratify your whim, howe'er absurd!
Mephistopheles. A quite peculiar sort of juice is blood!
Faust. Be not afraid that I shall break my word.
The present scope of all my energy
Is in exact accordance with my vow,
With vain presumption I've aspir'd too high;
I'm on a level but with such as thou;
I am rejected by the great First Cause,
Nature herself doth veil from me her laws;
Rent is the web of thought, my mind
Doth knowledge loathe of every kind.
In depths of sensual pleasure drown'd,
Let us our fiery passions still!
Enwrapp'd in magic's veil profound,
Let wondrous charms our senses thrill!
Plunge we in time's tempestuous flow,
Stem we the rolling surge of chance!
There may alternate weal and woe,
Success and failure, as they can,
Mingle and shift in changeful dance,
Excitement is the sphere for man.
Mephistopheles. Nor goal, nor measure is prescrib'd to you.
If you desire to taste of everything,
To snatch at pleasure while upon the wing,
May your career amuse and profit too.
Only fall to and don't be over coy!
Faust. Harken! The end I aim at is not joy.
I crave excitement, agonizing bliss,
Enamour'd hatred, quickening vexation.
Purg'd from the love of knowledge, my vocation,
The scope of all my powers henceforth be this,
To bare my breast to every pang, — to know
In my heart's core all human weal and woe,
To grasp in thought the lofty and the deep,

Men's various fortunes on my breast to heap,
To their's dilate my individual mind,
And share at length the shipwreck of mankind.
Mephistopheles. Oh, credit me, who still as ages roll
Have chew'd this bitter fare from year to year,
No mortal, from the cradle to the bier,
Digests the ancient leaven. Know, this Whole
Doth for the Deity alone subsist!
He in eternal brightness doth exist,
Us unto darkness he hath brought, and here,
Where day and night alternate, is your sphere.
Faust. But 'tis my will!
Mephistopheles. Well spoken, I admit!
There is but one thing puzzles me, my friend;
Time's short, art long; methinks 'twere only fit
That you to friendly counsel should attend.
A poet choose as your ally,
Let him thought's wide dominion sweep,
Each good and noble quality
Upon your honor'd brow to heap;
The lion's magnanimity,
The fleetness of the hind,
The fiery blood of Italy,
The Northern's firm enduring mind.
Let him for you the mystery solve, and show
How to combine high aims with cunning low,
And how, while young desires the heart inflame,
To fall in love according to a plan.
Myself would gladly meet with such a man,
And him I would Sir Microcosm name.
Faust. What then am I, if I may never hope
The crown of our humanity to gain,
Of all our energies the final scope?
Mephistopheles. Your own poor self you are, and must remain.
Put on your head a wig with countless locks,
Raise to a cubit's height your learned socks,
To more than now you are you'll ne'er attain.
Faust. I feel it, I have heap'd upon my brain

The gather'd treasure of man's thought in vain,
And when at length from studious toil I rest,
No power, new-born, springs up within my breast,
A hair's breadth is not added to my height,
I am no nearer to the infinite.

Mephistopheles. These matters, sir, you view, indeed,
Just as by other men they're view'd;
We must more cleverly proceed,
Before life's joys our grasp elude.
The devil! thou hast hands and feet,
And head and heart are also thine;
What I enjoy with relish sweet,
Is it on that account less mine?
If for six horses I can pay,
Do I not own their strength and speed?
A proper man I dash away,
As their two dozen legs were mine indeed.
Up then, from idle pond'ring free,
And forth into the world with me!
I tell you what; — a speculating wretch
Is like a brute, on bare, uncultur'd ground,
Driv'n by an evil spirit round and round,
While all beyond rich pastures smiling stretch.

Faust. But how commence?

Mephistopheles. Why, we with speed
Must leave this place of torture; you
A precious life of it must lead,
Tiring yourself and pupils too!
Leave it to neighbor Paunch; — withdraw,
Why plague yourself with thrashing straw?
The very best of what you know
You dare not to the youngsters show.
One in the passage waits to-day.

Faust. I'm in no mood to see him now.

Mephistopheles. Poor lad! He must be tir'd, I trow;
Hopeless he must not go away.
Hand me your cap and gown, I pray;
Now leave it to my wit; — the mask
Will suit me famously, — (*He changes his dress.*)

I ask
But quarter of an hour; meanwhile equip,
And make all ready for our pleasant trip!

[*Exit* FAUST.

. . . . . .

A Street

FAUST (MARGARET *passing by*)

Faust. Without offense, fair lady, may I dare
To offer you my arm and escort, pray?
Margaret. I am no lady and I am not fair,
Without an escort I can find my way.

[*She disengages herself and exit.*

Faust. By heaven! This girl is fair indeed!
No form like hers can I recall.
Virtue she hath, and modest heed,
Is piquant too, and sharp withal.
Her cheek's soft light, her rosy lips,
No length of time will e'er eclipse!
Her downward glance in passing by
Deep in my heart is stamp'd for aye;
Her very anger charm'd me too, —
My ravish'd heart to rapture grew!

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

Faust. This girl you must procure for me.
Mephistopheles. Which?
Faust. She who but now pass'd.
Mephistopheles. What! She?
Straight from her priest she cometh here,
From every sin absolv'd and clear;
I crept near the confessor's chair,
All innocence her virgin soul,
For next to nothing went she there;
O'er such as she I've no control!
Faust. She's just fourteen.
Mephistopheles. You really talk
Like any gay Lothario,

Who'd pluck each floweret from its stalk,
And deems nor honor, grace, or truth
Secure against his arts, forsooth.
But this you'll find won't always do.
Faust. Sir Moralizer, prithee, pause;
Nor plague me with your tiresome laws.
To cut the matter short, my friend,
She must this very night be mine, —
And if to help me you decline,
Midnight shall see our compact end.
Mephistopheles. What may occur just bear in mind!
A fortnight's space, at least, I need,
A fit occasion but to find.
Faust. With but seven hours I could succeed;
Nor should I want the devil's wile,
So young a creature to beguile.
Mephistopheles. Like any Frenchman now you speak,
But do not fret, I pray; why seek
To hurry to enjoyment straight?
The pleasure is not half so great
As when, the interest to prolong,
You trifle with your love, until
You mold the puppet to your will,
As pictur'd in Italian song.
Faust. No such incentives do I need.
Mephistopheles. But now, without offense or jest;
You cannot quickly, I protest,
In winning this sweet child succeed.
By storm we cannot take the fort,
To stratagem we must resort.
Faust. Conduct me to her place of rest!
Some token of the angel bring!
A 'kerchief from her snowy breast,
A garter bring me, — anything!
Mephistopheles. That I my anxious zeal may prove,
Your pangs to soothe and aid your love,
I will proceed without delay,
And bear you to her room away.
Faust. And shall I see her? — call her mine?

Mephistopheles. No! at a friend's she'll be to-day;
But in her absence, I opine,
You in her atmosphere alone,
The tedious hours may well employ
In blissful dreams of future joy.

Faust. Can we go now?

Mephistopheles. 'Tis yet too soon.

Faust. Some present for my love procure. [*Exit.*

Mephistopheles. Presents so soon! 'tis well! success is sure.
I know full many a secret store
Of treasure, buried long before,
I must a little look them o'er. [*Exit.*

Evening. A neat little Room

Margaret (*braiding and binding up her hair*). I would give something now to know
Who yonder gentleman could be!
He had a gallant air, I trow,
And doubtless was of high degree!
That from his noble brow I told,
Nor would he else have been so bold. [*Exit.*

Mephistopheles. Come in! tread softly! be discreet!

Faust (*after a pause*). Begone and leave me, I entreat!

Mephistopheles (*looking round*). Not every maiden is so neat. [*Exit.*

Faust (*gazing round*). Welcome, sweet twilight gloom, which reigns
Through this dim place of hallow'd rest!
Fond yearning love, inspire my breast,
Feeding on hope's sweet dew thy blissful pains.
What stillness here environs me!
Content and order brood around.
What fullness in this poverty!
In this small cell what bliss profound!
(*He throws himself on the leather arm-chair beside the bed.*)
Receive me! thou, who hast in thine embrace
Welcom'd in joy and grief the ages flown!
How oft the children of a bygone race

Have cluster'd round this patriarchal throne!
Haply, she, too, as closed each circling year,
For Christmas gift, with grateful joy possess'd,
Hath with the full round cheek of childhood, here
Her grandsire's wither'd hand devoutly press'd.
Maiden! I feel thy spirit haunt the place,
Breathing of order and abounding grace.
As with a mother's voice it prompteth thee,
Daily the cover o'er the board to spread,
To strew the crisping sand beneath thy tread.
Dear hand! so godlike in its ministry!
The hut becomes a paradise through thee!
And here! (*He raises the bed-curtain.*)
How thrills my pulse with strange delight!
Here I could linger hours untold;
Thou, Nature, didst in vision bright,
The embryo angel here unfold.
Here lay the child, her bosom warm
With life, while, steep'd in slumber's dew,
To perfect grace her godlike form
With pure and hallow'd weavings grew!

And thou! ah, here, what seekest thou?
How is thine inmost being troubl'd now!
What would'st thou here? what makes thy heart so sore?
Unhappy Faust! I know thee now no more.

Do I a magic atmosphere inhale?
Erewhile, my passion would not brook delay!
Now in a pure love-dream I melt away.
Are we the sport of every passing gale?

Should she return and enter now,
How would'st thou rue thy guilty flame!
Proud vaunter! thou would'st hide thy brow,
And at her feet sink down with shame.

Mephistopheles. Quick! quick! below I see her there!
Faust. Away! I will return no more!

Mephistopheles. Here is a casket, with a store
Of jewels, which I got elsewhere.
Quick! place it here, her press within.
I swear to you 'twill turn her brain;
Another I had thought to win
With the rich gems it doth contain,
But child is child, and play is play.
Faust. I know not — shall I?
Mephistopheles. Do you ask?
Perchance you would retain the treasure?
If such your wish, why then, I say,
Henceforth absolve me from my task,
Nor longer waste your hours of leisure.
I trust you're not by avarice led!
I rub my hands, I scratch my head, —
(*He places the casket in the press and closes the lock.*)
But now away, without delay! —
The sweet young creature to your will to bend;
Yet here you are, as cold, my friend,
As to the class room you would wend,
And Metaphysics' form were there,
And Physic too, with hoary hair!
Away! — [*Exeunt.*

Margaret (*with a lamp*). Here 'tis so close, so sultry now,
(*She opens the window.*)
Yet out of doors 'tis not so warm.
I feel so strange, I know not how —
I wish my mother would come home.
Through me there runs a shuddering —
I'm but a foolish timid thing!
(*While undressing herself she begins to sing.*)

There was a king in Thule,
True even to the grave,
To whom his dying mistress
A golden beaker gave.

Beyond aught else he priz'd it,
And drain'd its purple draught,

His tears came gushing freely
As often as he quaff'd.

When death he felt approaching,
His cities o'er he told;
And grudg'd his heir no treasure
Except his cup of gold.

Girt round with knightly vassals
At a royal feast sat he,
In yon proud hall ancestral,
In his castle o'er the sea.

Up stood the jovial monarch,
And quaff'd his last life's glow,
Then hurl'd the hallow'd goblet
In the ocean depths below.

He saw it splashing, drinking,
And plunging in the sea;
His eyes meanwhile were sinking,
And nevermore drank he.

(*She opens the press to put away her clothes, and perceives the casket.*)

How came this casket here? I cannot guess!
'Tis very strange! I'm sure I lock'd the press.
What can be in it? perh'ps some pledge or other,
Left here for money borrow'd from my mother.
Here by a ribbon hangs a little key;
I have a mind to open it and see!
Heavens! only look! what have we here?
Ne'er saw I such a splendid sight!
Jewels a noble dame might wear,
For some high pageant richly dight.
I wonder how the chain would look on me,
And whose the brilliant ornaments may be?
(*She puts them on and steps before the glass.*)
Were but the ear-rings only mine!

Thus one has quite another air.
What boots it to be young and fair?
It doubtless may be very fine;
But then, alas, none come to woo,
And praise sounds half like pity too.
Gold all doth lure,
Gold doth secure
All things. Alas, the poor!

Promenade

FAUST *walking thoughtfully up and down. To him* MEPHISTOPHELES

Mephistopheles. By love despis'd! By Hell's fierce fires I curse,
Would I could make my imprecation worse!
Faust. What ails you, pray? what chafes you now so sore?
A face like that I never saw before!
Mephistopheles. I'd yield me to the devil instantly,
Did it not happen that myself am he!
Faust. There must be some disorder in your wit!
To rave thus like a madman, is it fit?
Mephistopheles. Just think! The gems for Margaret brought
A burly priest hath made his own! —
A glimpse of them the mother caught,
And 'gan with secret fear to groan.
The woman's scent is keen enough;
Still in the prayer-book she doth snuff;
Smells everything to ascertain
Whether 'tis holy or profane,
And scented in the jewels rare,
That there was not much blessing there.
"My child," she cries, "ill-gotten good
Ensnares the soul, consumes the blood.
With them we'll deck our Lady's shrine,
She'll cheer our soul with bread divine!"
At this poor Gretchen 'gan to pout,

'Tis a gift-horse, at least, she thought,
And sure, he godless cannot be
Who placed them there so cleverly.
A priest the mother then address'd,
Who, when he understood the jest,
Survey'd the treasure with a smile.
Quoth he: "This shows a pious mind,
Who conquers, wins. The Church we find
Hath a good stomach, she, erewhile,
Hath lands and kingdoms swallow'd down,
And never yet a surfeit known.
Daughters, the Church alone, with zest,
Can such ill-gotten wealth digest."

Faust. It is a general custom, too,
Practis'd alike by King and Jew.

Mephistopheles. With that, clasp, chain, and ring, he swept
As they were mushrooms; and the casket
Without one word of thanks he kept,
As if of nuts it were a basket.
Reward in heaven he promis'd fair; —
And greatly edified they were.

Faust. And Gretchen?

Mephistopheles. In unquiet mood
Knows neither what she would nor should;
The trinkets night and day thinks o'er,
On him who brought them dwells still more.

Faust. Her sorrow grieves me, I must say.
Another set of jewels bring!
The first, methinks, was no great thing.

Mephistopheles. All's to my gentleman child's play!

Faust. Plan all things to achieve my end;
Engage the attention of her friend.
To work! A thorough devil be,
And bring fresh jewels instantly!

Mephistopheles. Aye, sir! Most gladly I'll obey.

[FAUST *exit.*

Mephistopheles. Your doting love-sick fool, with ease,
Merely his lady-love to please,
Sun, moon, and stars would puff away. [*Exit.*

The Neighbor's House

Martha (*alone*). God pardon my dear husband, he
Doth not in truth act well tow'rds me,
Forth in the world abroad to roam,
And leave me widow'd here at home.
And yet his will I ne'er did thwart,
God knows I lov'd him from my heart. (*She weeps.*)
Perchance he's dead! — oh wretched state! —
Had I but a certificate!

Margaret (*comes*). Dame Martha!

Martha. Gretchen?

Margaret. Only think!
My knees beneath me well-nigh sink!
Within my press I've found to-day
Another case of ebony.
And splendid jewels too there are,
More costly than the former, far.

Martha. You must not name it to your mother;
It would to shrift, just like the other.

Margaret. Nay, look at them! now only see!

Martha (*dresses her up*). You happy creature!

Margaret. Woe is me!
I can't in them at church appear,
Nor in the street, nor anywhere.

Martha. Come often over here to me,
And put them on quite privately.
Walk past the glass an hour or so,
Thus we shall have our pleasure too.
Then suitable occasions we must seize,
As at a feast, to show them by degrees.
A chain at first, then ear-drops, — and your mother
Won't see them, or we'll coin some tale or other.

Margaret. But who, I wonder, could the caskets bring?
I fear there's something wrong about the thing! (*A knock.*)
Good heavens! can that my mother be?

Martha (*peering through the blind*). No! 'Tis a stranger gentleman, I see.
Come in.

Mephistopheles (*entering*). I've ventur'd to intrude to-day.
Ladies, excuse the liberty, I pray.
(*He steps back respectfully before* MARGARET.)
For Mrs. Martha Schwerdtlein, I inquire!
Martha. I'm she. Pray what have you to say to me?
Mephistopheles (*aside to her*). I know you now, — and therefore will retire;
At present you've distinguished company.
Pardon the freedom, madam; with your leave,
I will make free to call again at eve.
Martha (*aloud*). Why, child, of all strange things I ever knew!
The stranger for a lady taketh you.
Margaret. I am in truth of humble blood;
The gentleman is far too good;
Nor gems nor trinkets are my own.
Mephistopheles. Oh, 'tis not the mere ornaments alone;
Her glance and mien far more betray.
I am rejoic'd that I may stay.
Martha. Your business, sir? I long to know —
Mephistopheles. Would I could happier tidings show!
But let me not my errand rue;
Your husband's dead, and greeteth you.
Martha. Is dead? True heart! Oh, misery!
My husband dead! Oh, I shall die!
Margaret. Alas! good Martha! don't despair!
Mephistopheles. Now listen to the sad affair!
Margaret. I for this cause should fear to love.
The loss my certain death would prove.
Mephistopheles. Joy still must sorrow, sorrow joy attend.
Martha. Proceed, and tell the story of his end!
Mephistopheles. At Padua, in St. Anthony's,
In holy ground his body lies;
Quiet and cool his place of rest,
With pious ceremonials blest.
Martha. And had you naught besides to bring?
Mephistopheles. Oh, yes! one grave and solemn prayer;
Let them for him three hundred masses sing!
But in my pockets, ma'am, I've nothing there.

Martha. What! not a coin! no token from the dead!
Such as the meanest artisan will hoard,
Safe in his pouch, as a remembrance stor'd,
And not to part with, starves or begs his bread!

Mephistopheles. Madam, in truth, it grieves me much; but he
His money hath not squander'd lavishly.
Besides, his failings he repented sore,
Aye! and his evil plight bewail'd still more.

Margaret. That men should be so luckless! Every day
I for his soul will many a requiem pray.

Mephistopheles. Forthwith, to find a husband you deserve,
A child so lovely and in youth's fair prime.

Margaret. Oh, no; to think of that there's ample time.

Mephistopheles. A lover then, meanwhile, at least might serve.
Of heaven's best gifts, there's none more dear
Than one so lovely to embrace.

Margaret. But that is not the custom here.

Mephistopheles. Custom or not, such things take place.

Martha. Proceed!

Mephistopheles. I stood by his bedside.
'Twas rotten straw, something less foul than dung;
But at the last a Christian man he died.
And sorely hath remorse his conscience wrung.
"Wretch that I was," quoth he, with parting breath,
"So to forsake my business and my wife!
Ah! the remembrance of it is my death.
Could I but have her pardon in this life!" —

Martha (*weeping*). Dear soul! I've long forgiven him, indeed!

Mephistopheles. "Though she, God knows, was more to blame than I."

Martha. What, on the brink of death assert a lie!

Mephistopheles. If I am skill'd the countenance to read,
He doubtless fabled as he parted hence.
"To gape for pleasure, I'd no time," he said,
"First to get children, and then get them bread;
And bread, too, in the very widest sense;
In peace I could not even eat my share."

Martha. What, all my truth and love forgotten quite!
My weary drudgery by day and night!
Mephistopheles. Not so! He thought of you with tender care.
Quoth he: "Heaven knows how fervently I prayed
For wife and children when from Malta bound; —
The prayer propitious Heaven with favor crown'd;
We took a Turkish vessel which conveyed
Rich store of treasure for the Sultan's court;
Its own reward our gallant action brought.
The captur'd prize was shar'd among the crew,
And of the treasure I receiv'd my due."
Martha. How? Where? The treasure hath he buried, pray?
Mephistopheles. Where the four winds have blown it, who can say?
In Naples as he stroll'd, a stranger there, —
A comely maid took pity on my friend;
And gave such tokens of her love and care,
That he retain'd them to his blessed end.
Martha. Scoundrel! to rob his children of their bread!
And all this misery, this bitter need,
Could not his course of recklessness impede!
Mephistopheles. Well, he hath paid the forfeit, and is dead.
Now were I in your place, my counsel hear;
My widow's weeds I'd wear for one chaste year,
And for another lover seek meantime.
Martha. Alas, I might in vain search every clime,
Nor find another husband like my first!
There could not be a fonder fool at home,
Only he lik'd too well abroad to roam;
Lik'd women, too, and had for wine a thirst,
Besides his passion for those dice accurs'd.
Mephistopheles. Well! well! all doubtless had gone swimmingly,
Had he but given you as wide a range.
And upon such condition, I declare,
Myself with you would gladly rings exchange!
Martha. The gentleman is surely pleas'd to jest!

Mephistopheles (*aside*). Now to be off in time, methinks, were best!
She'd make the very devil marry her.
(*To* MARGARET.)
How fares it with your heart?
Margaret. How mean you, Sir?
Mephistopheles (*aside*). The sweet young innocent!
(*Aloud.*)
Ladies, farewell!
Margaret. Farewell!
Martha. But ere you leave us, quickly tell!
I much should like to have it certified,
Where, how, and when my buried husband died.
To forms I've always been attach'd indeed,
His death I fain would in the journals read.
Mephistopheles. Aye, madam, when two witnesses appear
The truth is everywhere made manifest;
A gallant friend I have, not far from here,
Who will before the judge his death attest.
I'll bring him hither.
Martha. Oh, I pray you do!
Mephistopheles. And this young lady, we shall find her too?
A noble youth! — has travel'd far and wide,
And is most courteous to the sex beside.
Margaret. I in his presence needs must blush for shame.
Mephistopheles. Not in the presence of a crownèd king!
Martha. The garden, then, behind my house, we'll name.
There we'll await you both this evening.

A Street

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES

Faust. How is it now? How speeds it? Is't in train?
Mephistopheles. Bravo! I find you all on fire again.
Gretchen will soon be yours, I promise you; —
This very eve to meet her I've agreed
At neighbor Martha's, who seems fram'd indeed
The gipsy's trade expressly to pursue.
Faust. Good!

Mephistopheles. But from us she something would request.
Faust. A favor claims return as this world goes.
Mephistopheles. We have an oath but duly to attest,
That her dead husband's limbs, outstretch'd, repose
In holy ground at Padua.
Faust. Sage indeed!
So I suppose we straight must journey there!
Mephistopheles. Sancta simplicitas! For that no need!
Without much knowledge we have but to swear.
Faust. If you have nothing better to suggest,
Against your plan I must at once protest.
Mephistopheles. Oh, holy man! methinks I have you there!
Is this the first time you false witness bear?
Have you not often definitions vain,
Of God, the world, and all it doth contain,
Man, and the working of his heart and brain,
In pompous language, forcibly express'd,
With front unblushing, and a dauntless breast?
Yet, if into the depth of things you go,
Touching these matters, it must be confess'd,
As much as of Herr Schwerdtlein's death you know!
Faust. Liar and sophist, still thou wert and art.
Mephistopheles. Perchance my view is somewhat more profound!
Now you yourself to-morrow, I'll be bound,
Will, in all honor, fool poor Margaret's heart,
And plead your soul's deep love, in lover's fashion.
Faust. And truly from my heart.
Mephistopheles. All good and fair!
Then deathless constancy you'll doubtless swear;
Speak of one mast'ring, all-absorbing passion, —
Will that too issue from your heart?
Faust. Forbear!
When passion sways me, and I seek to frame
Fit utt'rance for my feeling, deep, intense,
And for my frenzy finding no fit name,
Sweep round the ample world with every sense,
Grasp at the loftiest words to speak my flame,

And call the fiery glow, wherewith I burn
Quenchless, undying, — yea, eterne, eterne, —
Is that of sophistry a devilish play?
Mephistopheles. Yet am I right!
Faust. Friend, spare my lungs, I pray; —
Mark this, who his opinion will maintain,
If he have but a tongue, his point will gain.
But come, of gossip I am weary quite,
Because I've no resource, you're in the right.

Garden

MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm*, MARTHA *with* MEPHISTOPHELES *walking up and down*

Margaret. I feel it, you but spare my ignorance,
To put me to the blush you stoop thus low.
Travelers are ever wont from complaisance
To make the best of things where'er they go.
My humble prattle surely never can
Have power to entertain so wise a man.
Faust. One glance, one word of thine doth charm me more
Than the world's wisdom or the sage's lore.
(*He kisses her hand.*)
Margaret. Nay! trouble not yourself! how can you kiss
A hand so very coarse and hard as this!
What work am I not still oblig'd to do!
And then my mother's so exacting too.
(*They pass on.*)
Martha. Thus are you ever wont to travel, pray?
Mephistopheles. Duty and business urge us on our way!
Full many a place indeed we leave with pain,
At which we're not permitted to remain!
Martha. In youth's wild years, with lusty vigor crown'd,
'Tis not amiss thus through the world to sweep;
But ah, the evil days at length come round,
And to the grave a bachelor to creep
No one as yet hath good or pleasant found.
Mephistopheles. The distant prospect fills me with dismay.

Martha. Therefore, in time, dear sir, reflect, I pray.

(*They pass on.*)

Margaret. Still are the absent out of mind, 'tis true!
Politeness is familiar, sir, to you,
But many friends you have, who doubtless are
More sensible than I, and wiser far.

Faust. My angel, often what doth pass for sense
Is self-conceit and narrowness.

Margaret. How so?

Faust. Simplicity and holy innocence, —
When will ye learn your hallow'd worth to know?
Ah, when will meekness and humility,
Kind and all-bounteous nature's loftiest dower —

Margaret. Only one little moment think of me,
To think of you I shall have many an hour.

Faust. You're doubtless much alone?

Margaret. Why, yes, for though
Our household's small, yet I must see to it.
We keep no maid, and I must sew and knit,
And cook and sweep, and hurry to and fro;
And then my mother is so accurate!
Not that for thrift there is such pressing need;
Than others we might make more show indeed:
My father left behind a small estate,
A house and garden just outside the town.
Quiet enough my life has been of late.
My only brother for a soldier's gone;
My little sister's dead; the babe to rear
Occasion'd me some care and fond annoy;
But I would go through all again with joy,
The little darling was to me so dear.

Faust. An angel, sweet, if it resembled you!

Margaret. I reared it up, and soon my face it knew.
Dearly the little creature lov'd me too.
After my father's death it saw the day;
We gave my mother up for lost, she lay
In such a wretched plight, and then at length
So very slowly she regain'd her strength.
Weak as she was, 'twas vain for her to try

Herself to suckle the poor babe, so I
Rear'd it on bread and water all alone,
And thus the child became as 'twere my own.
Within my arms it stretch'd itself and grew,
And smiling, nestled in my bosom too.

Faust. Doubtless the purest happiness was yours.

Margaret. Oh, yes — but also many weary hours.
Beside my bed at night its cradle stood;
If it but stirr'd, I was at once awake.
One while I was oblig'd to give it food,
Or with me into bed the darling take,
Then, if it would not hush, I had to rise,
And strive with fond caress to still its cries,
Pacing the little chamber to and fro;
And then at dawn to washing I must go,
See to the house affairs, and market too,
And so, from day to day, the whole year through.
Ah, sir, thus living, it must be confess'd
One's spirits are not always of the best;
But toil gives food and sleep a double zest. (*They pass on.*)

Martha. Poor women! we are badly off, I own:
A bachelor's conversion's hard, indeed!

Mephistopheles. Madam, with one like you it rests alone,
To tutor me a better course to lead.

Martha. But tell me! no one have you ever met?
Has your heart ne'er attach'd itself as yet?

Mephistopheles. One's own fireside, and a good wife, we're told
By the old proverb, are worth pearls and gold.

Martha. I mean has passion never fir'd your breast?

Mephistopheles. I've everywhere been well receiv'd, I own.

Martha. Yet hath your heart no earnest pref'rence known?

Mephistopheles. With ladies one should ne'er presume to jest.

Martha. Ah! you mistake!

Mephistopheles. I'm sorry I'm so blind!
But this I know — that you are very kind.
(*They pass on.*)

Faust. So, little angel, in the garden when
I enter'd first, you knew me once again?

Margaret. Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.
Faust. And you forgive my boldness, and the guise
Of freedom towards you, as you left the dome,
The day I offer'd to escort you home?
Margaret. I was confus'd; never until that day
Could any one of me aught evil say.
Alas, thought I, he doubtless in your mien
Something unmaidenly or bold hath seen.
It seemed as if it struck him suddenly,
"Here's just a girl with whom one may make free."
Yet I must own that then I scarcely knew
What in your favor here began to plead;
Yet I was angry with myself indeed,
That I more angry could not feel with you.
Faust. Sweet love!
Margaret. Just wait!
(*She gathers a star-flower and plucks off the leaves one after another.*)
Faust. A nosegay may that be?
Margaret. No! 'tis a game.
Faust. How?
Margaret. Go! you'll laugh at me.
(*She plucks off the leaves and murmurs to herself.*)
Faust. What murmur you?
Margaret (*half aloud*). He loves me, — loves me not.
Faust. Sweet angel, with thy face of heav'nly bliss!
Margaret (*continues*). He loves me, — loves me not —
(*Plucking off the last leaf with fond joy.*)
He loves me!
Faust Yes!
And this flower-language, darling, let it be,
E'en as a heav'nly oracle to thee!
Know'st thou the meaning of, "He loveth me"?
(*He seizes both her hands.*)
Margaret. I tremble so!
Faust. Nay! do not tremble, love!
Oh, let this pressure, let this glance reveal
Feelings, all power of utt'rance far above;
To give oneself up wholly and to feel

A rapturous joy that must eternal prove!
Eternal! — Yes, its end would be despair.
No end! — It cannot end!

(MARGARET *presses his hand; extricates herself, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her.*)

Martha (*approaching*). Night's closing.
Mephistopheles. Yes, we'll presently away.
Martha. I would entreat you longer yet to stay,
But 'tis a wicked place, just hereabout.
'Tis as the folks had naught to do,
And nothing else to think of too,
But watch their neighbors, who goes in and out;
And scandal's busy still, do what one may.
And our young couple?
Mephistopheles. They have flown up there,
Gay butterflies!
Martha. He seems to take to her.
Mephistopheles. And she to him. 'Tis of the world the way.

A Summer-house

MARGARET *runs in, hides behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lip, and peeps through the crevice.*

Margaret. He comes!
Faust. Ah, little rogue, so thou
Think'st to provoke me! I have caught thee now!
(*He kisses her.*)
Margaret (*embracing him, and returning the kiss*). Dearest of men! I love thee from my heart!
(MEPHISTOPHELES *knocks.*)
Faust (*stamping*). Who's there?
Mephistopheles. A friend!
Faust. A brute!
Mephistopheles. 'Tis time to part.
Martha (*comes*). Yes, sir, 'tis late.
Faust. Mayn't I attend you, sweet?
Margaret. Oh, no — my mother would — adieu, adieu!

Faust. And must I really then take leave of you?
Farewell!
Martha. Good-by!
Margaret. Ere long again to meet!
[*Exeunt* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.
Margaret. Good heavens! how all things far and near
Must fill his mind, — a man like this!
Abash'd before him I appear,
And say to all things only, yes.
Poor simple child, I cannot see
What 'tis that he can find in me. [*Exit.*

Forest and Cavern

Faust (alone). Spirit sublime! Thou gav'st me, gav'st me all
For which I prayed. Not vainly hast thou turn'd
To me thy countenance in flaming fire.
Thou gav'st me glorious nature for my realm,
And also power to feel her and enjoy.
Not merely with a cold and wond'ring glance,
Thou dost permit me in her depths profound,
As in the bosom of a friend to gaze.
Before me thou dost lead her living tribes,
And dost in silent grove, in air and stream,
Teach me to know my kindred. And when roars
The howling storm-blast through the groaning wood,
Wrenching the giant pine, which in its fall
Sweeps, crushing down, its neighbor trunks and boughs,
While with the hollow noise the hill resounds,
Then thou dost lead me to some shelter'd cave,
Dost there reveal me to myself, and show
Of my own bosom the mysterious depths.
And when with soothing beam the moon's pale orb
Full in my view climbs up the pathless sky,
From crag and vap'rous grove, the silv'ry forms
Of bygone ages hover, and assuage
The too severe delight of earnest thought.
Oh, that naught perfect is assign'd to man,
I feel, alas! With this exalted joy,

Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods,
Thou gav'st me this companion, unto whom
I needs must cling, though cold and insolent,
He still degrades me to myself, and turns
Thy glorious gifts to nothing, with a breath.
He in my bosom with malicious zeal
For that fair image fans a raging fire;
From craving to enjoyment thus I reel,
And in enjoyment languish for desire.

Mephistopheles (*enters*). Of this lone life have you not had your fill?
How for so long can it have charms for you?
'Tis well enough to try it if you will;
But then away again to something new!

Faust. Would you could better occupy your leisure,
Than in disturbing thus my hours of joy.

Mephistopheles. Well! well! I'll leave you to yourself with pleasure;
A serious tone you hardly dare employ;
To part from one so crazy, harsh, and cross,
I should not find methinks a grievous loss.
The livelong day for you I toil and fret.
Ne'er from your worship's face a hint I get
What pleases you, or what to let alone.

Faust. Aye, truly! that is just the proper tone!
Tires me, forsooth, and would with thanks be paid!

Mephistopheles. Poor child of clay, without my aid,
How would thy weary days have flown?
Thee of thy foolish whims I've cur'd,
Thy vain imaginations banish'd,
And but for me, be well assur'd,
Thou from this sphere must soon have vanish'd.
In rocky cleft and cavern drear
Why like an owl sit moping here?
And wherefore suck, like any toad,
From dripping rocks and moss thy food?
A pleasant pastime! Verily,
The doctor cleaveth still to thee.

Faust. Couldst thou divine what bliss without alloy

From this wild wand'ring in the desert springs, —
Couldst thou but guess the new life power it brings,
Thou still wert fiend enough to grudge my joy.
Mephistopheles. What super-earthly ecstasy! at night,
To lie in darkness on the dewy height,
Embracing heaven and earth in rapture high,
The soul dilating to a deity.
With prescient yearnings pierce the core of earth,
Feel in your laboring breast the six-days' birth,
Enjoy in proud delight what no one knows,
While your love-rapture o'er creation flows, —
The earthly lost in beatific vision,
And then the lofty intuition — *(With a gesture.)*
I need not tell you how — to close.
Faust. Fie on you!
Mephistopheles. This displeases you? "For shame!"
You are forsooth entitl'd to exclaim.
We to chaste ears it seems must not impart
Thoughts that may dwell unquestion'd in the heart.
Well, to be brief, as fit occasions rise,
I grudge you not the joy of specious lies.
But soon 'tis past, the self-deluding vein;
Back to your former course you're driven again,
And, should it longer hold, your anguish'd breast
By frenzied horror soon would be possess'd.
Enough of this! Your true love dwells apart,
And everything to her seems flat and tame.
Alone your cherish'd image fills her heart,
She loves you with an all-devouring flame.
First came your passion with o'erpowering rush,
Like mountain torrent, fed by melted snow,
Full in her heart you pour'd the sudden gush,
And now again your stream has ceas'd to flow.
Instead of sitting thron'd midst forests wild,
Methinks it would become so great a lord
Fondly to comfort the enamour'd child,
And the young monkey for her love reward.
To her the hours seem miserably long;
She from the window sees the clouds float by

As o'er the ancient city-walls they fly.
"Were I a bird," so runs her song,
Half through the night and all the day.
One while, indeed, she seemeth gay,
And then with grief her heart is sore;
Fairly outwept seem now her tears,
Anon she tranquil is, or so appears,
And love-sick evermore.

Faust. Snake! Serpent vile!

Mephistopheles (*aside*). Good! If I catch thee with my guile!

Faust. Vile reprobate! go, get thee hence;
Forbear the lovely girl to name!
Nor in my half-distracted sense
Kindle anew the smould'ring flame!

Mephistopheles. How now! She thinks you've taken flight;
It seems she's partly in the right.

Faust. I'm near her still — and should I distant rove,
I'd ne'er forget her, ne'er resign her love;
And all things touch'd by those sweet lips of hers,
Even the very host, my envy stirs.

Mephistopheles. 'Tis well! I oft have envied you indeed,
The twin-pair, that among the roses feed.

Faust. Pander, avaunt!

Mephistopheles. My friend, the while
You rail, excuse me if I smile;
The power which fashion'd youth and maid
Well understood the noble trade
Of making also time and place.
But hence! — In truth a doleful case!
Your mistress' chamber doth invite,
Not the cold grave's o'ershadowing night.

Faust. What in her arms the joys of heaven to me?
Oh, let me kindle on her gentle breast!
Do I not ever feel her misery?
Wretch that I am, whose spirit knows no rest,
Inhuman monster, homeless and unblest,
Who, like the greedy surge, from rock to rock,
Sweeps down the dread abyss with desp'rate shock.

While she, within her lowly cot, which grac'd
The Alpine slope, beside the waters wild,
Her homely cares in that small world embrac'd,
Secluded lived, a simple artless child.
Was't not enough, in thy delirious whirl
To blast the steadfast rocks, — her quiet cell,
Her too, her peace, to ruin must I hurl!
Dost claim this holocaust, remorseless Hell!
Fiend, help me to cut short the hours of dread!
Let what must happen, happen speedily!
Her direful doom fall crushing on my head,
And into ruin let her plunge with me.

Mephistopheles. Why, how again it seethes and glows!
Away, thou fool! Her torment ease!
When such a head no issue sees,
It pictures straight the final close.
Long life to him who boldly dares!
A devil's pluck you're wont to show;
As for a devil who despairs,
There's naught so mawkish here below.

MARGARET'S *Room*

Margaret (*alone at her spinning-wheel*).

My heart's oppress'd,
My peace is o'er;
I know no rest,
No, nevermore.

The world's a grave
Where he is not;
And grief is now
My bitter lot.

My wilder'd brain
Is overwrought;
My feeble senses
Are distraught.

My heart's oppress'd,
  My peace is o'er;
I know no rest,
  No, nevermore.

For him I watch
  The livelong day,
For him alone
  Abroad I stray.

His lofty step,
  His bearing high,
The smile of his lip,
  The power of his eye,

His witching words,
  Their tones of bliss,
His hand's fond pressure,
  And then, his kiss!

My heart's oppress'd,
  My peace is o'er,
I know no rest,
  No, nevermore.

My bosom aches
  To feel him near.
Ah, could I clasp
  And fold him here!

In love's fond blisses
  Entranc'd I'd lie,
And die on his kisses,
  In ecstasy!

MARTHA'S *Garden*

MARGARET *and* FAUST

Margaret. Promise me, Henry!
Faust. What I can!
Margaret. How is it with religion in your mind?
You are, 'tis true, a good, kind-hearted man,
But I'm afraid not piously inclin'd.
Faust. Forbear! I love you, darling, you alone!
For those I love, my life, I would lay down.
And none would of their faith or church bereave.
Margaret. That's not enough, we must ourselves believe.
Faust. Must we?
Margaret. Ah, could I but your soul inspire!
You honor not the sacraments, alas!
Faust. I honor them.
Margaret. But yet without desire.
'Tis long since you have been to shrift or mass.
Do you believe in God?
Faust. My love, forbear!
Who dares acknowledge, I in God believe?
Ask priest or sage, the answer you receive
Seems but a mockery of the questioner.
Margaret. Then you do not believe?
Faust. Sweet one! my meaning do not misconceive!
Him who dare name
And yet proclaim,
Yes, I believe?
Who that can feel
His heart can steel
To say, I disbelieve?
The All-embracer,
All-sustainer,
Doth He not embrace, sustain
Thee, me, himself?
Lifts not the heaven its dome above?
Doth not the firm-set earth beneath us lie?
And beaming tenderly with looks of love,

Climb not the everlasting stars on high?
Are we not gazing in each other's eyes?
Nature's impenetrable agencies,
Are they not thronging on thy heart and brain,
Viewless, or visible to mortal ken,
Around thee weaving their mysterious reign?
Fill thence thy heart, how large soe'er it be,
And in the feeling when thou'rt wholly blest,
Then call it what thou wilt, — Bliss! Heart! Love! God!
I have no name for it — 'tis feeling all.
Name is but sound and smoke
Shrouding the glow of heaven.

Margaret. All this is doubtless beautiful and true;
The priest doth also much the same declare,
Only in somewhat diff'rent language too.

Faust. Beneath Heaven's genial sunshine, everywhere,
This is the utt'rance of the human heart;
Each in his language doth the like impart;
Then why not I in mine?

Margaret. What thus I hear
Sounds plausible, yet I'm not reconcil'd;
There's something wrong about it; much I fear
That thou art not a Christian.

Faust. My sweet child!

Margaret. Alas! it long hath sorely troubl'd me,
To see thee in such odious company.

Faust. How so?

Margaret. The man who comes with thee, I hate,
Yea, in my spirit's inmost depths abhor;
As his loath'd visage, in my life before,
Naught to my heart e'er gave a pang so great.

Faust. Fear not, sweet love!

Margaret. His presence chills my blood.
Towards all beside I have a kindly mood;
Yet, though I yearn to gaze on thee, I feel
At sight of him strange horror o'er me steal;
That he's a villain my conviction's strong,
May Heaven forgive me if I do him wrong!

Faust. Yet such strange fellows in the world must be!

Margaret. I would not live with such an one as he!
If for a moment he but enter here,
He looks around him with a mocking sneer,
And malice ill-conceal'd.
That he can feel no sympathy is clear,
Upon his brow 'tis legibly reveal'd,
That to his heart no living soul is dear.
So blest I feel, abandon'd in thine arms,
So warm and happy, — free from all alarms,
And still my heart doth close when he comes near.
Faust. Foreboding angel! prithee check thy fear!
Margaret. The feeling so o'erpowers my mind, that when,
Or wheresoe'er, I chance his step to hear,
Methinks almost I cease to love thee then.
Besides, when he is near I ne'er could pray,
And this it is that eats my heart away;
Thou also, Henry, surely feel'st it so.
Faust. This is antipathy!
Margaret. I now must go.
Faust. And may I never then in quiet rest,
For one brief hour, upon thy gentle breast?
Margaret. Ah, if I slept alone! The door to-night
I'd leave unbarr'd; but mother's sleep is light;
And if she should by any chance awake,
Upon the floor I should at once fall dead.
Faust. Sweet angel! there's no cause for dread,
Here is a little phial, — if she take
But three drops mingl'd in her drink, 'twill steep
Her nature in a deep and soothing sleep.
Margaret. What is there I'd not do for thy dear sake?
To her 'twill surely do no injury?
Faust. Else, my own love, should I thus counsel thee?
Margaret. Gazing on thee, belov'd, I cannot tell
What doth my spirit to thy will compel;
So much I have already done for thee,
That more to do there scarce remains for me. [*Exit.*
Mephistopheles (*entering*). The monkey! Has she left you, then?
Faust. Have you been spying here again?

Mephistopheles. Of all that pass'd I'm well appris'd;
I heard the doctor catechis'd,
And trust he'll profit by the rede.
The girls show always much concern,
Touching their lover's faith, to learn
Whether it tallies with the creed.
If men are pliant there, think they,
Us too they'll follow and obey.
Faust. Thou monster! thou canst not perceive
How a true loving soul, like this,
Full of the faith she doth believe
To be the pledge of endless bliss,
Must mourn, her soul with anguish tost,
Thinking the man she loves forever lost.
Mephistopheles. Most sensual supersensualist! a flirt,
A gipsy, leads thee by the nose!
Faust. Abortion vile of fire and dirt!
Mephistopheles. In physiognomy strange skill she shows;
She in my presence feels she knows not how!
My mask it seems some hidden sense reveals.
That I'm a genius she must needs allow,
That I'm the very devil perhaps she feels.
So then to-night? —
Faust. What's that to you?
Mephistopheles. I've my amusement in it too!

At the Well

MARGARET *and* BESSY, *with pitchers*

Bessy. And have you then of Barbara nothing heard?
Margaret. I rarely go from home, — no, not a word.
Bessy. 'Tis true: Sibylla told me so to-day!
She's play'd the fool at last, I promise you;
That comes of pride.
Margaret. How so?
Bessy. Why, people say
That when she eats and drinks she feedeth two.

Margaret. Alas!
Bessy. She's rightly served, in sooth.
How long she hung upon the youth!
What promenades, what jaunts there were,
To dancing booth and village fair,
The first she everywhere must shine,
He treating her to cakes and wine.
Of her good looks she was so vain,
And e'en his presents would retain.
Sweet words and kisses came anon,
And then the virgin flower was gone!
Margaret. Poor thing!
Bessy. And do you pity her?
Why, of a night, when at our wheels we sat,
Abroad our mothers ne'er would let us stir.
Then with her lover she forsooth must chat,
Or near the bench, or in the dusky walk,
Thinking the hours too brief for their sweet talk;
Beshrew me! her proud head she'll have to bow,
And in white sheet do penance now!
Margaret. But he will surely marry her?
Bessy. Not he!
He won't be such a fool! a gallant lad
Like him can roam o'er land and sea;
Besides, he's off.
Margaret. That is not fair!
Bessy. If she should get him, 'twere almost as bad;
Her myrtle wreath the boys would tear;
And then we girls would plague her too,
Chopp'd straw before her door we'd strew! [*Exit.*
Margaret (*walking towards home*). How stoutly once I could inveigh,
If a poor maiden went astray!
Not words enough my tongue could find
'Gainst others' sin to speak my mind!
How black soe'er their fault before,
I strove to blacken it still more,
And did myself securely bless.
Now are the sin, the scandal, mine!

Yet, ah! — what urg'd me to transgress,
Heaven knows, was good! ah, so divine!

Zwinger

In the niche of the wall a devotional image of the Mater Dolorosa, with flower-pots before it

Margaret (*putting fresh flowers in the pots*).

Ah, rich in sorrow, thou,
Stoop thy maternal brow,
And mark with pitying eye my misery!
The sword in thy pierc'd heart,
Thou dost with bitter smart
Gaze upwards on thy Son's death agony.

To the dear God on high
Ascends thy piteous sigh,
Pleading for his and thy mute misery.

Ah, who can know
The torturing woe
That harrows me, and racks me to the bone?
How my poor heart, without relief,
Trembles and throbs, its yearning grief
Thou knowest, thou alone!

Ah, wheresoe'er I go,
With woe, with woe, with woe,
My anguish'd breast is aching!
Wretched, alone I keep,
I weep, I weep, I weep.
Alas! my heart is breaking!

The flower-pots at my window
Were wet with tears of mine,
The while I pluck'd these blossoms,
At dawn to deck thy shrine!

When early in my chamber
Shone bright the rising morn,

I sat there on my pallet,
My heart with anguish torn.

Help! death and shame are near!
Mother of sorrows, now
Stoop thy maternal brow,
And to thy suppliant turn a gracious ear.

Night. Street before MARGARET'S *Door*

Valentine (*soldier*, MARGARET'S *brother*). When seated 'mong the jovial crowd
Where merry comrades boasting loud,
Each nam'd with pride his favorite lass,
And in her honor drain'd his glass,
Upon my elbows I would lean,
With easy quiet view the scene,
Nor give my tongue the rein, until
Each swagg'ring blade had talk'd his fill.
Then with a smile my beard I'd stroke,
The while, with brimming glass, I spoke;
"Each to his taste! — but to my mind,
Where in the country will you find
A maiden, be she ne'er so fair,
Who with my Gretchen can compare?"
Cling! clang! so rang the jovial sound!
Shouts of assent went circling round;
Pride of her sex is she! — cried some;
Then were the noisy boasters dumb.
And now! — I could uproot my hair,
Or dash my brains out in despair!
Me every scurvy knave may twit,
With stinging jest and taunting sneer!
Like skulking debtor I must sit,
And sweat each casual word to hear!
And though I smash'd them one and all,
Yet them I could not liars call.
Who comes this way? who's sneaking here?

If I mistake not, two draw near.
If he be one, have at him; — well I wot
Alive he shall not leave this spot!

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES

Faust. How from yon sacristy, athwart the night,
Its beams the ever burning taper throws,
While ever waning, fades the glimm'ring light,
As gath'ring darkness doth around it close!
So night-like gloom doth in my bosom reign.
Mephistopheles. I'm like a tom-cat in a thievish vein,
That round the walls doth slyly creep;
And up fire-ladders tall, and steep,
Virtuous withal I feel, with, I confess,
A touch of thievish joy and wantonness.
Thus through my limbs already there doth bound
The glorious advent of Walpurgis night;
After to-morrow it again comes round,
What one doth wake for then one knows aright.
Faust. Meanwhile, the flame which I see glimm'ring there,
Is it the treasure rising in the air?
Mephistopheles. Ere long, I make no doubt, but you
To raise the chest will feel inclin'd;
Erewhile I peep'd within it too,
With lion-dollars 'tis well lin'd.
Faust. And not a trinket? not a ring?
Wherewith my lovely girl to deck?
Mephistopheles. I saw among them some such thing,
A string of pearls to grace her neck.
Faust. 'Tis well! I'm always loath to go,
Without some gift my love to show.
Mephistopheles. Some pleasures gratis to enjoy,
Should surely cause you no annoy.
While bright with stars the heavens appear,
I'll sing a masterpiece of art.
A moral song shall charm her ear,
More surely to beguile her heart.
(*Sings to the guitar.*)

Fair Catherine, say,
Why ling'ring stay
At dawn of day
Before your lover's door?
You enter there
A maid; beware,
Lest forth you fare
A maiden nevermore.

Maiden, take heed!
Reck well my rede!
Is't done, the deed?
Good night, you poor, poor thing!
The spoiler's lies,
His arts despise,
Nor yield your prize
Without the marriage ring.

Valentine (*steps forward*). Whom are you luring here? I'll give it you!
Accursed rat-catchers, your strains I'll end!
First, to the devil the guitar I'll send!
Then to the devil with the singer too!
Mephistopheles. The poor guitar! 'Tis done for now.
Valentine. Your skull shall follow next, I trow!
Mephistopheles (*to* FAUST). Doctor, stand fast! your strength collect!
Be prompt, and do as I direct.
Out with your whisk! keep close, I pray.
I'll parry! do you thrust away!
Valentine. Then parry that!
Mephistopheles. Why not?
Valentine. That too!
Mephistopheles. With ease!
Valentine. The devil fights for you!
Why, how is this? my hand's already lam'd!
Mephistopheles (*to* FAUST). Thrust home!
Valentine (*falls*). Alas!
Mephistopheles. There! Now the bully's tam'd.
But quick, away! We must at once take wing.

A cry of murder strikes upon the ear.
With the police I know my course to steer,
But with the blood-ban 'tis another thing.
Martha (*at the window*). Without! without!
Margaret (*at the window*). Quick, bring a light!
Martha (*as above*). They rail and scuffle, scream and fight!
People. One lieth here already dead!
Martha (*coming out*). Where are the murderers? are they fled?
Margaret (*coming out*). Who lieth here?
People. Thy mother's son.
Margaret. Almighty Father! I'm undone!
Valentine. I'm dying! 'Tis a soon-told tale!
And sooner done the deed!
Why, women, do ye weep and wail?
To my last words give heed. (*All gather round him.*)
Gretchen, thou'rt still of tender age,
And, well I wot, not over sage,
Thou dost thy matters ill.
Let this in confidence be said:
She who the path of shame doth tread,
Should tread it with good will.
Margaret. My God! what can this mean?
Valentine. Abstain,
Nor dare God's holy name profane.
What's done, alas, is done and past!
Matters will take their course at last!
By stealth thou dost begin with one,
And more will follow him anon;
When to a dozen swells the train
A common outcast thou'lt remain.

When first the monster shame is born,
Clandestinely she's brought to light,
And the mysterious veil of night
Around her head is drawn.
The loathsome birth men fain would slay!
But soon, full grown, she waxes bold,
And though not fairer to behold,

With brazen front insults the day.
The more abhorr'd her visage grows,
The more her hideousness she shows!

The time already I discern
When thee all honest men will spurn,
And shun thy hated form to meet,
As when a corpse infects the street.
Thy heart will sink in blank despair,
When they shall look thee in the face!
A golden chain no more thou'lt wear,
Nor near the altar take thy place!
In fair lace collar simply dight
Thou'lt dance no more with spirits light!
In darksome corners thou wilt bide,
Where beggars vile and cripples hide;
And e'en though God thy crime forgive,
On earth, a thing accurs'd, thou'lt live.
Martha. Your parting soul to God commend;
Nor your last breath in slander spend.
Valentine. Could I but reach thy wither'd frame,
Thou wretched beldam, void of shame!
Full measure I might hope to win
Of pardon then for every sin.
Margaret. Brother! what agonizing pain!
Valentine. I tell thee! from vain tears abstain!
'Twas thy dishonor pierc'd my heart;
Thy fall the fatal death-stab gave.
Through the death-sleep I now depart
To God, a soldier true and brave. (*Dies.*)

Cathedral

(*Service, Organ, and Anthem*)

MARGARET (*amongst a number of people*), EVIL SPIRIT (*behind* MARGARET)

Evil Spirit. How diff'rent, Gretchen, was it once with thee,
When thou, still full of innocence,
Cam'st to the altar here,
And from the small and well-conn'd book
Did'st lisp thy prayer,
Half childish sport,
Half God in thy young heart!
Gretchen!
What thoughts are thine?
What deed of shame
Lurks in thy sinful heart?
Is thy prayer utter'd for thy mother's soul,
Who into long, long torment slept through thee?
Whose blood is on thy threshold?
— And stirs there not already 'neath thy heart
Another quick'ning pulse, that even now
Tortures itself and thee
With its foreboding presence?

Margaret. Woe! woe!
Oh, could I free me from the harrowing thoughts
That 'gainst my will
Throng my disorder'd brain!

Chorus. *Dies iræ, dies illa,*
Solvet sæclum in favilla.
(*The organ sounds.*)

Evil Spirit. Grim horror seizes thee!
The trumpet sounds,
The graves are shaken!
And thy sinful heart,
From its cold ashy rest
For torturing flames,
Anew created,
Trembles into life!

Margaret. Would I were hence!
It is as if the organ
Chok'd my breath,
As if the choir
Melted my inmost heart.

Chorus. *Judex ergo cum sedebit,*
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Margaret. I feel oppress'd!
The pillars of the wall
Are closing round me!
And the vaulted roof
Weighs down upon me! — air!

Evil Spirit. Wouldst hide thee? sin and shame
Remain not hidden.
Air! light!
Woe's thee!

Chorus. *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?*
Quem patronum rogaturus!
Cum vix justus sit securus.

Evil Spirit. The glorified their faces turn
Away from thee!
Shudder the pure to reach
Their hands to thee!
Woe!

Chorus. *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?*

Margaret. Neighbor! your smelling bottle!
(*She swoons away.*)

. . . . . .

A gloomy Day. A Plain

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES

Faust. In misery! despairing! long wandering pitifully on the face of the earth and now imprison'd! This gentle hapless creature, immur'd in the dungeon as a malefactor and reserved for horrid tortures! That it should come to this! To this! — Perfidious, worthless spirit, and this thou hast concealed from

me! — Stand! aye, stand! roll in malicious rage thy fiendish eyes! Stand and brave me with thine insupportable presence! Imprison'd! In hopeless misery! delivered over to the power of evil spirits and the judgment of unpitying humanity! And me, the while, thou wert lulling with tasteless dissipations! — concealing from me her growing anguish, and leaving her to perish without help!

Mephistopheles. She is not the first.

Faust. Hound! Execrable monster! Back with him, oh, thou infinite spirit! back with the reptile into his dog's shape, in which it was his wont to scamper before me at eventide, to roll before the feet of the harmless wanderer, and to fasten on his shoulders when he fell. Change him again into his favorite shape, that he may crouch on his belly before me in the dust, whilst I spurn him with my foot, the reprobate! — Not the first! — Woe! woe! By no human soul is it conceivable that more than one human creature has ever sunk into a depth of wretchedness like this, or that the first, in her writhing death-agony, should not have atoned in the sight of all-pardoning Heaven, for the guilt of all the rest! The misery of this one pierces me to the very marrow, and harrows up my soul; thou art grinning calmly over the doom of thousands!

Mephistopheles. Now we are once again at our wit's end, just where the o'erstrained reason of you mortals snaps. Why dost thou seek our fellowship, if thou canst not go through with it? Would'st fly, and art not proof against dizziness? Do we force ourselves on thee, or thou on us?

Faust. Cease thus to gnash thy ravenous fangs at me! I loathe thee! — Great and glorious spirit, thou who didst vouchsafe to reveal thyself unto me, thou who dost know my very heart and soul, why hast thou linked me with this base associate, who feeds on mischief and revels in destruction?

Mephistopheles. Hast done?

Faust. Save her! or woe to thee! The direst of curses on thee for thousands of years!

Mephistopheles. I cannot loose the bands of the avenger, nor withdraw his bolts. — Save her! — Who was it plunged her into perdition? I or thou?

(FAUST *looks wildly around.*)

Mephistopheles. Would'st grasp the thunder? Well for you, poor mortals, that 'tis not yours to wield! To smite to atoms the being, however innocent, who obstructs his path, — such is the tyrant's fashion of relieving himself in difficulties.

Faust. Convey me thither! She shall be free!

Mephistopheles. And the danger to which thou dost expose thyself? Know, the guilt of blood, shed by thy hand, lies yet upon the town. Over the place where fell the murdered one, avenging spirits hover and watch for the returning murderer.

Faust. This too from thee? The death and downfall of a world be on thee, monster! Conduct me thither, I say, and set her free!

Mephistopheles. I will conduct thee, and what I can do, — hear! Have I all power in heaven and upon earth? I'll cloud the senses of the warder, — do thou possess thyself of the keys and lead her forth with human hand. I will keep watch! The magic steeds are waiting, — I bear thee off. Thus much is in my power.

Faust. Up and away!

Night. An open Plain

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES (*rushing along on black horses*)

Faust. What weave they round the Ravenstone?
Mephistopheles. I know not what they shape and brew.
Faust. They're soaring, swooping, bending, stooping.
Mephistopheles. A witches' pack.
Faust. They charm, they strew.
Mephistopheles. On! On!

Dungeon

Faust (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp before a small iron door*). A fear unwonted o'er my spirit falls;
Man's concentrated woe o'erwhelms me here;
She dwells immur'd within these dripping walls;

Her only trespass a delusion dear!
And thou dost linger at the fatal door!
Thou dread'st to look upon her face once more!
On! While thou dalliest, draws her death-hour near.

(*He seizes the lock. Singing within.*)

My mother, the harlot,
She took me and slew!
My father, the scoundrel,
Hath eaten me too!
My sweet little sister
Hath all my bones laid,
Where soft winds are playing
All in the green shade;
Then became I a wood-bird, and sang on the spray,
Fly away, little bird, fly away! fly away!

Faust (*opening the lock*). Ah! she forebodes not that her lover's near,
The clanking chains, the rustling straw to hear.

He enters.

Margaret (*hiding her face in the bed of straw*). Woe! woe! they come! oh, bitter 'tis to die!

Faust (*softly*). Hush! hush! be still! I come to set thee free!

Margaret (*throwing herself at his feet*). If thou art human, feel my misery.

Faust. Thou wilt awake the jailer with thy cry!

(*He grasps the chains to unlock them.*)

Margaret (*on her knees*). Who, executioner, to thee could give
O'er me this cruel power?
To bear me off at midnight's solemn hour!
Be merciful, and spare me! let me live!
Is dawn not time enough? (*She stands up.*)
I'm still so young!
So very young, and must so early die!
Fair was I once, thence hath my ruin sprung.
My love is now afar, he then was nigh;
Torn lies the garland, the fair blossoms strew'd.

Oh, do not seize me with a hand so rude!
Spare me! What harm have I e'er done to thee?
For mercy let me not in vain implore,
I ne'er have seen thee in my life before!
Faust. Can I endure this bitter agony?
Margaret. I'm wholly in thy power. Ah, suffer me
But once again to give my babe the breast.
Through the long night I sooth'd it and caress'd;
They took it from me but to give me pain,
And now they say that I my child have slain.
Ah, ne'er shall I be happy, ne'er again.
Then they sing songs about me! How wicked of the throng!
A ballad of the olden time ends so,
How came they to apply the song?
Faust (*throwing himself on the ground*). See, at thy feet a lover bendeth low,
To loose the bonds of wretchedness and woe.
Margaret (*throws herself beside him*). Oh, let us kneel and move the saints by prayer!
Look! look! yon stairs below,
Under the threshold there,
Hell's flames are all aglow!
Beneath the floor,
With hideous noise,
The devils roar!
Faust (*aloud*). Gretchen! Gretchen!
Margaret (*listening*). That was my lov'd one's voice!
(*She springs up, the chains fall off.*)
Where is he? I have heard him call, I'm free!
I will away, there's none shall hinder me.
I to his neck will fly,
Upon his bosom lie!
Gretchen, he call'd! on yonder threshold stood.
Through all the howling of Hell's fiery flood,
The fiends' dark sneers, their devilish scorn above,
I knew the sweet, the blissful tones of love.
Faust. 'Tis I!
Margaret. 'Tis thou! Oh, say so once again!
(*Embracing him.*)

'Tis he! 'tis he! Where's now the torturing pain?
Where are the fetters? where the dungeon's gloom?
'Tis thou! 'tis thou! To save me thou art come!
And I am sav'd! —
Already now the very street I see
Where the first time I caught a glimpse of thee.
And there too is the pleasant garden shade,
Where I and Martha for thy coming stayed.
Faust (*endeavoring to lead her away*). Come! come away!
Margaret. Oh, still delay!
I love to linger where thou stay'st. (*Caressing him.*)
Faust. Oh come! for if thou dost not haste,
Our ling'ring we shall both deplore.
Margaret. What, dearest? can'st thou kiss me now no more!
So short a time away from me, and yet
Love's fond embrace thou could'st so soon forget!
Why on thy neck so anxious do I feel?
When formerly a perfect heaven of bliss
From thy dear looks and words would o'er me steal.
Ah! with what tenderness thou then did'st kiss!
Kiss me!
Or I'll kiss thee! (*She embraces him.*)
Woe! woe! Thy lips are cold, — are dumb.
Thy love where hast thou left?
Who hath me of thy love bereft? (*She turns away from him.*)
Faust. Only take courage! dearest! prithee, come!
Thee to my heart with tenderness I'll hold,
And cherish thee with ardor thousand-fold;
I but entreat thee now to follow me!
Margaret (*turning towards him*). And art thou he? and art thou really he?
Faust. 'Tis I! Oh, come!
Margaret. Thou wilt strike off my chain,
And thou wilt take me to thine arms again.
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me? —
And dost thou know, love, whom thou would'st set free?
Faust. Come! come! already night begins to wane.
Margaret. I sent my mother to her grave,
I drown'd my child beneath the wave.

Was it not given to thee and me — thee too?
'Tis thou thyself! I scarce believe it yet.
Give me thy hand! It is no dream! 'Tis true!
Thine own dear hand! — But how is this? 'Tis wet!
Quick, wipe it off! It seems like blood — Ah me!
Whose blood? what hast thou done? Put up thy sword;
I pray thee, do!

Faust. Death is in every word.
Oh, dearest, let the past forgotten be.

Margaret. Yet must thou linger here in sorrow.
The graves I will describe to thee,
And thou must see to them to-morrow.
Reserve the best place for my mother,
Close at her side inter my brother,
Me at some little distance lay,
But, I entreat thee, not too far away!
And place my little babe on my right breast.
The little one alone will lie near me! —
Ah, 'twas a sweet, a precious joy, of yore
To nestle at thy side so lovingly!
It will be mine no more, ah, nevermore!
I feel as if I forc'd my love on thee,
As if thou still wert thrusting me away;
Yet 'tis thyself, thy fond, kind looks I see.

Faust. If thou dost feel 'tis I, then come, I pray.

Margaret. What, there? without?

Faust. Yes, forth in the free air.

Margaret. Aye, if the grave's without, — if death lurk there!
Hence to the everlasting resting-place,
And not one step beyond! — Thou'rt leaving me?
Oh, Henry! would that I could go with thee!

Faust. Thou can'st! But will it! open stands the door.

Margaret. I dare not go! I've naught to hope for more.
What boots it to escape? They lurk for me.
'Tis wretched still to beg from day to day,
And burthen'd with an evil conscience too!
'Tis wretched in a foreign land to stray,
And they will catch me whatsoe'er I do!

Faust. But I will ever bear thee company.

Margaret. Quick! Quick!
Save thy poor child.
Keep to the path
The brook along,
Over the bridge
To the wood beyond,
To the left, where the plank is,
In the pond.
Seize it at once!
It tries to rise,
It struggles yet!
Save it. Oh, save!

Faust. Were we but only past the hill!

Margaret. Collect thy thoughts, one step and thou art free!
There sits my mother on a stone.
Over my brain there falls a chill!
There sits my mother on a stone;
Slowly her head moves to and fro.
She winks not, nods not, her head droops low.
She slumber'd so long, nor wak'd again.
That we might be happy she slumber'd then.
Ah! those were pleasant times!

Faust. Alas! since here
Nor argument avails, nor prayer, nor tear,
I'll venture forcibly to bear thee hence!

Margaret. Loose me! I will not suffer violence!
Withdraw thy murd'rous hand, hold not so fast!
I have done all to please thee in the past.

Faust. Yes! day draws near.

Margaret. Day dawns! My love! My love!
The day of judgment, too, will soon appear.
It should have been my bridal! No one tell,
That thy poor Margaret thou hast known too well.
Woe to my garland! Its bloom is o'er!
Though not at the dance, we shall meet once more.
The crowd doth gather, in silence it rolls.
The squares, the streets, scarce hold the throng.
The staff is broken, — the death-bell tolls, —
They bind and seize me; I'm hurried along,

To the seat of blood already I'm bound;
Quivers each neck as the naked steel
Quivers on mine the blow to deal.
The silence of the grave now broods around!
Faust. Would I had ne'er been born!
Mephistopheles (*appears without*). Up! or you're lost.
Vain hesitation! Babbling, quaking!
My steeds are shiv'ring. Morn is breaking.
Margaret. What from the floor ascendeth like a ghost?
'Tis he! 'Tis he! Him from my presence chase!
What is his purpose in this holy place?
It is for me he cometh!
Faust. Thou shalt live!
Margaret. Judgment of God! To thee my soul I give!
Mephistopheles (*to* FAUST). Come! come! I'll leave thee else to share her doom.
Margaret. Father, I'm thine! Save me! To thee I come!
Angelic hosts! your downy pinions wave,
Encamp around me to protect and save!
Henry! I shudder now to look on thee.
Mephistopheles. She now is judg'd!
Voices (*from above*). Is saved!
Mephistopheles (*to* FAUST). Come thou with me!
[*Vanishes with* FAUST.
Voice (*from within, dying away*). Henry! Henry!

(The "Wanderer's Night Songs," translated by H. W. Longfellow, are used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, the publishers.)

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONGS

THOU that from the heavens art,
Every pain and sorrow stillest,
And the doubly wretched heart
Doubly with refreshment fillest,
I am weary with contending!
Why this rapture and unrest?
Peace descending,
Come, ah come into my breast!

O'er all the hilltops
Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are asleep in the trees:
Wait; soon like these
Thou too shalt rest.

THE ERL-KING

Who rideth so late through the night wind wild?
It is the father with his child;
He has the little one well in his arm;
He holds him safe, and he folds him warm.

"My son, why hidest thy face so shy?" —
"Seest thou not, father, the Erl-king nigh?
The Erlen king, with train and crown?" —
"It is a wreath of mist, my son."

"Come, lovely boy, come, go with me;
Such merry plays I will play with thee;
Many a bright flower grows on the strand,
And my mother has many a gay garment at hand."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
What the Erl-king whispers in my ear?" —
"Be quiet, my darling, be quiet, my child;
Through withered leaves the wind howls wild."

"Come, lovely boy, wilt thou go with me?
My daughters fair shall wait on thee;
My daughters their nightly revels keep;
They'll sing, and they'll dance, and they'll rock thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, and seest thou not
The Erl-king's daughters in yon dim spot?" —

"My son, my son, I see and I know
'Tis the old gray willow that shimmers so."

"I love thee; thy beauty has ravished my sense;
And, willing or not, I will carry thee hence."
"O father, the Erl-king now puts forth his arm!
O father, the Erl-king has done me harm!"

The father shudders; he hurries on;
And faster he holds his moaning son;
He reaches his home with fear and dread,
And, lo! in his arms the child was dead.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Oliver Goldsmith. Born at Pallas, County Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728; died in London, April 4, 1774. Author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Citizen of the World," "The Traveler," "The Deserted Village," "The Good-Natured Man," and "She Stoops to Conquer."

His literary powers were of the highest order. And we owe to him, in "She Stoops to Conquer," almost the only one of the old plays, outside of Shakespeare's, that still keeps the stage and delights modern playgoers.

In much of Goldsmith's work one does not think of elaborate plots, consistent detail, or studied accuracy, but merely of the pleasant impressions thus received. One loves to read him frequently at leisure. Goldsmith was the inventor of what we term the novel of domestic life, and Johnson well said that he rules our affections, — moving alike our laughter and our tears, as gentle as he is prevailing.

(From "The Vicar of Wakefield")

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD, IN WHICH A KINDRED LIKENESS PREVAILS, AS WELL OF MINDS AS OF PERSONS

I was ever of opinion, that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population. From this motive, I had

scarcely taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife, as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house situated in a fine country, and a good neighborhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements, in visiting our rich neighbors, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveler or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honor by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that as they were the same flesh and blood, they should sit with us at the same table. So that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated: and as some men gaze with admiration at the colors of a tulip, or the wings of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always

had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveler or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favors. My orchard was often robbed by schoolboys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The 'Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the support of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry II's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest

children in the whole country": — "Aye, neighbor," she would answer, "they are as heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarcely have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty, with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successively repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features, at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers, Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected from too great a desire to please. Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribbons has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all, and properly speaking, they had but one character, that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

FAMILY MISFORTUNES. — THE LOSS OF FORTUNE ONLY SERVES TO INCREASE THE PRIDE OF THE WORTHY

The temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which

amounted to but thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for having sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony; so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and ale-houses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favorite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second, or, to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking are read only by the happy *few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but, alas! they had not, like me, made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimneypiece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighboring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune. But fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two

daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such a happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match: so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awakened in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a-hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study: they usually read a page, and gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for as she always insisted upon carving everything herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us upon these occasions the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music-master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a twopenny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together; I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce-ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters; in fact, my attention was fixed on another object, the completing a tract which I intended shortly to publish in defense of my favorite principle. As I looked upon this as a masterpiece, both for argument and style, I could not in the pride of my heart avoid showing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his appro-

bation; but not till too late I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance: but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides; he asserted that I was heterodox, I retorted the charge; he replied, and I rejoined. In the meantime, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. "How," cried I, "relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be a husband, already driven to the very verge of absurdity! You might as well advise me to give up my fortune, as my argument." "Your fortune," returned my friend, "I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you or the family with the account till after the wedding: but now it may serve to moderate your warmth in the argument; for, I suppose, your own prudence will enforce the necessity of dissembling, at least, till your son has the young lady's fortune secure." "Well," returned I, "if what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to disavow my principles. I'll go this moment and inform the company of my circumstances: and as for the argument, I even here retract my former concessions in the old gentleman's favor, nor will I allow him now to be a husband in any sense of the expression."

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families when I divulged the news of our misfortune: but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon determined; one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.

A MIGRATION. — THE FORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCES OF OUR LIVES ARE GENERALLY FOUND AT LAST TO BE OF OUR OWN PROCURING

THE only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortune might be malicious or premature; but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humble without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them; and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a distant neighborhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune: and, all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances; for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. "You cannot be ignorant, my children," cried I, "that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendors in which numbers are wretched, and seek in humbler circumstances that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help, why then should we not learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility; we have still enough left for happiness, if we are wise; and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune."

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one

of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. "You are going, my boy," cried I, "to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, traveled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good bishop Jewel, this staff, and this book too, it will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million, *I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.* Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy; whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once a year; still keep a good heart, and farewell." As he was possessed of integrity and honor, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheater of life; for I knew he would act a good part whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighborhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity, was not without a tear, which scarcely fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighborhood to which I was removing, particularly 'Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarcely a farmer's daughter within ten miles round, but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this

account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph: nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the host, "that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog stealing." The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, showing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced. His person was well formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. "I take it with all my heart, sir," replied he, "and am glad that a late oversight in giving what money I had about me has shown me that there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible." In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortunes, but the place to which I was going to remove. "This," cried he, "happens still more luckily than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which I hope by to-morrow will be found passable." I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the footpath by the roadside, observing with a smile, that as we were ill-mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprised me most was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we traveled the road. "That," cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, "belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependent on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman, who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town." "What!" cried I, "is my young landlord then the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and singularities are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous yet whimsical men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence." — "Something, perhaps, too much so," replied Mr. Burchell; "at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young; for his passions were then strong, and as they were all upon the side of virtue, they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and scholar; was soon distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who showed him only one side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from knowing that there were rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder, in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible that the slightest touch gives pain: what some have thus suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind. The slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul labored under a sickly

sensibility of the miseries of others. Thus disposed to relieve, it will be easily conjectured he found numbers disposed to solicit; his profusions began to impair his fortune, but not his good-nature; that, indeed, was seen to increase as the other seemed to decay; he grew improvident as he grew poor; and though he talked like a man of sense, his actions were those of a fool. Still, however, being surrounded with importunity, and no longer able to satisfy every request that was made him, instead of money he gave promises. They were all he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew round him crowds of dependents, whom he was sure to disappoint, yet wished to relieve. These hung upon him for a time, and left him with merited reproaches and contempt. But in proportion as he became contemptible to others, he became despicable to himself. His mind had leaned upon their adulation, and that support taken away, he could find no pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had never learnt to reverence. The world now began to wear a different aspect; the flattery of his friends began to dwindle into simple approbation. Approbation soon took the more friendly form of advice, and advice when rejected produced their reproaches. He now therefore found, that such friends as benefits had gathered round him, were little estimable; he now found that a man's own heart must be ever given to gain that of another. I now found that — that — I forgot what I was going to observe: in short, sir, he resolved to respect himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his fallen fortune. For this purpose, in his own whimsical manner, he traveled through Europe on foot, and now, though he has scarcely attained the age of thirty, his circumstances are more affluent than ever. At present, his bounties are more rational and moderate than before; but still he preserves the character of a humorist, and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues."

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarcely looked forward as he went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family, when turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her

relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue: she must have certainly perished had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her safely to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little further up, the rest of the family got safely over, where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to hers. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described: she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave; and we pursued our journey, my wife observing as we went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting that, if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as ours, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain; but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

A PROOF THAT EVEN THE HUMBLEST FORTUNE MAY GRANT HAPPINESS, WHICH DEPENDS NOT ON CIRCUMSTANCES BUT CONSTITUTION

The place of our retreat was in a little neighborhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities, in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners, and frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labor; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true love-knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighborhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by

pipe and tabor. A feast was also provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before: on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little inclosures; the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness: the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: by sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labors after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: some-

times farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night" or "The Cruelty of Barbara Allen." The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

THE FAMILY STILL RESOLVE TO HOLD UP THEIR HEADS

Michaelmas Eve happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbor Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt: however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbor's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long, and very dull, and about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blindman's buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the meantime, my neighbor and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle.

As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defense. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad singer, when, confusion on confusion! who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! — Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad: but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry: but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true; but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the rout was in amaze: his Lordship turned

all manner of colors, my Lady fell into a *swoon*, but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our Peeress, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend upon as fact, that the next day my Lord Duke cried out three times to his valet de chambre, 'Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my garters.'"

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behavior of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out "*Fudge!*" — an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our Peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion." — *Fudge!*

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favor me with a sight of them?" — *Fudge!*

"My dear creature," replied our Peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces; for, except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover-square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them." — *Fudge!*

"Your Ladyship should except," says t'other, "your own things in the *Lady's Magazine*. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?" — *Fudge!*

"Why, my dear," says the Lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me, to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find, and to be sure thirty pounds a year is a small

stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write, and behave in company: as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one." — *Fudge!*

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half year, one of them refused to do plain work an hour in a day; another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary, and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?" — *Fudge!*

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year, made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money, all which was in a manner going a-begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the 'Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. "I hope," cried she, "your Ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true we have no right to pretend to such favors; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education and capacity, at least the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, broadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and frill, and know something of music; they can do up small clothes; work upon catgut! my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards." — *Fudge!*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: "But a thing

of this kind, madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form in those things, madam, there is a form."

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbors for a character: but this our Peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.

FORTUNE SEEMS RESOLVED TO HUMBLE THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD. MORTIFICATIONS ARE OFTEN MORE PAINFUL THAN REAL CALAMITIES

When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the 'Squire's recommendation, but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it." — "Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say. — "What! only pretty well!" returned she. "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day: and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly, so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?" — "Aye," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter. "Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!"

This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity: for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck, good luck," till we could see him no longer.

He was scarcely gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another

footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Aye," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humor, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the by. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behavior was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice; although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves." "Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question: though as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy

such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. — But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse and the box at his back."

As she spoke Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. — "Welcome, welcome, Moses: well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" — "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?" "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." — "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then." — "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out on a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." — "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green, paltry spectacles!" — "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money." — "A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." — "You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over." — "What," cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!" — "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan." — "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better." — "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong, he should not have known them at all." — "Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them in the fire." — "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though

they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend looking man brought him to a tent, under a pretense of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom — is to die.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,

The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn!
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more the grassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries:
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man:
For him light Labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green, —
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,

And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes — for pride attends us still —
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from cares, that never must be mine!
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind, —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail;
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,

No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year:
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,

He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:

Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran — that he could gage:
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth, and smiling toil, retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,

No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and learn to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd, —
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth:
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;

Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies: —
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits its fall.
As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past — for charms are frail —
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd;
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd:
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave.
Where, then, ah, where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped, what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies his sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,

The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest:
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
Now lost to all — her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,

The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave:
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms:
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till, sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural Virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail

That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;
And Piety with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THOMAS GRAY

THOMAS GRAY. Born in Cornhill, London, December 26, 1716; died at Cambridge, July 24, 1771. Author of "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," "Ode to Adversity," "Progress of Poetry," and "The Bard."

Gray's imagination, flowing like a sweet spring in the deep green turf of Stoke Pogis, was intermittent. By habit he was a scholar, with a wholesome fear of what the critics might say if he should publish prematurely. Accordingly, he is said to have spent no less than seven years upon the composition of his peerless "Elegy."

The immortality of good poetry is illustrated by that famous work. Its genuine poetic spirit and exquisite finish are as worthy of enduring admiration as a statue of Phidias or a painting by Raphael, a well-nigh perfect masterpiece, unblemished by the lapse of time.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;

Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—

Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

JOHN RICHARD GREEN. Born at Oxford, 1837; died at Mentone, France, March 7, 1883. Author of "A Short History of the English People," "The Making of England," "The Conquest of England."

Green's style is singularly lucid, and always moves rapidly. His historical studies are of the first order in scholarship and thoroughness of research. To the London poor he gave most of his vitality, reserving little for those studies which have given him enduring fame.

His "Short History" has been translated not only into French, German, Russian, and Italian, but Japanese; and a compendium has appeared in Chinese. It is throughout one of the most popular histories ever published, depicting the great underlying movement of the people of England toward democracy.

(From "A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE")

THE TEUTONS

FOR the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth

of Christ the one country which we know to have borne the name of Angeln or England lay within the district which is now called Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula that parts the Baltic from the Northern seas. Its pleasant pastures, its black-timbered homesteads, its prim little townships looking down on inlets of purple water, were then but a wild waste of heather and sand, girt along the coast with a sunless woodland, broken here and there by meadows that crept down to the marshes and the sea. The dwellers in this district, however, seem to have been merely an outlying fragment of what was called the Engle or English folk, the bulk of whom lay probably in what is now Lower Hanover and Oldenburg. On one side of them the Saxons of Westphalia held the land from the Weser to the Rhine; on the other, the Eastphalian Saxons stretched away to the Elbe. North again of the fragment of the English folk in Sleswick lay another kindred tribe, the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Jutland. Engle, Saxon, and Jute all belonged to the same Low German branch of the Teutonic family; and at the moment when history discovers them they were being drawn together by the ties of a common blood, common speech, common social and political institutions. There is little ground indeed for believing that the three tribes looked on themselves as one people, or that we can as yet apply to them, save by anticipation, the common name of Englishmen. But each of them was destined to share in the conquest of the land in which we live, and it is from the union of all of them when its conquest was complete that the English people has sprung.

The energy of these people found vent in a restlessness which drove them to take part in the general attack of the German race on the Empire of Rome. For busy tillers and busy fishers as Englishmen were, they were at heart fighters, and their world was a world of war. Tribe warred with tribe, and village with village; even within the township itself feuds parted household from household, and passions of hatred and vengeance were handed on from father to son. Their mood was above all a mood of fighting men, venturesome, self-reliant, proud, with a dash of hardness and cruelty in it, but ennobled by the virtues which spring from war, by personal courage and loyalty

to plighted word, by a high and stern sense of manhood and the worth of man. A grim joy in hard fighting was already a characteristic of the race. War was the Englishman's "shield-play" and "sword-game"; the gleeman's verse took fresh fire as he sang of the rush of the host and the crash of the shield-line. Their arms and weapons, helmet and mail shirt, tall spear and javelin, sword and seax, the short, broad dagger that hung at each warrior's girdle, gathered to them much of the legend and the art which gave color and poetry to the life of Englishmen. Each sword had its name like a living thing. And next to their love of war came their love of the sea. Everywhere throughout Beowulf's song, as everywhere throughout the life that it pictures, we catch the salt whiff of the sea. The Englishman was as proud of his sea-craft as of his war-craft; sword in teeth he plunged into the sea to meet walrus and sea-lion; he told of his whale-chase amid the icy waters of the north. Hardly less than his love for the sea was the love he bore to the ship that traversed it. In the fond playfulness of English verse the ship was "the wave-floater," "the foam-necked," "like a bird" as it skimmed the wave-crest, "like a swan" as its curved prow breasted the "swan-road" of the sea.

Their passion for the sea marked out for them their part in the general movement of the German nations. While Göth and Lombard were slowly advancing over the mountain and plain the boats of the Englishmen pushed faster over the sea. Bands of English rovers, outdriven by stress of fight, had long found a home there, and lived as they could by sack of vessel or coast. Chance has preserved for us in a Sleswick peat-bog one of the war-keels of these early pirates. The boat is flat-bottomed, seventy feet long and eight or nine feet wide, its sides of oak boards fastened with bark ropes and iron bolts. Fifty oars drove it over the waves with a freight of warriors whose arms, axes, swords, lances, and knives were found heaped together in its hold. Like the galleys of the Middle Ages such boats could only creep cautiously along from harbor to harbor in rough weather; but in smooth water their swiftness fitted them admirably for the piracy by which the men of these tribes were already making themselves dreaded. Its flat bottom enabled them to beach the vessel on any fitting coast; and a step

on shore at once transformed the boatmen into a war-band. From the first the daring of the English race broke out in the secrecy and suddenness of the pirates' swoop, in the fierceness of their onset, in the careless glee with which they seized either sword or oar. "Foes are they," sang a Roman poet of the time, "fierce beyond other foes and cunning as they are fierce; the sea is their school of war and the storm their friend; they are sea-wolves that prey on the pillage of the world!"

Of the three English tribes the Saxons lay nearest to the Empire, and they were naturally the first to touch the Roman world; before the close of the third century, indeed, their boats appeared in such force in the English Channel as to call for a special fleet to resist them. The piracy of our fathers had thus brought them to the shores of a land which, dear as it is now to Englishmen, had not as yet been trodden by English feet. This land was Britain. When the Saxon boats touched its coast the island was the westernmost province of the Roman Empire. In the fifty-fifth year before Christ a descent of Julius Cæsar revealed it to the Roman world; and a century after Cæsar's landing the Emperor Claudius undertook its conquest. The work was swiftly carried out. Before thirty years were over the bulk of the island had passed beneath the Roman sway and the Roman frontier had been carried to the Firths of Forth and of Clyde. The work of civilization followed fast on the work of the sword. To the last, indeed, the distance of the island from the seat of empire left her less Romanized than any other province of the west. The bulk of the population scattered over the country seem in spite of imperial edicts to have clung to their old law as to their old language, and to have retained some traditional allegiance to their native chief. But Roman civilization rested mainly on city life, and in Britain as elsewhere the city was thoroughly Roman. In towns such as Lincoln or York, governed by their own municipal officers, guarded by massive walls, and linked together by a network of magnificent roads which reached from one end of the island to the other, manners, language, political life, all were of Rome.

For three hundred years the Roman sword secured order and peace without Britain and within, and with peace and order came a wide and rapid prosperity. Commerce sprang up in

ports, among which London held the first rank; agriculture flourished till Britain became one of the corn-exporting countries of the world; the mineral resources of the province were explored in the tin mines of Cornwall, the lead mines of Somerset or Northumberland, and the iron mines of the Forest of Dean. But evils which sapped the strength of the whole empire told at last on the province of Britain. Wealth and population alike declined under a crushing system of taxation, under restrictions which fettered industry, under a despotism which crushed out all local independence. And with decay within came danger from without. For centuries past the Roman frontier had held back the barbaric world beyond it — the Parthian of the Euphrates, the Numidian of the African desert, the German of the Danube or the Rhine. In Britain a wall drawn from Newcastle to Carlisle bridled the British tribes, the Picts as they were called, who had been sheltered from Roman conquest by the fastnesses of the Highlands. It was this mass of savage barbarism which broke upon the empire as it sank into decay. In its western dominions the triumph of these assailants was complete. The Franks conquered and colonized Gaul. The West-Goths conquered and colonized Spain. The Vandals founded a kingdom in Africa. The Burgundians encamped in the border-land between Italy and the Rhone. The East-Goths ruled at last in Italy itself.

It was to defend Italy against the Goths that Rome in the opening of the fifth century withdrew her legions from Britain, and from that moment the province was left to struggle unaided against the Picts. Nor were these its only enemies. While marauders from Ireland, whose inhabitants then bore the name of Scots, harried the west, the boats of Saxon pirates, as we have seen, were swarming off its eastern and southern coasts. For forty years Britain held bravely out against these assailants; but civil strife broke its powers of resistance, and its rulers fell back at last on the fatal policy by which the empire invited its doom while striving to avert it — the policy of matching barbarian against barbarian. By the usual promises of land and pay a band of warriors was drawn for this purpose from Jutland in 449, with two ealdormen, Hengest and Horsa, at their head. If by English history we mean the history of

Englishmen in the land which from that time they made their own, it is with this landing of Hengest's war-band that English history begins.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

On the 14th of October, William led his men at dawn along the higher ground that leads from Hastings to the battle-field which Harold had chosen. From the mound of Telham the Normans saw the host of the English gathered thickly behind a rough trench and a stockade on the height of Senlac. Marshy ground covered their right; on the left, the most exposed part of the position, the hus-carles or body guard of Harold, men in full armor and wielding huge axes, were grouped round the golden dragon of Wessex and the standard of the king. The rest of the ground was covered by thick masses of half-armed rustics who had flocked at Harold's summons to the fight with the stranger. It was against the center of this formidable position that William arrayed his Norman knighthood, while the mercenary forces he had gathered in France and Brittany were ordered to attack its flanks. A general charge of the Norman foot opened the battle; in front rode the minstrel Taillefer, tossing his sword in the air and catching it again while he chanted the song of Roland. He was the first of the host who struck a blow, and he was the first to fall. The charge broke vainly on the stout blockade behind which the English warriors plied ax and javelin with the fierce cries of "Out, out!" and the repulse of the Norman footmen was followed by a repulse of the Norman horse. Again and again the duke rallied and led them to the fatal stockade. All the fury of fight that glowed in his Norseman's blood, all the headlong valor that spurred him over the slopes of Val-ès-dunes, mingled that day with the coolness of head, the dogged perseverance, the inexhaustible faculty of resource which shone at Mortemer and Varaville. His Breton troops, entangled in the marshy ground on his left, broke in disorder, and as panic spread through the army a cry arose that the duke was slain. William tore off his helmet; "I live," he shouted, "and by God's help I will conquer yet." Maddened by a fresh repulse, the duke spurred right at the

standard; unhorsed, his terrible mace struck down Gyrth, the king's brother; again dismounted, a blow from his hand hurled to the ground an unmannerly rider who would not lend him his steed. Amid the roar and tumult of the battle he turned the flight he had arrested into the means of victory. Broken as the stockade was by his desperate onset, the shield-wall of the warriors behind it still held the Normans at bay, till William by a feint of flight drew a part of the English force from their post of vantage. Turning on his disorderly pursuers, the duke cut them to pieces, broke through the abandoned line, and made himself master of the central ground. Meanwhile the French and Bretons made good their ascent on either flank. At three the hill seemed won, and at six the fight still raged around the standard where Harold's hus-carles stood stubbornly at bay on a spot marked afterward by the high altar of Battle Abbey. An order from the duke at last brought his archers to the front. Their arrow-flight told heavily on the dense masses crowded around the king, and as the sun went down a shaft pierced Harold's right eye. He fell between the royal ensigns, and the battle closed with a desperate mêlée over his corpse.

JOHN AND MAGNA CHARTA

"Foul as it is, hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John." The terrible verdict of his contemporaries has passed into the sober judgment of history. Externally John possessed all the quickness, the vivacity, the cleverness, the good-humor, the social charm which distinguished his house. His worst enemies owned that he toiled steadily and closely at the work of administration. He was fond of learned men like Gerald of Wales. He had a strange gift of attracting friends and of winning the love of women. But in his inner soul John was the worst outcome of the Angevins. He united into one mass of wickedness their insolence, their selfishness, their unbridled lust, their cruelty and tyranny, their shamelessness, their superstition, their cynical indifference to honor or truth. In mere boyhood he tore, with brutal levity, the beards of the Irish chieftains who came to own him as their lord. His ingratitude and perfidy brought his father with sorrow to the grave. To

his brother he was the worst of traitors. All Christendom believed him to be the murderer of his nephew, Arthur of Brittany. He abandoned one wife and was faithless to another. His punishments were refinements of cruelty, the starvation of children, the crushing of old men under copes of lead. His court was a brothel where no woman was safe from the royal lust, and where his cynicism loved to publish the news of his victim's shame. He was as craven in his superstition as he was daring in his impiety. Though he scoffed at priests and turned his back on the mass, even amid the solemnities of his coronation, he never stirred on a journey without hanging relics round his neck. But with the wickedness of his race he inherited its profound ability. His plan for the relief of Château Gaillard, the rapid march by which he shattered Arthur's hopes at Mirabel, showed an inborn genius for war. In the rapidity and breadth of his political combinations he far surpassed the statesmen of his time. Throughout his reign we see him quick to discern the difficulties of his position, and inexhaustible in the resources with which he met them. The overthrow of his continental power only spurred him to the formation of a league which all but brought Philip to the ground; and the sudden revolt of England was parried by a shameless alliance with the papacy. The closer study of John's history clears away the charges of sloth and incapacity with which men tried to explain the greatness of his fall. The awful lesson of his life rests on the fact that the king who lost Normandy, became the vassal of the pope, and perished in a struggle of despair against English freedom, was no weak and indolent voluptuary, but the ablest and most ruthless of the Angevins.

From the moment of his return to England in 1204 John's whole energies were bent to the recovery of his dominions on the Continent. He impatiently collected money and men for the support of those adherents of the house of Anjou who were still struggling against the arms of France in Poitou and Guienne, and in the summer of 1205 he gathered an army at Portsmouth and prepared to cross the channel. But his project was suddenly thwarted by the resolute opposition of the primate, Hubert Walter, and the Earl of Pembroke, William Marshal. So completely had both the baronage and the church been

humbled by his father that the attitude of their representatives revealed to the king a new spirit of national freedom which was rising around him, and John at once braced himself to a struggle with it. The death of Hubert Walter in July, only a few days after his protest, removed his most formidable opponent, and the king resolved to neutralize the opposition of the church by placing a creature of his own at its head. John de Grey, Bishop of Norwich, was elected by the monks of Canterbury at his bidding, and enthroned as primate. But in a previous, though informal, gathering the convent had already chosen its subprior, Reginald, as archbishop. The rival claimants hastened to appeal to Rome, and their appeal reached the papal court before Christmas. The result of the contest was a startling one both for themselves and for the king. After a year's careful examination, Innocent the Third, who now occupied the papal throne, quashed at the close of 1206 both the contested elections. The decision was probably a just one, but Innocent was far from stopping there. The monks who appeared before him brought powers from the convent to choose a new primate should their earlier nomination be set aside; and John, secretly assured of their choice of Grey, had promised to confirm their election. But the bribes which the king lavished at Rome failed to win the pope over to his plan; and whether from mere love of power, for he was pushing the papal claims of supremacy over Christendom further than any of his predecessors, or as may fairly be supposed in despair of a free election within English bounds, Innocent commanded the monks to elect in his presence Stephen Langton to the archiepiscopal see.

Personally a better choice could not have been made, for Stephen was a man who, by sheer weight of learning and holiness of life, had risen to the dignity of Cardinal, and whose after career placed him in the front ranks of English patriots. But in itself the step was an usurpation of the right both of the church and of the crown. The king at once met it with resistance. When Innocent consecrated the new primate in June, 1207, and threatened the realm with interdict if Langton were any longer excluded from his see, John replied by a counter threat that the interdict should be followed by the banishment of the clergy and the mutilation of every Italian he could seize

in the realm. How little he feared the priesthood he showed when the clergy refused his demand of a thirteenth of movables for the whole country, and Archbishop Geoffrey of York resisted the tax before the council. John banished the archbishop and extorted the money. Innocent, however, was not a man to draw back from his purpose, and in March, 1208, the interdict he had threatened fell upon the land. All worship, save that of a few privileged orders, all administration of sacraments, save that of private baptism, ceased over the length and breadth of the country: the church-bells were silent, the dead lay unburied on the ground. Many of the bishops fled from the country. The church in fact, so long the main support of the royal power against the baronage, was now driven into opposition. Its change of attitude was to be of vast moment in the struggle which was impending; but John recked little of the future; he replied to the interdict by confiscating the lands of the clergy who observed it, by subjecting them in spite of their privileges to the royal courts, and by leaving outrages on them unpunished. "Let him go," said John, when a Welshman was brought before him for the murder of a priest; "he has killed my enemy." In 1209 the pope proceeded to the further sentence of excommunication, and the king was formally cut off from the pale of the church. But the new sentence was met with the same defiance as the old. Five of the bishops fled over sea, and secret disaffection was spreading widely, but there was no public avoidance of the excommunicated king. An archdeacon of Norwich who withdrew from his service was crushed to death under a cope of lead, and the hint was sufficient to prevent either prelate or noble from following his example.

The attitude of John showed the power which the administrative reforms of his father had given to the crown. He stood alone, with nobles estranged from him and the church against him, but his strength seemed utterly unbroken. From the first moment of his rule John had defied the baronage. The promise to satisfy their demand for redress of wrongs in the past reign — a promise made at his election — remained unfulfilled; when the demand was repeated he answered it by seizing their castles and taking their children as hostages for their loyalty. The cost of his fruitless threats of war had been

met by heavy and repeated taxation, by increased land tax and increased scutage. The quarrel with the church and fear of their revolt only deepened his oppression of the nobles. He drove De Braose, one of the most powerful of the lords-marches, to die in exile, while his wife and grandchildren were believed to have been starved to death in the royal prisons. On the nobles who still clung panic-stricken to the court of the excommunicate king, John heaped outrages worse than death. Illegal exactions, the seizure of their castles, the preference shown to foreigners, were small provocations compared with his attacks on the honor of their wives and daughters. But the baronage still submitted. The financial exactions, indeed, became light as John filled his treasury with the goods of the church; the king's vigor was seen in the rapidity with which he crushed a rising of the nobles in Ireland and foiled an outbreak of the Welsh; while the triumphs of his father had taught the baronage its weakness in any single-handed struggle against the crown. Hated therefore as he was, the land remained still. Only one weapon was now left in Innocent's hands. Men held then that a king, once excommunicate, ceased to be a Christian or have claims on the obedience of Christian subjects. As spiritual heads of Christendom, the popes had ere now asserted their right to remove such a ruler from his throne and to give it to a worthier than he; and it was this right which Innocent at last felt himself driven to exercise. After useless threats he issued in 1212 a bull of deposition against John, absolved his subjects from their allegiance, proclaimed a crusade against him as an enemy to Christianity and the church, and committed the execution of the sentence to the king of the French. John met the announcement of this step with the same scorn as before. His insolent disdain suffered the Roman legate, Cardinal Pandulf, to proclaim his deposition to his face at Northampton. When Philip collected an army for an attack on England an enormous host gathered at the king's call on Barham Down; and the English fleet dispelled all danger of invasion by crossing the channel, by capturing a number of French ships, and by burning Dieppe.

But it was not in England only that the king showed his strength and activity. Vile as he was, John possessed in a high

degree the political ability of his race, and in the diplomatic efforts with which he met the danger from France he showed himself his father's equal. The barons of Poitou were roused to attack Philip from the south. John bought the aid of the Count of Flanders on his northern border. The German king, Otto, pledged himself to bring the knighthood of Germany to support an invasion of France. But at the moment of his success in diplomacy John suddenly gave way. It was, in fact, the revelation of a danger at home which shook him from his attitude of contemptuous defiance. The bull of deposition gave fresh energy to every enemy. The Scotch king was in correspondence with Innocent. The Welsh princes who had just been forced to submission broke out again in war. John hanged their hostages, and called his host to muster for a fresh inroad into Wales, but the army met only to become a fresh source of danger. Powerless to oppose the king openly, the baronage had plunged almost to a man into secret conspiracies. The hostility of Philip had dispelled their dread of isolated action; many, indeed, had even promised aid to the French king on his landing. John found himself in the midst of hidden enemies; and nothing could have saved him but the haste — whether of panic or quick decision — with which he disbanded his army and took refuge in Nottingham Castle. The arrest of some of the barons showed how true were his fears, for the heads of the French conspiracy, Robert Fitz-Walter and Eustace de Vesci, at once fled over sea to Philip. His daring self-confidence, the skill of his diplomacy, could no longer hide from John the utter loneliness of his position. At war with Rome, with France, with Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, at war with the church, he saw himself disarmed by this sudden revelation of treason in the one force left at his disposal. With characteristic suddenness he gave way. He endeavored by remission of fines to win back his people. He negotiated eagerly with the pope, consented to receive the archbishop, and promised to repay the money he had extorted from the church.

On the 15th of May, 1213, he knelt before the legate Pandulf, surrendered his kingdom to the Roman see, took it back again as a tributary vassal, swore fealty and did liege homage to the pope.

In after times men believed that England thrilled at the news with a sense of national shame such as she had never felt before. "He has become the pope's man," the whole country was said to have murmured; "he has forfeited the very name of king: from a free man he has degraded himself into a serf." But this was the belief of a time still to come when the rapid growth of national feeling which this step and its issues did more than anything to foster made men look back on the scene between John and Pandulf as a national dishonor. We see little trace of such a feeling in the contemporary accounts of the time. All seem rather to have regarded it as a complete settlement of the difficulties in which king and kingdom were involved. As a political measure its success was immediate and complete. The French army at once broke up in impotent rage; and when Philip turned on the enemy John had raised up for him in Flanders, five hundred English ships under the Earl of Salisbury fell upon the fleet which accompanied the French army along the coast and utterly destroyed it. The league which John had so long matured at once disclosed itself. Otto, reinforcing his German army by the knighthood of Flanders and Boulogne as well as by a body of mercenaries in the pay of the English king, invaded France from the north. John called on his baronage to follow him over sea for an attack on Philip from the south.

Their plea that he remained excommunicate was set aside by the arrival of Langton and his formal absolution of the king on a renewal of his coronation oath and a pledge to put away all evil customs. But the barons still stood aloof. They would serve at home, they said, but they refused to cross the sea. Those of the north took a more decided attitude of opposition. From this point, indeed, the northern barons began to play their part in our constitutional history. Lacies, Vescies, Percies, Stutevilles, Bruces, houses such as those of De Ros or De Vaux, all had sprung to greatness on the ruins of the Mowbrays and the great houses of the Conquest, and had done service to the crown in its strife with the older feudatories. But loyal as was their tradition they were English to the core; they had neither lands nor interest over sea, and they now declared themselves bound by no tenure to follow the king in

foreign wars. Furious at this check to his plans, John marched in arms northwards to bring these barons to submission. But he had now to reckon with a new antagonist in the justiciar, Geoffry Fitz-Peter. Geoffry had hitherto bent to the king's will; but the political sagacity which he drew from the school of Henry the Second, in which he had been trained, showed him the need of concession, and his wealth, his wide kinship, and his experience of affairs gave his interposition a decisive weight. He seized on the political opportunity which was offered by the gathering of a council at St. Albans at the opening of August with the purpose of assessing the damages done to the church. Besides the bishops and barons, a reeve and his four men were summoned to this council from each royal demesne, no doubt simply as witnesses of the sums due to the plundered clergy. Their presence, however, was of great import. It is the first instance which our history presents of the summons of such representatives to a national council, and the instance took fresh weight from the great matters which came to be discussed. In the king's name the justiciar promised good government for the time to come, and forbade all royal officers to practise extortion as they prized life and limb. The king's peace was pledged to those who had opposed him in the past; and observance of the laws of Henry the First was enjoined upon all within the realm.

But it was not in Geoffry Fitz-Peter that English freedom was to find its champion and the baronage their leader. From the moment of his landing in England, Stephen Langton had taken up the constitutional position of the primate in upholding the old customs and rights of the realm against the personal despotism of the kings. As Anselm had withstood William the Red, as Theobald had withstood Stephen, so Langton prepared to withstand and rescue his country from the tyranny of John. He had already forced him to swear to observe the laws of Edward the Confessor, in other words the traditional liberties of the realm. When the baronage refused to sail for Poitou he compelled the king to deal with them not by arms but by process of law. But the work which he now undertook was far greater and weightier than this. The pledges of Henry the First had long been forgotten when the justiciar brought them to light,

but Langton saw the vast importance of such a precedent. At the close of the month he produced Henry's charter in a fresh gathering of barons at St. Paul's, and it was at once welcomed as a base for the needed reforms. From London Langton hastened to the king, whom he reached at Northampton on his way to attack the nobles of the north, and wrested from him a promise to bring his strife with them to legal judgment before assailing them in arms. With his allies gathering abroad John had doubtless no wish to be entangled in a long quarrel at home, and the archbishop's mediation allowed him to withdraw with seeming dignity. After a demonstration, therefore, at Durham, John marched hastily south again, and reached London in October. His justiciar at once laid before him the claims of the councils of St. Alban's and St. Paul's; but the death of Geoffry at this juncture freed him from the pressure which his minister was putting upon him. "Now, by God's feet," cried John, "I am for the first time king and lord of England," and he intrusted the vacant justiciarship to a Poitevin, Peter des Roches, the Bishop of Winchester, whose temper was in harmony with his own. But the death of Geoffry only called the archbishop to the front, and Langton at once demanded the king's assent to the charter of Henry the First. In seizing on this charter as a basis for national action Langton showed a political ability of the highest order. The enthusiasm with which its recital was welcomed showed the sagacity with which the archbishop had chosen his ground. From that moment the baronage was no longer drawn together in secret conspiracies by a sense of common wrong or a vague longing for common deliverance: they were openly united in a definite claim of national freedom and national law.

John could as yet only meet the claim by delay. His policy had still to wait for its fruits at Rome, his diplomacy to reap its harvest in Flanders, ere he could deal with England. From the hour of his submission to the papacy his one thought had been that of vengeance on the barons, who, as he held, had betrayed him; but vengeance was impossible till he should return a conqueror from the fields of France. It was a sense of this danger which nerved the baronage to their obstinate refusal to follow him over sea: but furious as he was at their

resistance, the archbishop's interposition condemned John still to wait for the hour of his revenge. In the spring of 1214 he crossed with what forces he could gather to Poitou, rallied its nobles round him, passed the Loire in triumph, and won back again Angers, the home of his race. At the same time Otto and the Count of Flanders, their German and Flemish knighthood strengthened by reinforcements from Boulogne as well as by a body of English troops under the Earl of Salisbury, threatened France from the north. For the moment Philip seemed lost: and yet on the fortunes of Philip hung the fortunes of English freedom. But in this crisis of her fate, France was true to herself and her king. From every borough of Northern France the townsmen marched to his rescue, and the village priests led their flocks to battle with the church banners flying at their head. The two armies met at the close of July near the bridge of Bouvines, between Lille and Tournay, and from the first the day went against the allies. The Flemish knights were the first to fly; then the Germans in the center of the host were crushed by the overwhelming numbers of the French; last of all the English on the right of it were broken by a fierce onset of the Bishop of Beauvais, who charged, mace in hand, and struck the Earl of Salisbury to the ground. The news of this complete overthrow reached John in the midst of his triumphs in the south, and scattered his hopes to the winds. He was at once deserted by the Poitevin nobles, and a hasty retreat alone enabled him to return in October, baffled and humiliated, to his island kingdom.

His return forced on the crisis to which events had so long been drifting. The victory at Bouvines gave strength to his opponents. The open resistance of the northern barons nerved the rest of their order to action. The great houses who had cast away their older feudal traditions for a more national policy were drawn by the crisis into close union with the families which had sprung from the ministers and councilors of the two Henries. To the first group belonged such men as Saher de Quinci, the Earl of Winchester, Geoffrey of Mandeville, Earl of Essex, the Earl of Clare, Fulk, Fitz-Warin, William Mallet, the houses of Fitz-Alan and Gant. Among the second group were Henry Bohun and Roger Bigod, the Earls of Hereford

and Norfolk, the younger William Marshal, and Robert de Vere. Robert Fitz-Walter, who took the command of their united force, represented both parties equally, for he was sprung from the Norman house of Brionne, while the justiciar of Henry the Second, Richard de Lucy, had been his grandfather. Secretly and on the pretext of pilgrimage, these nobles met at St. Edmundsbury, resolute to bear no longer with John's delays. If he refused to restore their liberties they swore to make war on him till he confirmed them by charter under the king's seal, and they parted to raise forces with the purpose of presenting their demands at Christmas. John, knowing nothing of the coming storm, pursued his policy of winning over the church by granting it freedom of election, while he embittered still more the strife with his nobles by demanding scutage from the northern nobles who had refused to follow him to Poitou. But the barons were now ready to act, and early in January in the memorable year 1215 they appeared in arms to lay, as they had planned, their demands before the king.

John was taken by surprise. He asked for a truce till Eastertide, and spent the interval in fevered efforts to avoid the blow. Again he offered freedom to the church, and took vows as a Crusader against whom war was a sacrilege, while he called for a general oath of allegiance and fealty from the whole body of his subjects. But month after month only showed the king the uselessness of further resistance. Though Pandulf was with him, his vassalage had as yet brought little fruit in the way of aid from Rome; the commissioners whom he sent to plead his cause at the shire-courts brought back news that no man would help him against the charter that the barons claimed: and his efforts to detach the clergy from the league of his opponents utterly failed. The nation was against the king. He was far, indeed, from being utterly deserted. His ministers still clung to him, men such as Geoffrey de Lucy, Geoffrey de Furnival, Thomas Basset, and William Briwere, statesmen trained in the administrative school of his father and who, dissent as they might from John's mere oppression, still looked on the power of the crown as the one barrier against feudal anarchy: and beside them stood some of the great nobles of royal blood, his father's bastard Earl William of Salisbury, his cousin Earl

William of Warenne, and Henry, Earl of Cornwall, a grandson of Henry the First. With him too remained Ranulf, Earl of Chester, and the wisest and noblest of the barons, William Marshal the elder, Earl of Pembroke. William Marshal had shared in the rising of the younger Henry against Henry the Second, and stood by him as he died; he had shared in the overthrow of William Longchamp and in the outlawry of John. He was now an old man, firm, as we shall see in his after-course, to recall the government to the path of freedom and law, but shrinking from a strife which might bring back the anarchy of Stephen's day, and looking for reforms rather in the bringing constitutional pressure to bear upon the king than in forcing them from him by arms.

But cling as such men might to John, they clung to him rather as mediators than adherents. Their sympathies went with the demands of the barons when the delay which had been granted was over, and the nobles again gathered in arms at Brackley in Northamptonshire to lay their claims before the king. Nothing marks more strongly the absolutely despotic idea of his sovereignty which John had formed than the passionate surprise which breaks out in his reply. "Why do they not ask for my kingdom?" he cried. "I will never grant such liberties as will make me a slave!" The imperialist theories of the lawyers of his father's court had done their work. Held at bay by the practical sense of Henry, they had told on the more headstrong nature of his sons. Richard and John both held with Glanvill that the will of the prince was the law of the land; and to fetter that will by the customs and franchises which were embodied in the barons' claims seemed to John a monstrous usurpation of his rights. But no imperialist theories had touched the minds of his people. The country rose as one man at his refusal. At the close of May, London threw open her gates to the forces of the barons, now arrayed under Robert Fitz-Walter as "Marshal of the Army of God and Holy Church." Exeter and Lincoln followed the example of the capital; promises of aid came from Scotland and Wales; the northern barons marched hastily under Eustace de Vesci to join their comrades in London. Even the nobles who had as yet clung to the king, but whose hopes of conciliation were blasted by his obstinacy,

yielded at last to the summons of the "Army of God." Pandulf, indeed, and Archbishop Langton still remained with John, but they counseled, as Earl Ranulf and William Marshal counseled, his acceptance of the charter. None, in fact, counseled its rejection save his new justiciar, the Poitevin Peter des Roches, and other foreigners, who knew the barons purposed driving them from the land. But even the number of these was small; there was a moment when John found himself with but seven knights at his back and before him a nation in arms. Quick as he was, he had been taken utterly by surprise. It was in vain that, in the short respite he had gained from Christmas to Easter, he had summoned mercenaries to his aid and appealed to his new suzerain, the pope. Summons and appeal were alike too late. Nursing wrath in his heart, John bowed to necessity and called the barons to a conference on an island in the Thames, between Windsor and Staines, near a marshy meadow by the river side, the meadow of Runnymede. The king encamped on one bank of the river, the barons covered the flat of Runnymede on the other. Their delegates met on the 15th of July in the island between them, but the negotiations were a mere cloak to cover John's purpose of unconditional submission. The Great Charter was discussed and agreed to in a single day.

Copies of it were made and sent for preservation to the cathedrals and churches, and one copy may still be seen in the British Museum, injured by age and fire, but with the royal seal still hanging from the brown, shriveled parchment. It is impossible to gaze without reverence on the earliest monument of English freedom which we can see with our own eyes and touch with our own hands, the great charter to which, from age to age, men have looked back as the groundwork of English liberty. But in itself the charter was no novelty, nor did it claim to establish any new constitutional principles. The charter of Henry the First formed the basis of the whole, and the additions to it are, for the most part, formal recognitions of the judicial and administrative changes introduced by Henry the Second. What was new in it was its origin. In form, like the charter on which it was based, it was nothing but a royal grant. In actual fact it was a treaty between the whole English people and its king. In it England found itself for the first time

since the conquest a nation bound together by common national interests, by a common national sympathy. In words which almost close the charter, the "community of the whole land" is recognized as the great body from which the restraining power of the baronage takes its validity. There is no distinction of blood or class, of Norman or not Norman, of noble or not noble. All are recognized as Englishmen: the rights of all are owned as English rights. Bishops and nobles claimed and secured at Runnymede the rights, not of baron and churchman only, but those of freeholder and merchant, of townsman and villein. The provisions against wrong and extortion which the barons drew up as against the king for themselves, they drew up as against themselves for their tenants. Based, too, as it professed to be, on Henry's charter, it was far from being a mere copy of what had gone before. The vague expressions of the old charter were now exchanged for precise and elaborate provisions. The bonds of unwritten custom which the older grant did little more than recognize had proved too weak to hold the Angevins; and the baronage set them aside for the restraints of written and defined law. It is in this way that the Great Charter marks the transition from the age of traditional rights, preserved in the nation's memory and officially declared by the primate, to the age of written legislation, of parliaments and statutes, which was to come.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS TIME

If the "Faerie Queene" expressed the higher elements of the Elizabethan age, the whole of that age, its lower elements and its higher alike, was expressed in the English drama. We have already pointed out the circumstances which throughout Europe were giving a poetic impulse to the newly aroused intelligence of men, and this impulse everywhere took a dramatic shape. The artificial French tragedy which began about this time with Garnier was not, indeed, destined to exert any influence over English poetry till a later age; but the influence of the Italian comedy, which had begun half a century earlier with Machiavelli and Ariosto, was felt directly through the novels, or stories, which served as plots for our dramatists. It left its stamp,

indeed, on some of the worst characteristics of the English stage. The features of our drama that startled the moral temper of the time and won the deadly hatred of the Puritans — its grossness and profanity, its tendency to scenes of horror and crime, its profuse employment of cruelty and lust as grounds of dramatic action, its daring use of the horrible and the unnatural whenever they enable it to display the more terrible and revolting sides of human passion — were derived from the Italian stage. It is doubtful how much the English playwrights may have owed to the Spanish drama, which under Lope and Cervantes sprang suddenly into a grandeur that almost rivaled their own. In the intermixture of tragedy and comedy, in the abandonment of the solemn uniformity of poetic diction for the colloquial language of real life, the use of unexpected incidents, the complication of their plots and intrigues, the dramas of England and Spain are remarkably alike; but the likeness seems rather to have sprung from a similarity in the circumstances to which both owed their rise than to any direct connection of the one with the other. The real origin of the English drama, in fact, lay not in any influence from without but in the influence of England itself. The temper of the nation was dramatic. Ever since the reformation, the palace, the inns of court, and the university had been vying with one another in the production of plays; and so early was their popularity that even under Henry the Eighth it was found necessary to create "a master of the revels" to supervise them. Every progress of Elizabeth from shire to shire was a succession of shows and interludes. Dian with her nymphs met the queen as she returned from hunting; Love presented her with his golden arrow as she passed through the gates of Norwich. From the earlier years of her reign the new spirit of the renaissance had been pouring itself into the rough mold of the mystery plays, whose allegorical virtues and vices, or scriptural heroes and heroines, had handed on the spirit of the drama through the Middle Ages. Adaptations from classical pieces began to alternate with the purely religious "moralities"; and an attempt at a livelier style of expression and invention appeared in the popular comedy of "Gammer Gurton's Needle"; while Sackville, Lord Dorset, in his tragedy of "Gorboduc" made a bold effort at sublimity

of diction, and introduced the use of blank verse as the vehicle of dramatic dialogue.

But it was not to these tentative efforts of scholars and nobles that the English stage was really indebted for the amazing outburst of genius which dates from the year 1576, when "the Earl of Leicester's servants" erected the first public theater in Blackfriars. It was the people itself that created its stage. The theater, indeed, was commonly only the courtyard of an inn, or a mere booth, such as is still seen in a country fair. The bulk of the audience sat beneath the open sky in the "pit" or yard; a few covered seats in the galleries which ran round it formed the boxes of the wealthier spectators, while patrons and nobles found seats upon the actual boards. All the appliances were of the roughest sort; a few flowers served to indicate a garden, crowds and armies were represented by a dozen scene-shifters with swords and bucklers, heroes rode in and out on hobby-horses, and a scroll on a post told whether the scene was at Athens or London. There were no female actors, and the grossness which startles us in words which fell from woman's lips took a different color when every woman's part was acted by a boy. But difficulties such as these were more than compensated by the popular character of the drama itself. Rude as the theater might be, all the world was there. The stage was crowded with nobles and courtiers. Apprentices and citizens thronged the benches in the yard below. The rough mob of the pit inspired, as it felt, the vigorous life, the rapid transitions, the passionate energy, the reality, the lifelike medley and confusion, the racy dialogue, the chat, the wit, the pathos, the sublimity, the rant and buffoonery, the coarse horrors and vulgar bloodshedding, the immense range over all classes of society, the intimacy with the foulest as well as the fairest developments of human temper, which characterized the English stage. The new drama represented "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." The people itself brought its nobleness and its vileness to the boards. No stage was ever so human, no poetic life so intense. Wild, reckless, defiant of all past tradition, of all conventional laws, the English dramatists owned no teacher, no source of poetic inspiration, but the people itself.

Few events in our literary history are so startling as this sudden rise of the Elizabethan drama. The first public theater was erected only in the middle of the queen's reign. Before the close of it eighteen theaters existed in London alone. Fifty dramatic poets, many of the first order, appeared in the fifty years which precede the closing of the theaters by the Puritans; and great as is the number of their works which have perished, we still possess a hundred dramas, all written within this period, and of which at least a half are excellent. A glance at their authors shows us that the intellectual quickening of the age had now reached the mass of the people. Almost all of the new playwrights were fairly educated, and many were university men. But instead of courtly singers of the Sidney and Spenser sort we see the advent of the "poor scholar." The earlier dramatists, such as Nash, Peele, Kyd, Greene, or Marlowe, were for the most part poor, and reckless in their poverty, wild livers, defiant of law or common fame, in revolt against the usages and religion of their day, "atheists" in general repute, "holding Moses for a juggler," haunting the brothel and the alehouse, and dying starved or in tavern brawls. But with their appearance began the Elizabethan drama. The few plays which have reached us of an earlier date are either cold imitations of the classical and Italian comedy, or rude farces like "Ralph Roister Doister," or tragedies such as "Gorboduc," where, poetic as occasional passages may be, there is little promise of dramatic development.

A few daring jests, a brawl, and a fatal stab make up the life of Marlowe; but even details such as these are wanting to the life of William Shakespeare. Of hardly any great poet, indeed, do we know so little. For the story of his youth we have only one or two trifling legends, and these almost certainly false. Not a single letter or characteristic saying, not one of the jests "spoken at the Mermaid," hardly a single anecdote, remain to illustrate his busy life in London. His look and figure in later age have been preserved by the bust over his tomb at Stratford, and a hundred years after his death he was still remembered in his native town; but the minute diligence of the inquirers of the Georgian time was able to glean hardly a single detail, even of the most trivial order, which could throw

light upon the years of retirement before his death. It is owing, perhaps, to the harmony and unity of his temper that no salient peculiarity seems to have left its trace on the memory of his contemporaries; it is the very grandeur of his genius which precludes us from discovering any personal trait in his works. His supposed self-revelation in the sonnets is so obscure that only a few outlines can be traced even by the boldest conjecture. In his dramas he is all his characters, and his characters range over all mankind. There is not one, or the act or word of one, that we can identify personally with the poet himself.

He was born in 1564, the sixth year of Elizabeth's reign, twelve years after the birth of Spenser, three years later than the birth of Bacon. Marlowe was of the same age with Shakespeare; Greene probably a few years older. His father, a glover, and small farmer of Stratford-on-Avon, was forced by poverty to lay down his office of alderman as his son reached boyhood; and stress of poverty may have been the cause which drove William Shakespeare, who was already married at eighteen to a wife older than himself, to London and the stage. His life in the capital can hardly have begun later than in his twenty-third year, the memorable year which followed Sidney's death, which preceded the coming of the Armada, and which witnessed the production of Marlowe's "Tamburlaine." If we take the language of the sonnets as a record of his personal feeling, his new profession as an actor stirred in him only the bitterness of self-contempt. He chides with fortune, "that did not better for my life provide than public means that public manners breed"; he writhes at the thought that he has "made himself a motley to the view" of the gaping apprentices in the pit of Blackfriars. "Thence comes it," he adds, "that my name receives a brand, and almost thence my nature is subdued to that it works in." But the application of the words is a more than doubtful one. In spite of petty squabbles with some of his dramatic rivals at the outset of his career, the genial nature of the newcomer seems to have won him a general love among his fellows. In 1592, while still a mere actor and fitter of old plays for the stage, a fellow-playwright, Chettle, answered Greene's attack on him in words of honest affection: "Myself have seen his demeanor no less civil than he excellent in the quality he pro-

fesses; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." His partner, Burbage, spoke of him after death as a "worthy friend and fellow"; and Jonson handed down the general tradition of his time when he described him as "indeed honest, and of an open and free nature."

His profession as an actor was, at any rate, of essential service to him in the poetic career which he soon undertook. Not only did it give him the sense of theatrical necessities which makes his plays so effective on the boards, but it enabled him to bring his pieces, as he wrote them, to the test of the stage. If there is any truth in Jonson's statement that Shakespeare never blotted a line, there is no justice in the censure which it implies on his carelessness or incorrectness. The conditions of poetic publication were, in fact, wholly different from those of our own day. A drama remained for years in manuscript as an acting piece, subject to continual revision and amendment; and every rehearsal and representation afforded hints for change which we know the young poet was far from neglecting. The chance which has preserved an earlier edition of his "Hamlet" shows in what an unsparing way Shakespeare could recast even the finest products of his genius. Five years after the supposed date of his arrival in London he was already famous as a dramatist. Greene speaks bitterly of him, under the name of "Shakescene," as an "upstart crow beautiful with our feathers," a sneer which points either to his celebrity as an actor or to his preparation for loftier flights by fitting pieces of his predecessors for the stage. He was soon partner in the theater, actor, and playwright; and another nick name, that of "Johannes Factotum," or Jack-of-all-trades, shows his readiness to take all honest work which came to hand.

With his publication in 1593 of the poem of "Venus and Adonis," "the first heir of my invention" as Shakespeare calls it, the period of independent creation fairly began. The date of its publication was a very memorable one. The "Faerie Queene" had appeared only three years before, and had placed Spenser without a rival at the head of English poetry. On the other hand, the two leading dramatists of the time passed at

this moment suddenly away. Greene died in poverty and self-reproach in the house of a poor shoemaker. "Doll," he wrote, to the wife he had abandoned, "I charge thee by the love of our youth, and by my soul's rest, that thou wilt see this man paid; for if he and his wife had not succored me, I had died in the streets." "Oh, that a year were granted me to live," cried the young poet from his bed of death; "but I must die, of every man abhorred! Time, loosely spent, will not again be won! My time is loosely spent — and I undone!" A year later the death of Marlowe in a street brawl removed the only rival whose powers might have equaled Shakespeare's own. He was now about thirty; and the twenty-three years which elapsed between the appearance of the "Adonis" and his death were filled with a series of masterpieces. Nothing is more characteristic of his genius than its incessant activity. Through the five years which followed the publication of his early poem, he seems to have produced on an average two dramas a year. When we attempt, however, to trace the growth and progress of the poet's mind in the order of his plays, we are met in the case of many of them by an absence of certain information as to the dates of their appearance. The facts on which inquiry has to build are extremely few. "Venus and Adonis," with the "Lucrece," must have been written before their publication in 1593–1594; the sonnets, though not published till 1609, were known in some form among his private friends as early as 1598. His earlier plays are defined by a list given in the "Wit's Treasury" of Francis Meres, in 1598, though the omission of a play from a casual catalogue of this kind would hardly warrant us in assuming its necessary non-existence at the time. The works ascribed to him at his death are fixed in the same approximate fashion through the edition published by his fellow-actors. Beyond these meager facts and our knowledge of the publication of a few of his dramas in his lifetime, all is uncertain; and the conclusions which have been drawn from these, and from the dramas themselves, as well as from assumed resemblances with, or references to, other plays of the period, can only be accepted as approximations to the truth.

The bulk of his lighter comedies and historical dramas can be assigned with fair probability to a period from about 1593,

when Shakespeare was known as nothing more than an adapter, to 1598, when they are mentioned in the list of Meres. They bear on them, indeed, the stamp of youth. In "Love's Labor's Lost," the young playwright, fresh from his own Stratford, its "daisies pied and violets blue," with the gay, bright music of its country ditties still in his ears, flings himself into the midst of the brilliant England which gathered round Elizabeth, busying himself as yet for the most part with the surface of it, with the humors and quixotisms, the wit and the whim, the unreality, the fantastic extravagance, which veiled its inner nobleness. Country lad as he is, Shakespeare shows himself master of it all; he can patter euphuism and exchange quip and repartee with the best; he is at home in their pedantries and affectations, their brag and their rhetoric, their passion for the fantastic and the marvelous. He can laugh as heartily at the romantic vagaries of the courtly world in which he finds himself as at the narrow dullness, the pompous triflings, of the country world which he has left behind him. But he laughs frankly and without malice; he sees the real grandeur of soul which underlies all this quixotry and word-play; and owns, with a smile, that when brought face to face with the facts of human life, with the suffering of man or the danger of England, these fops have in them the stuff of heroes. He shares the delight in existence, the pleasure in sheer living, which was so marked a feature of the age; he enjoys the mistakes, the contrasts, the adventures of the men about him; his fun breaks almost riotously out in the practical jokes of the "Taming of the Shrew," and the endless blunderings of the "Comedy of Errors." In these earlier efforts his work had been marked by little poetic elevation or by passion. But the easy grace of the dialogue, the dexterous management of a complicated story, the genial gaiety of his tone, and the music of his voice promised a master of social comedy as soon as Shakespeare turned from the superficial aspects of the world about him to find a new delight in the character and actions of men. The interest of human character was still fresh and vivid; the sense of individuality drew a charm from its novelty; and poet and essayist were busy alike in sketching the "humors" of mankind. Shakespeare sketched with his fellows. In the "Two Gentlemen of

Verona," his painting of manners was suffused by a tenderness and ideal beauty which formed an effective protest against the hard though vigorous character painting which the first success of Ben Jonson in "Every Man in his Humor" brought at the time into fashion. But quick on these lighter comedies followed two in which his genius started fully into life. His poetic power, held in reserve till now, showed itself with a splendid profusion in the brilliant fancies of the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; and passion swept like a tide of resistless delight through "Romeo and Juliet."

Side by side, however, with these passionate dreams, these delicate imaginings and piquant sketches of manners, had been appearing during this short interval of intense activity a series of dramas which mark Shakespeare's relation to the new sense of patriotism, the more vivid sense of national existence, national freedom, national greatness, which gives its grandeur to the age of Elizabeth. England itself was now becoming a source of literary interest to poet and prose writer. Warner in his "Albion's England," Daniel in his "Civil Wars," embalmed in verse the record of her past; Drayton in his "Polyolbion" sang the fairness of the land itself, the "tracts, mountains, forests, and other parts of this renowned isle of Britain." The national pride took its highest poetic form in the historical drama. No plays seem to have been more popular from the earliest hours of the new stage than dramatic representations of our history. Marlowe had shown in his "Edward the Second" what tragic grandeur could be reached in this favorite field; and, as we have seen, Shakespeare had been led naturally toward it by his earlier occupation as an adapter of stock pieces like "Henry the Sixth" for the new requirements of the stage. He still to some extent followed in plan the older plays on the subjects he selected, but in his treatment of their themes he shook boldly off the yoke of the past. A larger and deeper conception of human character than any of the old dramatists had reached displayed itself in Richard the Third, in Falstaff, or in Hotspur; while in Constance and Richard the Second the pathos of human suffering was painted as even Marlowe had never dared to paint it.

No dramas have done so much for Shakespeare's enduring

popularity with his countrymen as these historical plays. They have done more than all the works of English historians to nourish in the minds of Englishmen a love of, and reverence for, their country's past. When Chatham was asked where he had read his English history he answered, "In the plays of Shakespeare." Nowhere could he have read it so well, for nowhere is the spirit of our history so nobly rendered. If the poet's work echoes sometimes our national prejudice and unfairness of temper, it is instinct throughout with English humor, with our English love of hard fighting, our English faith in goodness and in the doom that waits upon triumphant evil, our English pity for the fallen. Shakespeare is Elizabethan to the core. He stood at the meeting point of two great epochs of our history. The age of the renaissance was passing into the age of Puritanism. Rifts which were still little were widening every hour, and threatening ruin to the fabric of church and state which the Tudors had built up. A new political world was rising into being; a world healthier, more really national, but less picturesque, less wrapt in the mystery and splendor that poets love. Great as were the faults of Puritanism, it may fairly claim to be the first political system which recognized the grandeur of the people as a whole. As great a change was passing over the spiritual sympathies of men. A sterner Protestantism was invigorating and ennobling life by its morality, its seriousness, its intense conviction of God. But it was at the same time hardening and narrowing it. The Bible was superseding Plutarch. The "obstinate questionings" which haunted the finer souls of the renaissance were being stereotyped into the theological formulas of the Puritan. The sense of a divine omnipotence was annihilating man. The daring which turned England into a people of "adventurers," the sense of inexhaustible resources, the buoyant freshness of youth, the intoxicating sense of beauty and joy which created Sidney and Marlowe and Drake, were passing away before the consciousness of evil and the craving to order man's life aright before God.

From this new world of thought and feeling Shakespeare stood aloof. Turn as others might to the speculations of theology, man and man's nature remained with him an inexhaustible subject of interest. Caliban was among his latest creations. It

is impossible to discover whether his religious belief was Catholic or Protestant. It is hard, indeed, to say whether he had any religious belief or no. The religious phrases which are thinly scattered over his works are little more than expressions of a distant and imaginative reverence. But on the deeper grounds of religious faith his silence is significant. He is silent, and the doubt of Hamlet deepens his silence, about the after-world. "To die," it may be, was to him as it was to Claudio, "to go we know not whither." Often as his questionings turn to the riddle of life and death, he leaves it a riddle to the last without heeding the common theological solutions around him. "We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

Nor were the political sympathies of the poet those of the coming time. His roll of dramas is the epic of civil war. The Wars of the Roses fill his mind, as they filled the mind of his contemporaries. It is not till we follow him through the series of plays from "Richard the Second" to "Henry the Eighth" that we realize how profoundly the memory of the struggle between York and Lancaster had molded the temper of the people, how deep a dread of civil war, of baronial turbulence, of disputes over the succession to the throne, it had left behind it. Men had learned the horrors of the time from their fathers; they had drunk in with their childhood the lesson that such a chaos of weakness and misrule must never be risked again. From such a risk the crown seemed the one security. With Shakespeare as with his fellow-countrymen the crown is still the center and safeguard of the national life. His ideal England is an England grouped around a noble king, a king such as his own Henry the Fifth, devout, modest, simple as he is brave, but a lord in battle, a born ruler of men, with a loyal people about him and his enemies at his feet. Socially the poet reflects the aristocratic view of social life which was shared by all the nobler spirits of the Elizabethan time. Coriolanus is the embodiment of a great noble; and the taunts which Shakespeare hurls in play after play at the rabble only echo the general temper of the renaissance. But he shows no sympathy with the struggle of feudalism against the crown. If he paints Hotspur with a fire which proves how thoroughly he could sym-

pathize with the rough, bold temper of the baronage, he suffers him to fall unpitied before Henry the Fourth. Apart, however, from the strength and justice of its rule, royalty has no charm for him. He knows nothing of the "right divine of kings to govern wrong" which became the doctrine of prelates and courtiers in the age of the Stuarts. He shows in his "Richard the Second" the doom that waits on a lawless despotism, as he denounces in his "Richard the Third" the selfish and merciless ambition that severs a ruler from his people. But the dread of misrule was a dim and distant one. Shakespeare had grown up under the reign of Elizabeth; he had known no ruler save one who had cast a spell over the hearts of Englishmen. His thoughts were absorbed, as those of the country were absorbed, in the struggle for national existence which centered round the queen. "King John" is a trumpet-call to rally round Elizabeth in her fight for England. Again a pope was asserting his right to depose an English sovereign and to loose Englishmen from their bond of allegiance. Again political ambitions and civil discord woke at the call of religious war. Again a foreign power was threatening England at the summons of Rome, and hoping to master her with the aid of revolted Englishmen. The heat of such a struggle as this left no time for the thought of civil liberties. Shakespeare casts aside the thought of the charter to fix himself on the strife of the stranger for England itself. What he sang was the duty of patriotism, the grandeur of loyalty, the freedom of England from pope or Spaniard, its safety within its "water-walled bulwark," if only its national union was secure. And now that the nation was at one, now that he had seen in his first years of London life Catholics as well as Protestants trooping to the muster at Tilbury and hasting down Thames to the fight in the Channel, he could thrill his hearers with the proud words that sum up the work of Elizabeth:—

> "This England never did, nor never shall,
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
> But when it first did help to wound itself.
> Now that her princes are come home again,
> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them! Naught shall make us rue
> If England to itself do rest but true."

With this great series of historical and social dramas, Shakespeare had passed far beyond his fellows, whether as a tragedian or as a writer of comedy. "The Muses," says Meres in 1598, "would speak with Shakespeare's fine-filed phrase, if they would speak English." His personal popularity was now at its height. His pleasant temper and the vivacity of his wit had drawn him early into contact with the young Earl of Southampton, to whom his "Adonis" and "Lucrece" are dedicated; and the different tone of the two dedications shows how rapidly acquaintance ripened into an ardent friendship. Shakespeare's wealth and influence, too, were growing fast. He had property both in Stratford and London, and his fellow-townsmen made him their suitor to Lord Burleigh for favors to be bestowed on Stratford. He was rich enough to aid his father, and to buy the house at Stratford which afterward became his home. The tradition that Elizabeth was so pleased with Falstaff in "Henry the Fourth" that she ordered the poet to show her Falstaff in love — an order which produced the "Merry Wives of Windsor" — whether true or false, proves his repute as a playwright. As the group of earlier poets passed away, they found successors in Marston, Dekker, Middleton, Heywood, and Chapman, and above all in Ben Jonson. But none of these could dispute the supremacy of Shakespeare. The verdict of Meres that "Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage," represented the general feeling of his contemporaries. He was at last fully master of the resources of his art. The "Merchant of Venice" marks the perfection of his development as a dramatist in the completeness of its stage effect, the ingenuity of its incidents, the ease of its movement, the beauty of its higher passages, the reserve and self-control with which its poetry is used, the conception and unfolding of character, and, above all, the mastery with which character and event are grouped round the figure of Shylock. Master as he is of his art, the poet's temper is still young; the "Merry Wives of Windsor" is a burst of gay laughter; and laughter more tempered, yet full of a sweeter fascination, rings round us in "As You Like It."

But in the melancholy and meditative Jaques of the last drama we feel the touch of a new and graver mood. Youth,

so full and buoyant in the poet till now, seems to have passed almost suddenly away. Though Shakespeare had hardly reached forty, in one of his sonnets, which cannot have been written at a much later time than this, there are indications that he already felt the advance of premature age. And at this moment the outer world suddenly darkened around him. The brilliant circle of young nobles, whose friendship he had shared, was broken up in 1601 by the political storm which burst in a mad struggle of the Earl of Essex for power. Essex himself fell on a scaffold; his friend and Shakespeare's idol, Southampton, passed a prisoner into the Tower; Herbert, Lord Pembroke, younger patron of the poet, was banished from the court. While friends were thus falling and hopes fading without, Shakespeare's own mind seems to have been going through a phase of bitter suffering and unrest. In spite of the ingenuity of commentators, it is difficult and even impossible to derive any knowledge of Shakespeare's inner history from the sonnets. "The strange imagery of passion which passes over the magic mirror," it has been finely said, "has no tangible evidence before or behind it." But its mere passing is itself an evidence of the restlessness and agony within. The change in the character of his dramas gives a surer indication of his change of mood. The fresh joyousness, the keen delight in life and in man, which breathes through Shakespeare's early work disappears in comedies such as "Troilus" and "Measure for Measure." Disappointment, disillusion, a new sense of the evil and foulness that underlies so much of human life, a loss of the old frank trust in its beauty and goodness, threw their gloom over these comedies. Failure seems everywhere. In "Julius Cæsar" the virtue of Brutus is foiled by its ignorance of, and isolation from, mankind; in Hamlet even penetrating intellect proves helpless for want of the capacity of action; the poison of Iago taints the love of Desdemona and the grandeur of Othello; Lear's mighty passion battles helplessly against the wind and the rain; a woman's weakness of frame dashes the cup of her triumph from the hand of Lady Macbeth; lust and self-indulgence blast the heroism of Antony; pride ruins the nobleness of Coriolanus.

But the very struggle and self-introspection that these dramas betray were to give a depth and grandeur to Shakespeare's

work such as it had never known before. The age was one in which man's temper and powers took a new range and energy. Sidney or Raleigh lived not one but a dozen lives at once; the daring of the adventurer, the philosophy of the scholar, the passion of the lover, the fanaticism of the saint, towered into almost superhuman grandeur. Man became conscious of the immense resources that lay within him, conscious of boundless powers that seemed to mock the narrow world in which he moved. All through the age of the renaissance one feels this impress of the gigantic, this giant-like activity, this immense ambition and desire. The very bombast and extravagance of the times reveal cravings and impulses before which common speech broke down. It is this grandeur of humanity that finds its poetic expression in the later work of Shakespeare. As the poet penetrated deeper and deeper into the recesses of the soul, he saw how great and wondrous a thing was man. "What a piece of work is a man!" cries Hamlet; "how noble in reason; how infinite in faculty; in form and moving how express and admirable; in action how like an angel; in apprehension how like a god; the beauty of the world; the paragon of animals!" It is the wonder of man that spreads before us as the poet pictures the wide speculation of Hamlet, the awful convulsion of a great nature in Othello, the terrible storm in the soul of Lear which blends with the very storm of the heavens themselves, the awful ambition that nerved a woman's hand to dabble itself with the blood of a murdered king, the reckless lust that "flung away a world for love." Amid the terror and awe of these great dramas we learn something of the vast forces of the age from which they sprang. The passion of Mary Stuart, the ruthlessness of Alva, the daring of Drake, the chivalry of Sidney, the range of thought and action in Raleigh or Elizabeth, come better home to us as we follow the mighty series of tragedies which began in "Hamlet" and ended in "Coriolanus."

Shakespeare's last dramas, the three exquisite works in which he shows a soul at rest with itself and with the world, "Cymbeline," "The Tempest," "Winter's Tale," were written in the midst of ease and competence in a house at Stratford to which he withdrew a few years after the death of Elizabeth. In them we lose all relation with the world or the time, and pass into a region of pure poetry.

THE GRIMM BROTHERS

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. Jacob Grimm was born at Hanau, Germany, January 4, 1785; and died in Berlin, September 20, 1863. He was the author of "The Poetry of the Meistersingers," "German Mythology," "Antiquities of German Jurisprudence," "History of the German Language." To the world at large he is best known by his collaboration with his brother Wilhelm in "Grimm's Fairy Tales."

Wilhelm Grimm was born at Hanau, February 24, 1786; died in Berlin, December 16, 1859. With his brother Jacob, he prepared "The Fairy Tales," but to him belongs the greater credit for the work. He also gathered and published old German songs, and wrote upon "Medieval German Topics."

CINDERELLA

ONCE upon a time the wife of a certain rich man fell very ill, and as she felt her end drawing nigh she called her only daughter to her bedside, and said: "My dear child, be pious and good, and then the good God will always protect you, and I will look down upon you from heaven and think of you." Soon afterwards she closed her eyes and died. Every day the maiden went to her mother's grave and wept over it, and she continued to be good and pious; but when the winter came, the snow made a white covering over the grave, and in the springtime, when the sun had withdrawn this covering, the father took to himself another wife.

This wife brought home with her two daughters, who were beautiful and fair in the face, but treacherous and wicked at heart. Then an unfortunate era began in the poor stepchild's life. "Shall the stupid goose sit in the parlor with us?" said the two daughters. "They who would eat bread must earn it: out with the kitchen-maid!" So they took off her fine clothes, and put upon her an old gray cloak, and gave her wooden shoes for her feet. "See how the once proud princess is decked out now," said they, and they led her mockingly into the kitchen. Then she was obliged to work hard from morning to night, and to go out early to fetch water, to make the fire, and cook and scour. The sisters treated her besides with every possible insult, derided her, and shook the peas and beans into the ashes,

so that she had to pick them out again. At night, when she was tired, she had no bed to lie on, but was forced to sit in the ashes on the hearth; and because she looked dirty through this, they named her CINDERELLA.

One day it happened that the father wanted to go to the fair, so he asked his two daughters what he should bring them. "Some beautiful dresses," said one; "Pearls and precious stones," replied the other. "But you, Cinderella," said he, "what will you have?" "The first bough, father, that knocks against your hat on your way homewards, break it off for me," she replied. So he bought the fine dresses, and the pearls and precious stones, for his two stepdaughters; and on his return, as he rode through a green thicket, a hazel bough touched his hat, which he broke off and took with him. As soon as he got home, he gave his stepdaughters what they had wished for, and to Cinderella he gave the hazel branch. She thanked him very much, and going to her mother's grave she planted the branch on it, and wept so long that her tears fell and watered it, so that it grew and became a beautiful tree. Thrice a day Cinderella went beneath it to weep and pray; and each time a little white Bird flew on the tree, and if she wished aloud, then the little Bird threw down to her whatever she wished for.

After a time it fell out that the King appointed a festival, which was to last three days, and to which all the beautiful maidens in the country were invited, from whom his son was to choose a bride. When the two stepdaughters heard that they might also appear, they were very glad, and, calling Cinderella, they said, "Comb our hair, brush our shoes, and fasten our buckles, for we are going to the festival at the King's palace." Cinderella obeyed crying, because she wished to go with them to the dance; so she asked her stepmother whether she would allow her.

"You, Cinderella," said she; "you are covered with dust and dirt — will you go to the festival? You have no clothes or shoes, and how can you dance?" But, as she urged her request, the mother said at last, "I have now shaken into the ashes a tubful of beans; if you have picked them up again in two hours, you shall go."

Then the maiden left the room, and went out at the back

door into the garden, and called out, "You tame pigeons, and doves, and all you birds of heaven, come and help me to gather the good into the tub, and the bad ones you may eat." Presently in at the kitchen window came two white pigeons, and after them the doves, and soon all the birds under heaven flew chirping in and down upon the ashes. Then they began pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good seeds into the tub; and scarcely an hour had passed when all was completed, and the birds flew away again. Then the maiden took the tub to the stepmother, rejoicing at the thought that she might now go to the festival; but the stepmother said, "No, Cinderella, you have no clothes, and cannot dance; you will only be laughed at." As she began to cry, the stepmother said, "If you can pick up quite clean two tubs of beans which I throw amongst the ashes in one hour, you shall accompany them;" and she thought to herself, "She will never manage it." As soon as the two tubs had been shot into the ashes, Cinderella went out at the back door into the garden, and called out as before, "You tame pigeons, and doves, and all you birds under heaven, come and help me to gather the good ones into the tubs, and the bad ones you may eat." Presently in at the kitchen window came two white pigeons, and after them the doves, and soon all the birds under heaven flew chirping in and down upon the ashes. Then they began pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good seeds into the tub; and scarcely had half an hour passed before all was picked up, and off they flew again. The maiden now took the tubs to the stepmother, rejoicing at the thought that she could go to the festival. But the mother said, "It does not help you a bit; you cannot go with us, for you have no clothes, and cannot dance; we should be ashamed of you." Thereupon she turned her back upon the maiden, and hastened away with her two proud daughters.

As there was no one at home, Cinderella went to her mother's grave, under the hazel tree, and said: —

> "Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
> And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then the Bird threw down a dress of gold and silver, and silken slippers ornamented with silver. These Cinderella put

on in great haste, and then she went to the ball. Her sisters and stepmother did not know her at all, and took her for some foreign princess, as she looked so beautiful in her golden dress; for of Cinderella they thought not but that she was sitting at home picking the beans out of the ashes. Presently the Prince came up to her, and, taking her by the hand, led her to the dance. He would not dance with any one else, and even would not let go her hand; so that when any one else asked her to dance, he said, "She is my partner." They danced till evening, when she wished to go home; but the Prince said, "I will go with you, and see you safe," for he wanted to see to whom the maiden belonged. She flew away from him, however, and sprang into the pigeon-house; so the Prince waited till the father came, whom he told that the strange maiden had run into the pigeon-house. Then the stepmother thought, "Could it be Cinderella?" And they brought an ax wherewith the Prince might cut open the door, but no one was found within. And when they came into the house, there lay Cinderella in her dirty clothes among the ashes, and an oil-lamp was burning in the chimney; for she had jumped quickly out on the other side of the pigeon-house, and had run to the hazel tree, where she had taken off her fine clothes, and laid them on the grave, and the Bird had taken them again, and afterwards she had put on her little gray cloak, and seated herself among the ashes in the kitchen.

The next day, when the festival was renewed, and her stepmother and her sisters had set out again, Cinderella went to the hazel tree and sang as before: —

> "Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
> And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then the Bird threw down a much more splendid dress than the former, and when the maiden appeared at the ball every one was astonished at her beauty. The Prince, however, who had waited till she came, took her hand, and would dance with no one else; and if others came and asked, he replied as before, "She is my partner." As soon as evening came she wished to depart, and the Prince followed her, wanting to see into whose house she went; but she sprang away from him, and ran into

the garden behind the house. Therein stood a fine large tree, on which hung the most beautiful pears, and the boughs rustled as though a squirrel was among them; but the Prince could not see whence the noise proceeded. He waited, however, till the father came, and told him, "The strange maiden has escaped from me, and I think she has climbed up into this tree." The father thought to himself, "Can it be Cinderella?" and taking an ax he chopped down the tree, but there was no one on it. When they went into the kitchen, there lay Cinderella among the ashes, as before, for she had sprung down on the other side of the tree, and having taken her beautiful clothes again to the Bird upon the hazel tree, she had put on once more her old gray cloak.

The third day, when her stepmother and her sisters had set out, Cinderella went again to her mother's grave, and said: —

"Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree,
And silver and gold throw down to me."

Then the Bird threw down to her a dress which was more splendid and glittering than she had ever had before, and the slippers were all golden. When she arrived at the ball they knew not what to say for wonderment, and the Prince danced with her alone as at first, and replied to every one who asked her hand, "She is my partner." As soon as evening came she wished to go, and as the Prince followed her she ran away so quickly that he could not overtake her. But he had contrived a stratagem, and spread the whole way with pitch, so that it happened as the maiden ran that her left slipper came off. The Prince took it up, and saw it was small and graceful, and quite golden; so the following morning he went with it to the father, and said, "My bride shall be no other than she whose foot this golden slipper fits." The two sisters were glad of this, for they had beautiful feet, and the elder went with it to her chamber to try it on, while her mother stood by. She could not, however, get her great toe into it, and the shoe was much too small; but the mother, reaching a knife, said, "Cut off your toe, for if you are queen you need not go any longer on foot." The maiden cut it off, and squeezed her foot into the shoe, and, concealing the pain she felt, went down to the Prince. Then

he placed her as his bride upon his horse and rode off, and as they passed by the grave, there sat two little doves upon the hazel tree singing: —

"Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's blood upon the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she behind
Is not the bride for you."

Then the Prince looked behind, and saw the blood flowing; so he turned his horse back, and took the false bride home again, saying she was not the right one. Then the other sister must needs fit on the shoe, so she went to her chamber and got her toes nicely into the shoe, but the heel was too large. The mother, reaching a knife, said, "Cut a piece off your heel, for when you become queen you need not go any longer on foot." She cut a piece off her heel, squeezed her foot into the shoe, and, concealing the pain she felt, went down to the Prince. Then he put her upon his horse as his bride and rode off, and as they passed the hazel tree there sat two little doves, who sang: —

"Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's blood upon the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she behind
Is not the bride for you."

Then he looked behind, and saw the blood trickling from her shoe, and that the stocking was dyed quite red; so he turned his horse back, and took the false bride home again, saying, "Neither is this one the right maiden; have you no other daughter?" "No," replied the father, "except a little Cinderella, daughter of my deceased wife, who cannot possibly be the bride." The Prince asked that she might be fetched; but the stepmother said, "Oh, no, she is much too dirty; I dare not let her be seen." But the Prince would have his way; so Cinderella was called, and she, first washing her hands and face, went in and curtsied to the Prince, who gave her the golden shoe. Cinderella sat down on a stool, and, taking off her heavy wooden shoes, put on the slipper, which fitted her to a shade; and as she stood up, the Prince looked in her face, and, recognizing the beautiful maiden with whom he had danced, ex-

claimed, "This is my rightful bride." The stepmother and the two sisters were amazed and white with rage, but the Prince took Cinderella upon his horse and rode away; and as they came up to the hazel tree the two little white doves sang: —

"Backwards peep, backwards peep,
There's no blood on the shoe;
It fits so nice, and she behind
Is the true bride for you."

And as they finished they flew down and lighted upon Cinderella's shoulders, and there they remained; and the wedding was celebrated with great festivities, and the two sisters were smitten with blindness as a punishment for their wickedness.

HANSEL AND GRETHEL

Once upon a time there dwelt near a large wood a poor woodcutter with his wife and two children by his former marriage, a little boy called Hansel, and a girl named Grethel. He had little enough to break or bite, and once, when there was a great famine in the land, he could not procure even his daily bread; and as he lay thinking in his bed one evening, rolling about for trouble, he sighed, and said to his wife, "What will become of us? How can we feed our children when we have no more than we can eat ourselves?"

"Know, then, my husband," answered she, "we will lead them away quite early in the morning into the thickest part of the wood, and there make them a fire, and give them each a little piece of bread; then we will go to our work and leave them alone, so they will not find the way home again, and we shall be freed from them." "No, wife," replied he, "that I can never do; how can you bring your heart to leave my children all alone in the wood, for the wild beasts will soon come and tear them to pieces?"

"Oh, you simpleton!" said she, "then we must all four die of hunger; you had better plane the coffins for us." But she left him no peace till he consented, saying, "Ah, but I shall regret the poor children."

The two children, however, had not gone to sleep for very hunger, and so they overheard what the stepmother said to their father. Grethel wept bitterly, and said to Hansel, "What will become of us?" "Be quiet, Grethel," said he; "do not cry, I will soon help you." And as soon as their parents had fallen asleep, he got up, put on his coat, and, unbarring the back door, slipped out. The moon shone brightly, and the white pebbles which lay before the door seemed like silver pieces, they glittered so brightly. Hansel stooped down, and put as many into his pocket as it would hold, and then going back he said to Grethel, "Be comforted, dear sister, and sleep in peace; God will not forsake us;" and so saying he went to bed again.

The next morning, before the sun arose, the wife went and awoke the two children. "Get up, you lazy things; we are going into the forest to chop wood." Then she gave them each a piece of bread, saying, "There is something for your dinner; do not eat it before the time, for you will get nothing else." Grethel took the bread in her apron, for Hansel's pocket was full of pebbles; and so they all set out upon their way. When they had gone a little distance Hansel stood still, and peeped back at the house; and this he repeated several times, till his father said, "Hansel, what are you peeping at, and why do you lag behind? Take care, and remember your legs."

"Ah! father," said Hansel, "I am looking at my white cat sitting upon the roof of the house, and trying to say good-by." "You simpleton!" said the wife, "that is not a cat; it is only the sun shining on the white chimney." But in reality Hansel was not looking at a cat; but every time he stopped he dropped a pebble out of his pocket upon the path.

When they came to the middle of the wood the father told the children to collect wood, and he would make them a fire, so that they should not be cold; so Hansel and Grethel gathered together quite a little mountain of twigs. Then they set fire to them, and as the flame burnt up high the wife said, "Now, you children, lie down near the fire and rest yourselves, whilst we go into the forest and chop wood; when we are ready, I will come and call you."

Hansel and Grethel sat down by the fire, and when it was

noon each ate the piece of bread, and, because they could hear the blows of an ax, they thought their father was near; but it was not an ax, but a branch which he had bound to a withered tree, so as to be blown to and fro by the wind. They waited so long that at last their eyes closed from weariness, and they fell fast asleep. When they awoke it was quite dark, and Grethel began to cry, "How shall we get out of the wood?" But Hansel tried to comfort her by saying, "Wait a little while till the moon rises, and then we will quickly find the way." The moon soon shone forth, and Hansel, taking his sister's hand, followed the pebbles, which glittered like new-coined silver pieces, and showed them the path. All night long they walked on, and as day broke they came to their father's house. They knocked at the door, and when the wife opened it and saw Hansel and Grethel, she exclaimed, "You wicked children! why did you sleep so long in the wood? We thought you were never coming home again." But their father was very glad, for it had grieved his heart to leave them all alone.

Not long afterwards, there was again great scarcity in every corner of the land; and one night the children overheard their mother saying to their father, "Everything is again consumed; we have only half a loaf left, and then the song is ended: the children must be sent away. We will take them deeper into the wood, so that they may not find the way out again; it is the only means of escape for us."

But her husband felt heavy at heart, and thought, "It were better to share the last crust with the children." His wife, however, would listen to nothing that he said, and scolded and reproached him without end.

He who says A must say B too; and he who consents the first time must also the second.

The children, however, had heard the conversation as they lay awake, and as soon as the old people went to sleep Hansel got up, intending to pick up some pebbles as before; but the wife had locked the door, so that he could not get out. Nevertheless he comforted Grethel, saying, "Do not cry; sleep in quiet; the good God will not forsake us."

Early in the morning the stepmother came and pulled them out of bed, and gave them each a slice of bread, which was still

smaller than the former piece. On the way Hansel broke his in his pocket, and, stopping every now and then, dropped a crumb upon the path. "Hansel, why do you stop and look about?" said the father; "keep in the path." — "I am looking at my little dove," answered Hansel, "nodding a good-by to me." "Simpleton!" said the wife, "that is no dove, but only the sun shining on the chimney." So Hansel kept still dropping crumbs as he went along.

The mother led the children deep into the wood, where they had never been before, and there making an immense fire she said to them, "Sit down here and rest, and when you feel tired you can sleep for a little while. We are going into the forest to hew wood, and in the evening, when we are ready, we will come and fetch you."

When noon came Grethel shared her bread with Hansel, who had strewn his on the path. Then they went to sleep; but the evening arrived, and no one came to visit the poor children, and in the dark night they awoke, and Hansel comforted his sister by saying, "Only wait, Grethel, till the moon comes out, then we shall see the crumbs of bread which I have dropped, and they will show us the way home." The moon shone and they got up, but they could not see any crumbs, for the thousands of birds which had been flying about in the woods and fields had picked them all up. Hansel kept saying to Grethel, "We will soon find the way;" but they did not, and they walked the whole night long and the next day, but still they did not come out of the wood; and they got so hungry, for they had nothing to eat but the berries which they found upon the bushes. Soon they got so tired that they could not drag themselves along, so they lay down under a tree and went to sleep.

It was now the third morning since they had left their father's house, and they still walked on; but they only got deeper and deeper into the wood, and Hansel saw that if help did not come very soon they would die of hunger. As soon as it was noon they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting upon a bough, which sang so sweetly that they stood still and listened to it. It soon left off, and spreading its wings flew off; and they followed it until it arrived at a cottage, upon the roof of which it

perched; and when they went close up to it they saw that the cottage was made of bread and cakes, and the window panes were of clear sugar.

"We will go in there," said Hansel, "and have a glorious feast. I will eat a piece of the roof, and you can eat the window. Will they not be sweet?" So Hansel reached up and broke a piece off the roof, in order to see how it tasted; while Grethel stepped up to the window and began to bite it. Then a sweet voice called out in the room, "Tip-tap, tip-tap, who raps at my door?" and the children answered, "The wind, the wind, the child of heaven," and they went on eating without interruption. Hansel thought the roof tasted very nice, and so he tore off a great piece; while Grethel broke a large round pane out of the window, and sat down quite contentedly. Just then the door opened, and a very old woman, walking upon crutches, came out. Hansel and Grethel were so frightened that they let fall what they had in their hands; but the old woman, nodding her head, said, "Ah, you dear children, what has brought you here? Come in and stop with me, and no harm shall befall you;" and so saying she took them both by the hand, and led them into her cottage. A good meal of milk and pancakes, with sugar, apples, and nuts, was spread on the table, and in the back room were two nice little beds, covered with white, where Hansel and Grethel laid themselves down, and thought themselves in heaven. The old woman had behaved very kindly to them, but in reality she was a wicked witch who waylaid children, and built the bread house in order to entice them in; but as soon as they were in her power she killed them, cooked and ate them, and made a great festival of the day. Witches have red eyes, and cannot see very far; but they have a fine sense of smelling, like wild beasts, so that they know when children approach them. When Hansel and Grethel came near the witch's house she laughed wickedly, saying, "Here come two who shall not escape me." And early in the morning, before they awoke, she went up to them, and saw how lovingly they lay sleeping, with their chubby red cheeks; and she mumbled to herself, "That will be a good bite." Then she took up Hansel with her rough hand, and shut him up in a little cage with a lattice door; and although he screamed

loudly, it was of no use. Grethel came next, and, shaking her till she awoke, she said, "Get up, you lazy thing, and fetch some water to cook something good for your brother, who must remain in that stall and get fat; when he is fat enough, I shall eat him." Grethel began to cry, but it was all useless, for the old witch made her do as she wished. So a nice meal was cooked for Hansel, but Grethel got nothing else but a crab's claw.

Every morning the old witch came to the cage and said, "Hansel, stretch your finger that I may feel whether you are getting fat." But Hansel used to stretch out a bone, and the old woman, having very bad sight, thought it was his finger, and wondered very much that it did not get fat. When four weeks had passed, and Hansel still kept quite lean, she lost all her patience and would not wait any longer. "Grethel," she called out in a passion, "get some water quickly; be Hansel fat or lean, this morning I will kill and cook him." Oh, how the poor little sister grieved, as she was forced to fetch the water, and how fast the tears ran down her cheeks! "Dear good God, help us now!" she exclaimed. "Had we only been eaten by the wild beasts in the wood then we should have died together." But the old witch called out, "Leave off that noise; it will not help you a bit."

So early in the morning Grethel was forced to go out and fill the kettle, and make a fire. "First we will bake, however," said the old woman; "I have already heated the oven and kneaded the dough;" and so saying she pushed poor Grethel up to the oven, out of which the flames were burning fiercely. "Creep in," said the witch, "and see if it is hot enough, and then we will put in the bread;" but she intended when Grethel got in to shut up the oven and let her bake, so that she might eat her as well as Hansel. Grethel perceived what her thoughts were, and said, "I do not know how to do it; how shall I get in?" "You stupid goose," said she, "the opening is big enough. See, I could even get in myself!" and she got up and put her head into the oven. Then Grethel, giving her a push, so that she fell right in, shut the iron door and bolted it. Oh! how horribly she howled; but Grethel ran away, and left the ungodly witch to burn to ashes.

Now she ran to Hansel, and, opening his door, called out, "Hansel, we are saved; the old witch is dead!" So he sprang out, like a bird out of his cage when the door is opened; and they were so glad that they fell upon each other's necks, and kissed each other over and over again. And now, as there was nothing to fear, they went into the witch's house, where in every corner were caskets full of pearls and precious stones. "These are better than pebbles," said Hansel, putting as many into his pocket as it would hold; while Grethel thought, "I will take some home, too," and filled her apron full. "We must be off now," said Hansel, "and get out of this bewitched forest;" but when they had walked for two hours they came to a large piece of water. "We cannot get over," said Hansel. "I can see no bridge at all." "And there is no boat either," said Grethel; "but there swims a white duck, I will ask her to help us over;" and she sang:—

"Little duck, good little duck,
Grethel and Hansel, here we stand,
There is neither stile nor bridge,
Take us on your back to land."

So the duck came to them, and Hansel got on her back, and bade his sister sit behind him. "No," answered Grethel, "that will be too much for the duck, she shall take us over one at a time." This the good little bird did, and when both were happily arrived on the other side, and had gone a little way, they came to a well-known wood, which they knew the better every step they went, and at last they perceived their father's house. Then they began to run, and, bursting into the house, they fell on their father's neck. He had not had one happy hour since he had left the children in the forest; and his wife was dead. Grethel shook her apron, and the pearls and precious stones rolled out upon the floor, and Hansel threw down one handful after the other out of his pocket. Then all their sorrows were ended, and they lived together in great happiness.

My tale is done. There runs a mouse: whoever catches her may make a great, great cap out of her fur.

THE TWO BROTHERS

ONCE upon a time there were two brothers; the one rich and the other poor. The rich man was a Goldsmith and of an evil disposition; but the poor brother maintained himself by mending brooms, and withal was honest and pious. He had two children, — twins, as like one another as two drops of water, — who used often to go into their rich uncle's house and receive a meal off the fragments which he left. One day it happened when the poor man had gone into the wood for twigs that he saw a bird which was of gold and more beautiful than he had ever before set eyes on. He picked up a stone and flung it at the bird, and luckily hit it, but so slightly that only a single feather dropped off. This feather he took to his brother, who looked at it and said, "It is of pure gold!" and gave him a good sum of money for it. The next day he climbed up a birch tree to lop off a bough or two, when the same bird flew out of the branches, and as he looked round he found a nest which contained an egg, also of gold. This he took home as before to his brother, who said it was of pure gold, and gave him what it was worth, but said that he must have the bird itself. For the third time now the poor brother went into the forest, and saw the golden bird sitting again upon the tree, and taking up a stone he threw it at it, and, securing it, took it to his brother, who gave him for it a large pile of gold. With this the man thought he might return, and went home light-hearted.

But the Goldsmith was crafty and bold, knowing very well what sort of a bird it was. He called his wife and said to her, "Roast this bird for me, and take care of whatever falls from it, for I have a mind to eat it by myself." Now, the bird was not an ordinary one certainly, for it possessed this wonderful power, that whoever should eat its heart and liver would find henceforth every morning a gold piece under his pillow. The wife made the bird ready, and putting it on a spit set it down to roast. Now it happened that while it was at the fire, and the woman was gone out of the kitchen on some other necessary work, the two children of the poor Broom-mender ran in, and began to turn the spit round at the fire for amusement. Presently two little tidbits fell down into the pan out of the bird, and one

of the boys said, "Let us eat these two little pieces, I am so hungry, and nobody will find it out." So they quickly despatched the two morsels, and presently the woman came back, and, seeing at once they had eaten something, asked them what it was. "Two little bits which fell down out of the bird," was the reply. "They were the heart and liver!" exclaimed the woman, quite frightened, and, in order that her husband might not miss them and be in a passion, she quickly killed a little chicken, and, taking out its liver and heart, put it inside the golden bird. As soon as it was done enough she carried it to the Goldsmith, who devoured it quite alone, and left nothing at all on the plate. The next morning, however, when he looked under his pillow, expecting to find the gold pieces, there was not the smallest one possible to be seen.

The two children did not know what good luck had fallen upon them, and, when they got up the next morning, something fell ringing upon the ground, and as they picked it up they found it was two gold pieces. They took them to their father, who wondered very much, and considered what he should do with them; but as the next morning the same thing happened, and so on every day, he went to his brother and narrated to him the whole story. The Goldsmith perceived at once what had happened, that the children had eaten the heart and liver of his bird; and in order to revenge himself, and because he was so covetous and hard-hearted, he persuaded the father that his children were in league with the devil, and warned him not to take the gold, but to turn them out of the house, for the Evil One had them in his power, and would make them do some mischief. Their father feared the Evil One, and, although it cost him a severe pang, he led his children out into the forest and left them there with a sad heart.

Now, the two children ran about the wood, seeking the road home, but could not find it, so that they only wandered farther away. At last they met a Huntsman, who asked them to whom they belonged. "We are the children of the poor Broommender," they replied, and told him that their father could no longer keep them at home, because a gold piece lay under their pillows every morning. "Well," replied the Huntsman, "that does not seem right, if you are honest, and not idle." And the

good man, having no children of his own, took home with him the twins, because they pleased him, and told them he would be their father and bring them up. With him they learnt all kinds of hunting, and the gold pieces, which each one found at his uprising, they laid aside against a rainy day.

When now they became quite young men the Huntsman took them into the forest, and said, "To-day you must perform your shooting trial, that I may make you free huntsmen like myself." So they went with him, and waited a long time, but no wild beast approached, and the Huntsman, looking up, saw a flock of wild geese flying over in the form of a triangle. "Shoot one from each corner," said he to the twins, and, when they had done this, another flock came flying over in the form of a figure two, and from these they were also bidden to shoot one at each corner. When they had likewise performed this deed successfully, their foster-father said, "I now make you free; for you are capital marksmen."

Thereupon the two brothers went together into the forest, laying plans and consulting with each other; and, when at evening time they sat down to their meal, they said to their foster-father, "We shall not touch the least morsel of food till you have granted our request."

He asked them what it was, and they replied, "We have now learned everything: let us go into the world, and see what we can do there, and let us set out at once."

"You have spoken like brave huntsmen," cried the old man, overjoyed; "what you have asked is just what I wished; you can set out as soon as you like, for you will be prosperous."

Then they ate and drank together once more in great joy and hilarity.

When the appointed day arrived, the old Huntsman gave to each youth a good rifle and a dog, and let them take from the gold pieces as many as they liked. Then he accompanied them a part of their way, and at leaving gave them a bare knife, saying, "If you should separate, stick this knife in a tree by the roadside, and then, if one returns to the same point, he can tell how his absent brother fares; for the side upon which there is a mark will, if he die, rust; but as long as he lives it will be as bright as ever."

The two brothers now journeyed on till they came to a forest so large, that they could not possibly get out of it in one day, so there they passed the night, and ate what they had in their hunters' pockets. The second day they still walked on, but came to no opening, and, having nothing to eat, one said, "We must shoot something, or we shall die from hunger;" and he loaded his gun and looked around. Just then an old Hare came running up, at which he aimed, but it cried out: —

"Dear huntsman, pray now, let me live,
And I will two young lev'rets give."

So saying, it ran back into the brushwood and brought out two hares, but they played about so prettily and actively that the Hunters could not make up their mind to kill them. So they took them with them, and the two leverets followed in their footsteps. Presently a Fox came up with them, and, as they were about to shoot it, it cried out: —

"Dear hunters, pray now, let me live,
And I will two young foxes give."

These it brought; and the brothers, instead of killing them, put them with the young hares, and all four followed. In a little while a Wolf came out of the brushwood, whom the hunters also aimed at, but he cried out as the others: —

"Dear hunters, pray now, let me live,
Two young ones, in return, I'll give."

The Hunters placed the two wolves with the other animals, who still followed them; and soon they met a Bear, who also begged for his life, saying: —

"Dear hunters, pray now, let me live,
Two young ones, in return, I'll give."

These two Bears were added to the others; they made eight; and now who came last? A Lion, shaking his mane. The two brothers were not frightened, but aimed at him, and he cried: —

"Dear hunters, pray now, let me live,
Two young ones, in return, I'll give."

The Lion then fetched his two young cubs, and now the Huntsmen had two lions, two bears, two wolves, two foxes, and two hares following and waiting upon them. Meanwhile their hunger had received no satisfaction, and they said to the foxes, "Here, you slinks, get us something to eat, for you are both sly and crafty."

The Foxes replied, "Not far from here lies a village, where we can procure many fowls, and thither we will show you the way."

So they went into the village, and bought something to eat for themselves and their animals, and then went on farther, for the Foxes were well acquainted with the country where the hen-roosts were, and so could direct the Huntsmen well.

For some little way they walked on without finding any situations where they could live together, so they said to one another, "It cannot be otherwise — we must separate." Then the two brothers divided the beasts, so that each one had a lion, a bear, a wolf, a fox, and a hare, and then they took leave of each other, promising to love one another till death; and the knife which their foster-father gave them they stuck in a tree, so that one side pointed to the east, and the other to the west.

The younger brother came afterwards with his animals to a town which was completely hung with black crape. He went into an inn and inquired if he could lodge his beasts, and the landlord gave him a stable, and in the wall was a hole through which the hare crept and seized upon a cabbage; the fox fetched himself a hen, and when he had eaten it he stole the cock also; but the lion, the bear, and the wolf, being too big for the hole, could get nothing. The master, therefore, made the host fetch an ox for them, on which they regaled themselves merrily, and so, having seen after his beasts, he asked the landlord why the town was all hung in mourning. The Landlord replied it was because the next day the King's only daughter was to die. "Is she then sick unto death?" inquired the Huntsman.

"No," replied the other, "she is well enough; but still she must die."

"How is that?" asked the Huntsman.

"Out there before the town," said the Landlord, "is a high mountain on which lives a Dragon, who must every year have a pure maiden, or he would lay waste all the country. Now, all the maidens have been given up, and there is but one left — the King's daughter, who must also be given up, for there is no other escape, and to-morrow morning it is to happen."

The Huntsman asked, "Why is the Dragon not killed?"

"Ah!" replied the Landlord, "many knights have tried, but every one has lost his life; and the King has promised his own daughter to him who conquers the Dragon, and after his death the inheritance of his kingdom."

The Huntsman said nothing further at that time, but the next morning, taking with him his beasts, he climbed the Dragon's mountain. A little way up stood a chapel, and upon an altar therein were three cups, and by them was written, "Whoever drinks the contents of these cups will be the strongest man on earth, and may take the sword which lies buried beneath the threshold." Without drinking, the Huntsman sought and found the sword in the ground, but he could not move it from its place; so he entered, and drank out the cups, and then easily pulled out the sword, and was so strong that he waved it about like a feather.

When the hour arrived that the maiden should be delivered over to the Dragon, the King and his Marshal accompanied her with all the court. From a distance they perceived the Huntsman upon the mountain, and took him for the Dragon waiting for them, and so would not ascend; but at last, because the whole city must otherwise have been sacrificed, the Princess was forced to make the dreadful ascent. The King and his courtiers returned home full of grief, but the Marshal had to stop and watch it all from a distance.

As the King's daughter reached the top of the hill, she found there, not the Dragon, but the young Hunter, who comforted her, saying he would save her, and, leading her into the chapel, shut her up therein. In a short time the seven-headed Dragon came roaring up with a tremendous noise, and, as soon as he perceived the Hunter, he was amazed, and asked, "What do you do here on my mountain?"

The Hunter replied that he came to fight him, and the Dragon

said, breathing out fire as he spoke from his seven jaws, "Many a knight has already left his life behind him, and you I will soon kill as dead as they." The fire from its throats set the grass in a blaze, and would have suffocated the Hunter with the smoke, had not his beasts come running up and stamped it out. Then the Dragon made a dart at the Hunter, but he swung his sword round so that it whistled in the air, and cut off three of the beast's heads. The Dragon now became furious, and raised himself in the air, spitting out fire over his enemy, and trying to overthrow him; but the Hunter, springing on one side, raised his sword again, and cut off three more of his heads. The beast was half killed with this, and sank down, but tried once more to catch the hunter, but he beat him off, and, with his last strength, cut off his tail; and then, being unable to fight longer, he called his beasts, who came and tore the Dragon in pieces.

As soon as the battle was over, he went to the chapel and unlocked the door, and found the Princess lying on the floor; for, from anguish and terror, she had fainted away while the contest was going on. The Hunter carried her out, and, when she came to herself and opened her eyes, he showed her the Dragon torn in pieces, and said she was now safe forever. The sight made her quite happy, and she said, "Now you will be my husband, for my father has promised me to him who should kill the Dragon." So saying, she took off her necklace of coral, and divided it among the beasts for a reward, the lion receiving the gold snap for his share. But her handkerchief, on which her name was marked, she presented to the Huntsman, who went and cut out the tongues of the Dragon's seven mouths, and, wrapping them in the handkerchief, preserved it carefully.

All this being done, the poor fellow felt so weary with the battle with the Dragon and the fire that he said to the Princess, "Since we are both so tired, let us sleep awhile." She consented, and they lay down on the ground, and the Hunter bade the Lion watch that nobody surprised them. Soon they began to snore, and the Lion sat down near them to watch; but he was also weary with fighting, and said to the Bear, "Do you lie down near me, for I must sleep a bit; but wake me up if any

one comes." So the Bear did as he was bade; but soon getting tired, he asked the Wolf to watch for him. The Wolf consented, but before long he called the Fox, and said, "Do watch for me a little while, I want to have a nap, and you can wake me if any one comes." The Fox lay down by his side, but soon felt so tired himself that he called the Hare, and asked it to take his place, and watch while he slept a little. The Hare came, and, lying down too, soon felt very sleepy; but he had no one to call in his place, so by degrees he dropped off himself, and began to snore. Here, then, were sleeping the Princess, the Huntsman, the Lion, the Bear, the Wolf, the Fox, and the Hare, and all were very sound asleep.

Meanwhile the Marshal, who had been set to watch below, not seeing the Dragon fly away with the Princess, and all appearing very quiet, took heart and climbed up the mountain. There lay the Dragon, dead and torn in pieces on the ground, and not far off the King's daughter and a Huntsman with his beasts, all reposing in a deep sleep. Now, the Marshal was very wickedly disposed, and, taking his sword, he cut off the head of the Huntsman, and then taking the maiden under his arm, carried her down the mountain. At this she awoke, terrified, and the Marshal cried to her, "You are in my hands: you must say that it was I who have killed the Dragon."

"That I cannot," she replied, "for a hunter and his animals did it."

Then he drew his sword, and threatened her with death if she did not obey, till at last she was forced to consent. Thereupon he brought her before the King, who went almost beside himself with joy at seeing again his dear daughter, who he supposed had been torn in pieces by the monster. The Marshal told the King that he had killed the Dragon and freed the Princess and the whole kingdom, and therefore he demanded her for a wife, as it had been promised. The King inquired of his daughter if it were true? "Ah, yes," she replied, "it must be so; but I make a condition, that the wedding shall not take place for a year and a day;" for she thought to herself that perhaps in that time she might hear some news of her dear Huntsman.

But up the Dragon's mountain the animals still lay asleep

beside their dead master, when presently a great Bee came and settled on the Hare's nose, but it lifted its paw and brushed it off. The Bee came a second time, but the Hare brushed it off again, and went to sleep. For the third time the Bee settled, and stung the Hare's nose so that it woke quite up. As soon as it had risen and shaken itself, it awoke the Fox, and the Fox awoke the Wolf, the Wolf awoke the Bear, and the Bear awoke the Lion. As soon as the Lion got up and saw that the maiden was gone, and his dear master dead, he began to roar fearfully, and asked, "Who has done this? Bear, why did you not wake me?" The Bear asked the Wolf, "Why did you not wake me?" The Wolf asked the Fox, "Why did you not wake me?" and the Fox asked the Hare, "Why did you not wake me?" The poor Hare alone had nothing to answer, and the blame was attached to it; and the others would have fallen upon it, but he begged for his life, saying, "Do not kill me and I will restore our dear master to life. I know a hill where grows a root, and he who puts it in his mouth is healed immediately from all diseases or wounds; but this mountain lies two hundred hours' journey from hence."

The Lion said, "In four and twenty hours you must go and return here, bringing the root with you."

The Hare immediately ran off, and in four and twenty hours returned with the root in his mouth. Now the Lion put the Huntsman's head again to his body, while the Hare applied the root to the wound, and immediately the Huntsman began to revive, and his heart beat and life returned. The Huntsman now awoke, and was frightened to see the maiden no longer with him, and he thought to himself, "Perhaps she ran away while I slept, to get rid of me." But, in his haste, the Lion had unluckily set his master's head on the wrong way, but the Hunter did not find it out till midday, when he wanted to eat, being so occupied with thinking about the Princess. Then, when he wished to help himself he discovered his head was turned to his back, and, unable to imagine the cause, he asked the animals what had happened to him in his sleep. The Lion told him that from weariness they had all gone to sleep, and, on awaking, they had found him dead, with his head cut off; that the Hare had fetched the life-root, but in his great haste

he had turned his head the wrong way, but that he would make it all right again in no time. So saying, he cut off the Huntsman's head and turned it round, while the Hare healed the wound with the root.

After this the Hunter became very mopish, and went about from place to place, letting his animals dance to the people for show. It chanced, after a year's time, that he came again into the same town where he had rescued the Princess from the Dragon; and this time it was hung all over with scarlet cloth. He asked the Landlord of the inn, "What means this? A year ago the city was hung with black crape, and to-day it all is in red." The Landlord replied, "A year ago our King's daughter was delivered to the Dragon, but our Marshal fought with it and slew it, and this day their marriage is to be celebrated; before the town was hung with crape in token of grief and lamentation, but to-day with scarlet cloth, to show our joy."

The next day, when the wedding was to take place, the Huntsman said to the Landlord, "Believe it or not, mine host, but to-day I will eat bread at the same table with the King!"

"Well," said he, "I will wager you a hundred pieces that that doesn't come true."

The Huntsman took the bet, and laid down his money, and then, calling the Hare, he said, "Go, dear Jumper, and fetch me a bit of bread such as the King eats."

Now, the Hare was the smallest, and therefore could not entrust her business to any one else, but was obliged to make herself ready to go. "Oh!" thought it, "if I jump along the streets alone, the butchers' dogs will come out after me."

While it stood considering it happened as it thought; for the dogs came behind and were about to seize it for a choice morsel, but it made a spring (had you but seen it!), and escaped into a sentry-box without the soldier knowing it. The dogs came and tried to hunt it out, but the soldier, not understanding their sport, beat them off with a club so that they ran howling and barking away. As soon as the Hare saw the coast was clear, it ran up to the castle and into the room where the Princess was; and, getting under her stool, began to scratch her foot. The Princess said, "Will you be quiet?" thinking it was her dog. Then the Hare scratched her foot a second time

and she said again, "Will you be quiet?" but the Hare would not leave off, and a third time scratched her foot; and now she peeped down and recognized the Hare by its necklace. She took it up in her arms, and carried it into her chamber, saying, "Dear Hare, what do you want?" The Hare replied, "My master who killed the Dragon is here, and sent me: I am come for a piece of bread such as the King eats."

At these words she became very glad, and bade her servant bring her a piece of bread such as the King was accustomed to have. When it was brought, the Hare said, 'The Baker must carry it for me, or the butchers' dogs will seize it." So the Baker carried it to the door of the inn, where the Hare got up on its hind legs, and, taking the bread in its forepaws, carried it to his master. Then the Huntsman said, "See here, my host: the hundred gold pieces are mine."

The Landlord wondered very much, but the Huntsman said further, "Yes, I have got the King's bread, and now I will have some of his meat." To this the Landlord demurred, but would not bet again; and his guest, calling the Fox, said, "My dear Fox, go and fetch me some of the meat which the King is to eat to-day."

The Fox was more cunning than the Hare, and went through the lanes and alleys, without seeing a dog, straight to the royal palace, and into the room of the Princess, under whose stool it crept. Presently it scratched her foot, and the Princess, looking down, recognized the Fox with her necklace, and, taking it into her room, she asked, "What do you want, dear Fox?" It replied, "My master who killed the Dragon is here, and sent me to beg a piece of the meat such as the King will eat to-day."

The Princess summoned the cook, and bade her prepare a dish of meat like the King's, and, when it was ready, carry it for the Fox to the door of the inn. There the Fox took the dish himself; and, first driving the flies away with a whisk of his tail, carried it in to the Hunter.

"See here, Master Landlord," said he, "here are the bread and meat: now I will have the same vegetables as the King eats."

He called the Wolf, and said, "Dear Wolf, go and fetch me some vegetables the same as the King eats to-day."

The Wolf went straight to the castle like a person who feared nobody, and, when it came into the Princess's chamber, it plucked at her clothes behind so that she looked round. The maiden knew the Wolf by its necklace, and took it with her into her room, and said, "Dear Wolf, what do you want?"

The beast replied, "My master who killed the Dragon is here, and has sent me for some vegetables like those the King eats to-day."

Then she bade the cook prepare a dish of vegetables the same as the King's, and carry it to the inn door for the Wolf, who took it of her and bore it in to his master. The Hunter said, "See here, my host: now I have bread, meat, and vegetables the same as the King's, but I will also have the same sweetmeats." Then he called to the Bear, "Dear Bear, go and fetch me some sweetmeats like those the King has for his dinner to-day, for you like sweet things." The Bear rolled along up to the castle, while every one got out of his way; but, when he came to the guard, he pointed his gun at him and would not let him pass into the royal apartments. The Bear, however, got up on his hind legs, and gave the guard a box on the ears with his paw, which knocked him down; and thereupon he went straight to the room of the Princess, and, getting behind her, growled slightly. She looked round, and perceived the Bear, whom she took into her own chamber, and asked him what he came for. "My master who slew the Dragon is here," said he, "and has sent me for some sweetmeats such as the King eats." The Princess let the sugar-baker be called, and bade him prepare sweetmeats like those the King had, and carry them for the Bear to the inn. There the Bear took charge of them; and, first licking off the sugar which had boiled over, he took them in to his master.

"See here, friend Landlord," said the Huntsman; "now I have bread, meat, vegetables, and sweetmeats from the table of the King; but I mean also to drink his wine."

He called the Lion, and said, "Dear Lion, I should be glad to have a draught: go and fetch me some wine like that the King drinks."

The Lion strode through the town, where all the people made way for him, and soon came to the castle, where the

watchmen attempted to stop him at the gates; but, just giving a little bit of a roar, they were so frightened that they all ran away. He walked on to the royal apartments, and knocked with his tail at the door; and, when the Princess opened it, she was at first frightened to see a lion; but soon recognizing him by the gold snap of her necklace which he wore, she took him into her room, and asked, "Dear Lion, what do you wish?"

The Lion replied, "My master who killed the Dragon is here, and has sent me to fetch him wine like that the King drinks at his own table." The Princess summoned the butler, and told him to give the Lion wine, such as the King drank. But the Lion said, "I will go down with you, and see that I have the right." So he went with the butler; and, as they were come below, he was about to draw the ordinary wine such as was drunk by the King's servants, but the Lion cried, "Hold! I will first taste the wine;" and, drawing for himself half a cupful, he drank it, and said, "No; that is not the real wine." The butler looked at him askance, and went to draw from another cask which was made for the King's marshal. Then the Lion cried, "Hold! first I must taste;" and, drawing half a flagon full, he drank it off, and said, "This is better; but still not the right wine." At these words the butler put himself in a passion, and said, "What does such a stupid calf as you know about wine?" The Lion gave him a blow behind the ear, so that he fell down upon the ground; and, as soon as he came to himself, he quite submissively led the Lion into a peculiar little cellar where the King's wine was kept, of which no one ever dared to taste. But the Lion, first drawing for himself half a cup full, tried the wine, and saying, "This must be the real stuff," bade the butler fill six bottles with it. When this was done they mounted the steps again, and as the Lion came out of the cellar into the fresh air he reeled about, being a little elevated; so that the butler had to carry the wine-basket for him to the inn, where the Lion, taking it again in his mouth, carried it in to his master. The Hunter called the Landlord and said, "See here: now I have bread, meat, vegetables, sweetmeats, and wine, the very same as the King himself will eat to-day, and so I will make my dinner with my animals." They sat down and ate and drank away, for he gave the Hare,

the Fox, the Wolf, the Bear, and the Lion their share of the good things, and was very happy, for he felt the King's daughter still loved him. When he had finished his meal he said to the Landlord, "Now, as I have eaten and drunk the same things as the King, I will even go to the royal palace and marry the Princess."

The Landlord said, "How can that be, for she is already betrothed, and to-day the wedding is to be celebrated?"

Then the Hunter drew out the handkerchief which the King's daughter had given him on the Dragon's mountain, and wherein the seven tongues of the Dragon's seven heads were wrapped, and said, "This shall help me to do it!"

The Landlord looked at the handkerchief and said, "If I believe all that has been done, still I cannot believe that, and will wager my house and garden upon it."

Thereupon the Huntsman took out a purse with a thousand gold pieces in it, and said,"I will bet you that against your house and garden."

Meantime the King asked his daughter, "What do all these wild beasts mean who have come to you to-day, and passed and repassed in and out of my castle?"

She replied, "I dare not tell you, but send and let the master of these beasts be fetched, and you will do well."

The King sent a servant to the inn to invite the strange man to come, and arrived just as the Hunter had concluded his wager with the Landlord. So he said, "See, mine host, the King even sends a servant to invite me to come, but I do not go yet." And to the servant he said, "I beg that the King will send me royal clothes, and a carriage with six horses, and servants to wait on me."

When the King heard this answer, he said to his daughter, "What shall I do?" "Do as he desires, and you will do well," she replied. So the King sent a suit of royal clothes, a carriage with six horses, and some servants to wait upon the man. As the Hunter saw them coming, he said to the Landlord, "See here, I am fetched just as I desired," and, putting on the royal clothes, he took the handkerchief with him and drove to the King. When the King saw him coming he asked his daughter how he should receive him, and she said, "Go out to meet him,

and you will do well." So the King met him and led him into the palace, the animals following. The King showed him a seat near himself and his daughter, and the Marshal sat upon the other side as the bridegroom. Now, against the walls was the seven-headed Dragon placed, stuffed as if he were yet alive; and the King said, "The seven heads of the Dragon were cut off by our Marshal, to whom this day I give my daughter in marriage."

Then the Hunter rose up, and, opening the seven jaws of the Dragon, asked where were the seven tongues. This frightened the Marshal, and he turned pale as death, but at last, not knowing what else to say, he stammered out, "Dragons have no tongues!"

The Hunter replied, "Liars *should* have none, but the Dragon's tongues are the trophies of the Dragon-slayer;" and so saying he unwrapped the handkerchief, and there lay all seven, and he put one into each mouth of the monster, and they fitted exactly. Then he took the handkerchief upon which her name was marked and showed it to the maiden, and asked her to whom she had given it, and she replied, "To him who slew the Dragon." Then he called his beasts, and taking from each the necklace, and from the Lion the golden snap, he put them together, and, showing them to the Princess too, asked her to whom they belonged. The Princess said, "The necklace and the snap were mine, and I shared it among the animals who helped to conquer the Dragon." Then the Huntsman said, "When I was weary and rested after the fight, the Marshal came and cut off my head, and then took away the Princess, and gave out that it was he who had conquered the Dragon. Now that he has lied, I show these tongues, this necklace and this handkerchief for proofs." And then he related how the beasts had cured him with a wonderful root, and that for a year he had wandered and at last had come hither again, where he had discovered the deceit of the Marshal through the innkeeper's tale. Then the King asked his daughter, "Is it true that this man killed the Dragon?"

"Yes," she replied, "it is true, for I dared not disclose the treachery of the Marshal, because he threatened me with instant death. But now it is known without my mention, and

for this reason have I delayed the wedding a year and a day."

After these words the King ordered twelve councilors to be summoned who should judge the Marshal, and these condemned him to be torn in pieces by four oxen. So the Marshal was executed, and the King gave his daughter to the Huntsman, and named him Stadtholder over all his kingdoms. The wedding was celebrated with great joy, and the young King caused his father and foster-father to be brought to him, and loaded them with presents. He did not forget either the Landlord, but bade him welcome, and said to him, "See you here, my host: I have married the daughter of the King, and thy house and garden are mine." The Landlord said that was according to right; but the young King said, "It shall be according to mercy;" and he gave him back not only his house and garden, but also presented him with a thousand gold pieces he had wagered.

Now the young King and Queen were very happy, and lived together in contentment. He often went out hunting, because he delighted in it; and the faithful animals always accompanied him.

In the neighborhood there was a forest which it was said was haunted, and that if one entered it he did not easily get out again. The young King, however, took a great fancy to hunt in it, and he let the old King have no peace till he consented to let him. Away then he rode with a great company; and as he approached the forest, he saw a snow-white hind going into it; so, telling his companions to wait his return, he rode off among the trees, and only his faithful beasts accompanied him. The courtiers waited and waited till evening, but he did not return; so they rode home, and told the young Queen that her husband had ridden into the forest after a white doe, and had not again come out. The news made her very anxious about him. He, however, had ridden farther and farther into the wood after the beautiful animal without catching it; and when he thought it was within range of his gun, with one spring it got away, till at last it disappeared altogether. Then he remarked for the first time how deeply he had plunged into the thickets; and, taking his horn, he gave a blast, but there

was no answer, for his people could not hear it. Presently night began to close in; and, perceiving that he could not get home that day, he dismounted, and, making a fire, prepared to pass the night. While he sat by the fire, with his beasts lying near all around him, he thought he heard a human voice, but, on looking round, he could see nobody. Soon after he heard again a groan, as if from a box; and, looking up, he saw an old woman sitting upon the tree, who was groaning and crying, "Oh, oh, oh, how I do freeze!" He called out, "Come down and warm yourself if you freeze." But she said, "No; your beasts will bite me." He replied, "They will not harm you, my good old lady, if you like to come down." But she was a Witch, and said, "I will throw you down a twig, which if you beat on their backs they will then do nothing to me." He did as he was requested, and immediately they lay down quietly enough, for they were changed into stones. Now, when the Witch was safe from the animals, she sprang down, and, touching the King too with a twig, converted him also into a stone. Thereupon she laughed to herself, and buried him and his beasts in a grave where already were many more stones.

Meantime the young Queen was becoming more and more anxious and sad when her husband did not return; and just then it happened that the other brother, who had traveled towards the east when they separated, came into the territory. He had been seeking and had found no service to enter, and was, therefore, traveling through the country, and making his animals dance for a living. Once he thought he would go and look at the knife which they had stuck in the tree at their separation, in order to see how his brother fared. When he looked at it, lo! his brother's side was half rusty and half bright! At this he was frightened, and thought his brother had fallen into some great misfortune; but he hoped yet to save him, for one half of the knife was bright. He therefore went with his beasts towards the west; and, as he came to the capital city, the watch went out to him, and asked if he should mention his arrival to his bride, for the young Queen had for two days been in great sorrow and distress at his absence, and feared he had been killed in the enchanted wood. The watchman thought certainly he was no one else than the young King, for

he was so much like him, and had also the same wild beasts returning after him. The Huntsman perceived he was speaking of his brother, and thought it was all for the best that he should give himself out as his brother, for so, perhaps, he might more easily save him. So he let himself be conducted by the watchman into the castle, and was there received with great joy, for the young Queen took him for her husband also, and asked him where he had stopped so long. He told her he had lost his way in a wood, and could not find his way out earlier.

For a couple of days he rested at home, but was always asking about the enchanted wood: and at last he said, "I must hunt there once more." The King and the young Queen tried to dissuade him, but he was resolved, and went out with a great number of attendants. As soon as he got into the wood it happened to him as to his brother: he saw a white hind, and told his people to wait his return where they were, while he hunted the wild animal, and immediately rode off, his beasts following his footsteps. But he could not catch the hind any more than his brother; and he went so deep into the wood that he was forced to pass the night there. As soon as he had made a fire he heard some one groaning above him and saying, "Oh, oh, oh, how I do freeze!" Then he looked up, and there sat the same old Witch in the tree, and he said to her, "If you freeze, old woman, why don't you come down and warm yourself?" She replied, "No, your beasts would bite me; but if you will beat them with a twig which I will throw down to you they can do me no harm." When the Hunter heard this he doubted the Witch, and said to her, "I do not beat my beasts; so come down, or I will fetch you." But she called out, "What are you thinking of, you can do nothing to me!" He answered, "Come down, or I will shoot you." The Witch laughed, and said, "Shoot away! I am not afraid of your bullets!"

He knelt down and shot, but she was bullet-proof; and, laughing till she yelled, called out, "You cannot catch me!" However, the Hunter knew a trick or two, and, tearing three silver buttons from his coat, he loaded his gun with them; and while he was ramming them down, the old Witch threw herself

from the tree with a loud shriek, for she was not proof against such shot. He placed his foot upon her neck, and said, "Old Witch, if you do not quickly tell me where my brother is, I will tie your hands together, and throw you into the fire."

She was in great anguish, begged for mercy, and said, "He lies with his beasts in a grave, turned into stone." Then he forced her to go with him, threatening her, and saying, "You old cat! now turn my brother and all the creatures which lie here into their proper forms, or I will throw you into the fire!"

The Witch took a twig, and changed the stone back to what it was, and immediately his brother and the beasts stood before the Huntsman, as well as many merchants, work-people, and shepherds, who, delighted with their freedom, returned home. But the twin brothers, when they saw each other again, kissed and embraced, and were very glad. They seized the Witch, bound her, and laid her on the fire; and, when she was consumed, the forest itself disappeared, and all was clear and free from trees, so that one could see the royal palace, three miles off.

Now the two brothers went together home, and on the way told each other their adventures. And, when the younger one said he was lord over the whole land in place of the King, the other one said, "All that I was well aware of; for when I went into the city I was taken for you. And all kingly honor was paid to me, the young Queen even mistaking me for her true husband, and making me sit at her table, and sleep in her room." When the first one heard this he became very angry, and so jealous and passionate, that, drawing his sword, he cut off the head of his brother. But as soon as he had done so, and saw the red blood flowing from the dead body, he repented sorely, and said, "My brother has saved me, and I have killed him for so doing;" and he groaned pitifully. Just then the Hare came up, and offered to fetch the healing root, and then, running off, brought it just at the right time, so that the dead man was restored to life again, and not even the mark of his wound was to be seen.

After this adventure they went on, and the younger brother said, "You see that we have both got on royal robes, and have both the same beasts following us; we will, therefore, enter

the city at opposite gates, and arrive from the two quarters at the same time, before the King."

So they separated; and at the same moment the watchman from each gate came to the King, and informed him that the young Prince with the beasts had returned from the hunt. The King said, "It is not possible, for your two gates are a mile asunder!" But in the meantime the two brothers had arrived in the castle yard, and began to mount the stairs. When they entered the King said to his daughter, "Tell me which is your husband, for one appears to me the same as the other, and I cannot tell." The Princess was in great trouble, and could not tell which was which; but at last she bethought herself of the necklace which she had given to the beasts, and she looked and found on one of the Lions her golden snap, and then she cried exultingly, "He to whom this Lion belongs is my rightful husband." Then the young King laughed and said, "That is right;" and they sat down together at table, and ate, and drank, and were merry. At night when the young King went to bed his wife asked him why he had placed on the two previous nights a sword in the bed, for she thought it was to kill her. Then the young King knew how faithful his brother had been.

GEORGE GROTE

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THE BATTLE OF LEUKTRA

THE Thebans with their allied Bœotians were marched out from Thebes to Leuktra, where they were posted on a declivity opposite to the Spartan camp. They were commanded by the

seven Bœotarchs, of whom Epaminondas was one. But such was the prevalent apprehension of joining battle with the Spartans on equal terms, that even when actually on the ground, three of these Bœotarchs refused to concur in the order for fighting and proposed to shut themselves up in Thebes for a siege, sending their wives and families away to Athens. Epaminondas was vainly combating their determination, when the seventh Bœotarch, Branchylidês, arrived from the passes of Kithæron, where he had been on guard, and was prevailed upon to vote in favor of the bolder course.

Though a majority was thus secured for fighting, yet the feeling throughout the Theban camp was more that of brave despair than of cheering hope; a conviction that it was better to perish in the field, than to live in exile with the Lacedæmonians masters of the Kadmeia. Some encouraging omens, however, were transmitted to the camp, from the temples in Thebes as well as from that of Trophonius at Lebadeia: and a Spartan exile named Leandrias, serving in the Theban ranks, ventured to assure them that they were now on the very spot foredoomed for the overthrow of the Lacedæmonian empire. Here stood the tomb of two females (daughters of a Leuktrian named Skedasus) who had been violated by two Lacedæmonians and had afterwards slain themselves. Skedasus, after having in vain attempted to obtain justice from the Spartans for this outrage, came back, imprecating curses on them, and slew himself also. The vengeance of these departed sufferers would now be sure to pour itself out on Sparta, when her army was in their own district and near their own tomb. And the Theban leaders, to whom the tale was full of opportune encouragement, crowned the tomb with wreaths, invoking the aid of its inmates against the common enemy now present.

While others were thus comforted by the hope of superhuman aid, Epaminondas, to whom the order of the coming battle had been confided, took care that no human precautions should be wanting. His task was arduous; for not only were his troops dispirited, while those of the enemy were confident — but their numbers were inferior, and some of the Bœotians present were hardly even trustworthy. What the exact numbers were on either side we are not permitted to know. Diodorus

assigns about 6000 men to the Thebans; Plutarch states the numbers of Kleombrotus at 11,000. Without placing faith in these figures, we see good reason for believing that the Theban total was decidedly inferior. For such inferiority Epaminondas strove to make up by skilful tactics, and by a combination at that time novel as well as ingenious. In all former Grecian battles, the opposite armies had been drawn up in line, and had fought along the whole line; or at least such had been the intention of the generals — and if it was not realized, the cause was to be sought in accidents of the ground, or backwardness or disorder on the part of some division of the soldiers. Departing from this habit, Epaminondas now arrayed his troops so as to bring his own left to bear with irresistible force upon the Spartan right, and to keep back the rest of his army comparatively out of action. Knowing that Kleombrotus, with the Spartans and all the official persons, would be on the right of their own line, he calculated that, if successful on this point against the best troops, he should find little resistance from the remainder. Accordingly he placed on his own left wing chosen Theban hoplites, to the prodigious depth of fifty shields, with Pelopidas and the Sacred Band in front. His order of advance was disposed obliquely or in echelon, so that the deep column on the left should join battle first, while the center and right kept comparatively back and held themselves more in a defensive attitude.

In 371 B.C., such a combination was absolutely new, and betokened high military genius. It is therefore no disgrace to Kleombrotus that he was not prepared for it, and that he adhered to the ordinary Grecian tactics of joining battle at once along the whole line. But so unbounded was the confidence reigning among the Spartans, that there never was any occasion on which peculiar precautions were less thought of. When, from their entrenched camp on the Leuktrian eminence, they saw the Thebans encamped on an opposite eminence, separated from them by a small breadth of low ground and moderate declivities — their only impatience was to hurry on the decisive moment, so as to prevent the enemy from escaping. Both the partizans and the opponents of Kleombrotus united in provoking the order for battle, each in their own language.

The partizans urged him, since he had never yet done anything against the Thebans, to strike a decisive blow, and clear himself from the disparaging comparisons which rumor instituted between him and Agesilaus; the opponents gave it to be understood, that if Kleombrotus were now backward, their suspicions would be confirmed that he leaned in his heart towards the Thebans. Probably the king was himself sufficiently eager to fight, and so would any other Spartan general have been, under the same circumstances, before the battle of Leuktra. But even had he been otherwise, the impatience, prevalent among the Lacedæmonian portion of his army, left him no option. Accordingly, the decided resolution to fight was taken. The last council was held, and the final orders issued by Kleombrotus after his morning meal, where copious libations of wine both attested and increased the confident temper of every man. The army was marched out of the camp, and arrayed on the lower portion of the declivity; Kleombrotus with the Spartans and most of the Lacedæmonians being on the right, in an order of twelve deep. Some Lacedæmonians were also on the left, but respecting the order of the other parts of the line, we have no information. The cavalry was chiefly posted along the front.

Meanwhile, Epaminondas also marched down his declivity, in his own chosen order of battle; his left wing being both forward, and strengthened into very deep order, for desperate attack. His cavalry too were posted in front of his line. But before he commenced his march, he sent away his baggage and attendants home to Thebes; while at the same time he made proclamation that any of his Bœotian hoplites, who were not hearty in the cause, might also retire if they chose. O such permission the Thespians immediately availed themselves; so many were there, in the Theban camp, who estimated the chances to be all in favor of the Lacedæmonian victory. But when these men, a large portion of them unarmed, were seen retiring, a considerable detachment from the army of Kleombrotus, either with or without orders, ran after to prevent their escape, and forced them to return for safety to the main Theban army. The most zealous among the allies of Sparta present — the Phokians, the Phliasians, and the Herakleots,

together with a body of mercenaries — executed this movement; which seems to have weakened the Lacedæmonians in the main battle, without doing any mischief to the Thebans.

The cavalry first engaged, in front of both lines; and here the superiority of the Thebans soon became manifest. The Lacedæmonian cavalry — at no time very good, but at this moment unusually bad, composed of raw and feeble novices, mounted on horses provided by the rich — was soon broken and driven back upon the infantry, whose ranks were disturbed by the fugitives. To reëstablish the battle, Kleombrotus gave the word for the infantry to advance, himself personally leading the right. The victorious Theban cavalry probably hung upon the Lacedæmonian infantry of the center and left, and prevented them from making much forward movement; while Epaminondas and Pelopidas, with their left, advanced according to their intention to bear down Kleombrotus and his right wing. The shock here was terrible; on both sides victory was resolutely and desperately disputed, in a close hand-combat, with pushing of opposite shields and opposite masses. But such was the overwhelming force of the Theban charge — with the Sacred Band or chosen warriors in front, composed of men highly trained in the palæstra, and the deep column of fifty shields propelling behind — that even the Spartans, with all their courage, obstinacy, and discipline, were unable to stand up against it. Kleombrotus, himself either in or near the front, was mortally wounded, apparently early in the battle; and it was only by heroic and unexampled efforts, on the part of his comrades around, that he was carried off yet alive, so as to preserve him from falling into the hands of the enemy. Around him also fell the most eminent members of the Spartan official staff; Deinon the polemarch, Sphodrias with his son Kleonymus, and several others. After an obstinate resistance, and a fearful slaughter, the right wing of the Spartans was completely beaten, and driven back to their camp on the higher ground.

It was upon this Spartan right wing, where the Theban left was irresistibly strong, that all the stress of the battle fell — as Epaminondas had intended that it should. In no other part of the line does there appear to have been any serious fighting;

partly through his deliberate scheme of not pushing forward either his center or his right — partly through the preliminary victory of the Theban cavalry, which probably checked in part the forward march of the enemy's line — and partly also, through the lukewarm adherence, or even suppressed hostility, of the allies marshaled under the command of Kleombrotus. The Phokians and Herakleots — zealous in the cause from hatred of Thebes — had quitted the line to strike a blow at the retiring baggage and attendants; while the remaining allies, after mere nominal fighting and little or no loss, retired to the camp as soon as they saw the Spartan right defeated and driven back to it. Moreover, even some Lacedæmonians on the left wing, probably astounded by the lukewarmness of those around them, and by the unexpected calamity on their own right, fell back in the same manner. The whole Lacedæmonian force, with the dying king, was thus again assembled and formed behind the entrenchment on the higher ground, where the victorious Thebans did not attempt to molest them.

But very different were the feelings as they now stood arrayed in the camp, from that exulting boastfulness with which they had quitted it an hour or two before; and fearful was the loss when it came to be verified. Of seven hundred Spartans who had marched forth from the camp, only three hundred returned to it. One thousand Lacedæmonians, besides, had been left on the field, even by the admission of Xenophon; probably the real number was even larger. Apart from this, the death of Kleombrotus was of itself an event impressive to every one, the like of which had never occurred since the fatal day of Thermopylæ. But this was not all. The allies who stood alongside of them in arms were now altered men. All were sick of their cause, and averse to further exertion; some scarcely concealed a positive satisfaction at the defeat. And when the surviving polemarchs, now commanders, took counsel with the principal officers as to the steps proper in the emergency, there were a few, but very few, Spartans who pressed for renewal of the battle, and for recovering by force their slain brethren in the field, or perishing in the attempt. All the rest felt like beaten men, so that the polemarchs, giving effect to the general sentiment, sent a herald to solicit the regular

truce for burial of their dead. This the Thebans granted, after erecting their own trophy. But Epaminondas, aware that the Spartans would practise every stratagem to conceal the magnitude of their losses, coupled the grant with a condition that the allies should bury their dead first. It was found that the allies had scarce any dead to pick up, and that nearly every slain warrior on the field was a Lacedæmonian. And thus the Theban general, while he placed the loss beyond possibility of concealment, proclaimed at the same time such public evidence of Spartan courage, as to rescue the misfortune of Leuktra from all aggravation on the score of dishonor. What the Theban loss was, Xenophon does not tell us. Pausanias states it at forty-seven men, Diodorus at three hundred. The former number is preposterously small, and even the latter is doubtless under the truth; for a victory in close fight, over soldiers like the Spartans, must have been dearly purchased. Though the bodies of the Spartans were given up to burial, their arms were retained; and the shields of the principal officers were seen by the traveler Pausanias at Thebes five hundred years afterwards.

Twenty days only had elapsed from the time when Epaminondas quitted Sparta after Thebes had been excluded from the general peace to the day when he stood victorious on the field of Leuktra. The event came like a thunderclap upon every one in Greece, upon victors as well as vanquished — upon allies and neutrals, near and distant, alike. The general expectation had been that Thebes would be speedily overthrown and dismantled; instead of which, not only she had escaped, but had inflicted a crushing blow on the military majesty of Sparta.

It is in vain that Xenophon — whose account of the battle is obscure, partial, and imprinted with that chagrin which the event occasioned to him — ascribes the defeat to untoward accidents, or to the rashness and convivial carelessness of Kleombrotus; upon whose generalship Agesilaus and his party at Sparta did not scruple to cast ungenerous reproach, while others faintly exculpated him by saying that he had fought contrary to his better judgment, under fear of unpopularity. Such criticisms, coming from men wise after the fact, and

consoling themselves for the public calamity by censuring the unfortunate commander, will not stand examination. Kleombrotus represented on this occasion the feeling universal among his countrymen. He was ordered to march against Thebes with the full belief, entertained by Agesilaus and all the Spartan leaders, that her unassisted force could not resist him. To fight the Thebans on open ground was exactly what he and every other Spartan desired. While his manner of forcing the entrance of Bœotia, and his capture of Kreusis, was a creditable manœuver, he seems to have arranged his order of battle in the manner usual with Grecian generals at the time. There appears no reason to censure his generalship, except in so far as he was unable to divine — what no one else divined — the superior combinations of his adversary, then for the first time applied to practice.

To the discredit of Xenophon, Epaminondas is never named in his narrative of the battle, though he recognizes in substance that the battle was decided by the irresistible Theban force brought to bear upon one point of the enemy's phalanx; a fact which both Plutarch and Diodorus expressly refer to the genius of the general. All the calculations of Epaminondas turned out successful. The bravery of the Thebans, cavalry as well as infantry, seconded by the training which they had received during the last few years, was found sufficient to carry his plans into full execution. To this circumstance, principally, was owing the great revolution of opinion throughout Greece which followed the battle. Every one felt that a new military power had arisen, and that the Theban training, under the generalship of Epaminondas, had proved itself more than a match on a fair field, with shield and spear, and with numbers on the whole inferior — for the ancient Lykurgean discipline; which last had hitherto stood without a parallel as turning out artists and craftsmen in war, against mere citizens in the opposite ranks, armed, yet without the like training. Essentially stationary and old-fashioned, the Lykurgean discipline was now overborne by the progressive military improvement of other states, handled by a preëminent tactician; a misfortune predicted by the Corinthians at Sparta sixty years before, and now realized, to the conviction of all Greece, on the field of Leuktra.

FRANÇOIS GUIZOT

François Pierre Guillaume Guizot. Born at Nîmes, France, October 4, 1787; died at Val-Richer, near Lisieux, September 12, 1874. Author of "The History of Civilization in Europe," "The History of Civilization in France," "History of the English Revolution," "Shakespeare and his Time," "Memoirs relating to the History of France to the Thirteenth Century," "Corneille and his Time."

As a statesman of singular purity of character, Guizot's influence was paramount at a critical period in French history. In parliamentary eloquence and tactics, he was a master, and in the literature of France and of Europe his name is most illustrious.

(From "The History of Civilization in Europe")

Gentlemen,

I am deeply affected by the reception you give me, and which, you will permit me to say, I accept as a pledge of the sympathy which has not ceased to exist between us, notwithstanding so long a separation — Alas! I speak as though you, whom I see around me, were the same who, seven years ago, used to assemble within these walls, to participate in my then labors; because I myself am here again, it seems as if all my former hearers should be here also; whereas, since that period, a change, a mighty change, has come over all things. Seven years ago we repaired hither depressed with anxious doubts and fears, weighed down with sad thoughts and anticipations; we saw ourselves surrounded with difficulty and danger; we felt ourselves dragged on towards an evil which we essayed to avert by calm, grave, cautious reserve, but in vain. Now, we meet together, full of confidence and hope, the heart at peace, thought free. There is but one way in which we can worthily manifest our gratitude for this happy change; it is by bringing to our present meetings, our new studies, the same calm tranquillity of mind, the same firm purpose, which guided our conduct when, seven years ago, we looked, from day to day, to have our studies placed under rigorous supervision, or, indeed, to be arbitrarily suspended. Good fortune is delicate, frail, uncertain; we must keep measures with hope as with fear; convalescence requires well nigh the same care, the same

caution, as the approaches of illness. This care, this caution, this moderation, I am sure you will exhibit. The same sympathy, the same intimate conformity of opinions, of sentiments, of ideas, which united us in times of difficulty and danger, and which at least saved us from grave faults, will equally unite us in more auspicious days, and enable us to gather all their fruits. I rely with confidence upon your coöperation, and I need nothing more.

The time between this our first meeting and the close of the year is very limited; that which I myself have had, wherein to meditate upon the Lectures I am about to deliver, has been infinitely more limited still. One great point, therefore, was the selection of a subject, the consideration of which might best be brought within the bounds of the few months which remain to us of this year, within that of the few days I have had for preparation; and it appeared to me, that a general review of the modern history of Europe, considered with reference to the development of civilization — a general sketch, in fact, of the history of European civilization, of its origin, its progress, its aim, its character, might suitably occupy the time at our disposal. This, accordingly, is the subject of which I propose to treat.

I have used the term European civilization, because it is evident that there is an European civilization; that a certain unity pervades the civilization of the various European states; that, notwithstanding infinite diversities of time, place, and circumstance, this civilization takes its first rise in facts almost wholly similar, proceeds everywhere upon the same principles, and tends to produce well-nigh everywhere analogous results. There is, then, an European civilization, and it is to the subject of this aggregate civilization that I will request your attention.

Again, it is evident that this civilization cannot be traced back, that its history cannot be derived from the history of any single European state. If, on the one hand, it is manifestly characterized by brevity, on the other, its variety is no less prodigious; it has not developed itself with completeness in any one particular country. The features of its physiognomy are widespread; we must seek the elements of its history, now in France, now in England, now in Germany, now in Spain.

We of France occupy a favorable position for pursuing the study of European civilization. Flattery of individuals, even of our country, should be at all times avoided: it is without vanity, I think, we may say that France has been the center, the focus of European civilization. I do not pretend, it were monstrous to do so, that she has always, and in every direction, marched at the head of nations. At different epochs, Italy has taken the lead of her in the arts; England, in political institutions; and there may be other respects under which, at particular periods, other European nations have manifested a superiority to her; but it is impossible to deny, that whenever France has seen herself thus outstripped in the career of civilization, she has called up fresh vigor, has sprung forward with a new impulse, and has soon found herself abreast with, or in advance of, all the rest. And not only has this been the peculiar fortune of France, but we have seen that when the civilizing ideas and institutions which have taken their rise in other lands, have sought to extend their sphere, to become fertile and general, to operate for the common benefit of European civilization, they have been necessitated to undergo, to a certain extent, a new preparation in France; and it has been from France, as from a second native country, that they have gone forth to the conquest of Europe. There is scarcely any great idea, any great principle of civilization, which, prior to its diffusion, has not passed in this way through France.

And for this reason: There is in the French character something sociable, something sympathetic, something which makes its way with greater facility and effect than does the national genius of any other people; whether from our language, whether from the turn of our mind, of our manners, certain it is that our ideas are more popular than those of other people, present themselves more clearly and intelligibly to the masses, and penetrate among them more readily; in a word, perspicuity, sociability, sympathy, are the peculiar characteristics of France, of her civilization, and it is these qualities which rendered her eminently fit to march at the very head of European civilization.

In entering, therefore, upon the study of this great fact, it is no arbitrary or conventional choice to take France as the center of this study; we must needs do so if we would place ourselves,

as it were, in the very heart of civilization, in the very heart of the fact we are about to consider.

I use the term *fact*, and I do so purposely; civilization is a fact like any other — a fact susceptible, like any other, of being studied, described, narrated.

For some time past, there has been much talk of the necessity of limiting history to the narration of facts: nothing can be more just; but we must always bear in mind that there are far more facts to narrate, and that the facts themselves are far more various in their nature, than people are at first disposed to believe; there are material, visible facts, such as wars, battles, the official acts of governments; there are moral facts, none the less real that they do not appear on the surface; there are individual facts which have denominations of their own; there are general facts, without any particular designation, to which it is impossible to assign any precise date, which it is impossible to bring within strict limits, but which are yet no less facts than the rest, historical facts, facts which we cannot exclude from history without mutilating history.

The very portion of history which we are accustomed to call its philosophy, the relation of events to each other, the connection which unites them, their causes and their effects, — these are all facts, these are all history, just as much as the narratives of battles, and of other material and visible events. Facts of this class it is doubtless more difficult to disentangle and explain; we are more liable to error in giving an account of them, and it is no easy thing to give them life and animation, to exhibit them in clear and vivid colors; but this difficulty in no degree changes their nature; they are none the less an essential element of history.

Civilization is one of these facts; a general, hidden, complex fact; very difficult, I allow, to describe, to relate, but which, none the less for that, exists, which, none the less for that, has a right to be described and related. We may raise as to this fact a great number of questions; we may ask, it has been asked, whether it is a good or an evil? Some bitterly deplore it; others rejoice at it. We may ask, whether it is a universal fact, whether there is a universal civilization of the human species, a destiny of humanity; whether the nations have

handed down, from age to age, something which has never been lost, which must increase, form a larger and larger mass, and thus pass on to the end of time? For my own part, I am convinced that there is, in reality, a general destiny of humanity, a transmission of the aggregate of civilization; and, consequently, an universal history of civilization to be written. But without raising questions so great, so difficult to solve, if we restrict ourselves to a definite limit of time and space, if we confine ourselves to the history of a certain number of centuries, of a certain people, it is evident that within these bounds, civilization is a fact which can be described, related — which is history. I will at once add, that this history is the greatest of all, that it includes all.

And, indeed, does it not seem to yourselves that the fact civilization is the fact *par excellence* — the general and definitive fact, in which all the others terminate, into which they all resolve themselves? Take all the facts which compose the history of a nation, and which we are accustomed to regard as the elements of its life; take its institutions, its commerce, its industry, its wars, all the details of its government: when we would consider these facts in their aggregate, in their connection, when we would estimate them, judge them, we ask in what they have contributed to the civilization of that nation, what part they have taken in it, what influence they have exercised over it. It is in this way that we not only form a complete idea of them, but measure and appreciate their true value; they are, as it were, rivers, of which we ask what quantity of water it is they contribute to the ocean? For civilization is a sort of ocean, constituting the wealth of a people, and on whose bosom all the elements of the life of that people, all the powers supporting its existence, assemble and unite. This is so true, that even facts, which from their nature are odious, pernicious, which weigh painfully upon nations, despotism, for example, and anarchy, if they have contributed in some way to civilization, if they have enabled it to make an onward stride, up to a certain point we pardon them, we overlook their wrongs, their evil nature; in a word, wherever we recognize civilization, whatever the facts which have created it, we are tempted to forget the price it has cost.

There are, moreover, facts which, properly speaking, we cannot call social; individual facts, which seem to interest the human soul rather than the public life: such are religious creeds and philosophical ideas, sciences, letters, arts. These facts appear to address themselves to a man with a view to his moral perfection, his intellectual gratification; to have for their object his internal amelioration, his mental pleasure, rather than his social condition. But, here again, it is with reference to civilization that these very facts are often considered, and claim to be considered.

At all times, in all countries, religion has assumed the glory of having civilized the people; sciences, letters, arts, all the intellectual and moral pleasures, have claimed a share in this glory; and we have deemed it a praise and an honor to them, when we have recognized this claim on their part. Thus, facts the most important and sublime in themselves, independently of all external result, and simply in their relations with the soul of man, increase in importance, rise in sublimity from their affinity with civilization. Such is the value of this general fact, that it gives value to everything it touches. And not only does it give value; there are even occasions when the facts of which we speak, religious creeds, philosophical ideas, letters, arts, are especially considered and judged of with reference to their influence upon civilization; an influence which becomes up to a certain point and during a certain time, the conclusive measure of their merit, of their value.

What, then, I will ask, before undertaking its history, what, considered only in itself, what is this so grave, so vast, so precious fact, which seems the sum, the expression of the whole life of nations?

I shall take care here not to fall into pure philosophy; not to lay down some ratiocinative principle, and then deduce from it the nature of civilization as a result; there would be many chances of error in this method. And here, again, we have a fact to verify and describe.

For a long period, and in many countries, the word *civilization* has been in use; people have attached to the word ideas more or less clear, more or less comprehensive; but there it is in use, and those who use it attach some meaning or other to

it. It is the general, human, popular meaning of this word that we must study. There is almost always in the usual acceptation of the most general terms, more accuracy than in the definitions, apparently more strict, more precise, of science. It is common sense which gives to words their ordinary signification, and common sense is the characteristic of humanity. The ordinary signification of a word is formed by gradual progress, and in the constant presence of facts; so that when a fact presents itself which seems to come within the meaning of a known term, it is received into it, as it were, naturally; the signification of the term extends itself, expands, and by degrees, the various facts, the various ideas which from the nature of the things themselves men should include under this word, are included.

When the meaning of a word, on the other hand, is determined by science, this determination, the work of one individual, or of a small number of individuals, takes place under the influence of some particular fact which has struck upon the mind. Thus scientific definitions are, in general, much more narrow, and, hence, much less accurate, much less true, at bottom, than the popular meanings of the terms. In studying as a fact the meaning of the word civilization, in investigating all the ideas which are comprised within it, according to the common sense of mankind, we shall make a much greater progress towards a knowledge of the fact itself, than by attempting to give it ourselves a scientific definition, however more clear and precise the latter might appear at first.

I will commence this investigation by endeavoring to place before you some hypotheses: I will describe a certain number of states of society, and we will then inquire whether general instinct would recognize in them the condition of a people civilizing itself; whether we recognize in them the meaning which mankind attaches to the word civilization?

First, suppose a people whose external life is easy, is full of physical comfort; they pay few taxes, they are free from suffering; justice is well administered in their private relations — in a word, material existence is for them altogether happy, and happily regulated. But at the same time, the intellectual and moral existence of this people is studiously kept in a state of

torpor and inactivity; of, I will not say, oppression, for they do not understand the feeling, but of compression. We are not without instances of this state of things. There have been a great number of small aristocratic republics in which the people have been thus treated like flocks of sheep, well kept and materially happy, but without moral and intellectual activity. Is this civilization? Is this a people civilizing itself?

Another hypothesis: here is a people whose material existence is less evil, less comfortable, but still supportable. On the other hand, moral and intellectual wants have not been neglected, a certain amount of mental pasture has been served out to them; elevated, pure sentiments are cultivated in them; their religious and moral views have attained a certain degree of development; but great care is taken to stifle in them the principle of liberty; the intellectual and moral wants, as in the former case the material wants, are satisfied; each man has meted out to him his portion of truth; no one is permitted to seek it for himself. Immobility is the characteristic of moral life; it is the state into which have fallen most of the populations of Asia; it is found, in fact, wherever theocratic dominations keep humanity in check; it is the state of the Hindoos, for example. I ask the same question here as before; is this a people civilizing itself?

I change altogether the nature of the hypothesis: here is a people among whom is a great display of individual liberties, but where disorder and inequality are excessive: it is the empire of force and of chance; every man, if he is not strong, is oppressed, suffers, perishes; violence is the predominant feature of the social state. No one is ignorant that Europe has passed through this state. Is this a civilized state? It may, doubtless, contain principles of civilization which will develop themselves by successive degrees; but the fact which predominates in such a society is, assuredly, not that which the common sense of mankind calls civilization.

I take a fourth and last hypothesis: the liberty of each individual is very great, inequality amongst them is rare, and, at all events, very transient. Every man does very nearly just what he pleases, and differs little in power from his neighbor; but there are very few general interests, very few public ideas,

very little society, — in a word, the faculties and existence of individuals appear and then pass away, wholly apart and without acting upon each other, or leaving any trace behind them; the successive generations leave society at the same point at which they found it: this is the state of savage tribes; liberty and equality are there, but assuredly not civilization.

I might multiply these hypotheses, but I think we have before us enough to explain what is the popular and natural meaning of the word *civilization.*

It is clear that none of the states I have sketched corresponds, according to the natural good sense of mankind, to this term. Why? It appears to me that the first fact comprised in the word civilization (and this results from the different examples I have rapidly placed before you), is the fact of progress, of development; it presents at once the idea of a people marching onward, not to change its place, but to change its condition; of a people whose culture is conditioning itself, and ameliorating itself. The idea of progress, of development, appears to me the fundamental idea contained in the word *civilization.* What is this progress? What this development? Herein is the greatest difficulty of all.

The etymology of the word would seem to answer in a clear and satisfactory manner: it says that it is the perfecting of civil life, the development of society, properly so called, of the relations of men among themselves.

Such is, in fact, the first idea which presents itself to the understanding when the word civilization is pronounced; we at once figure forth to ourselves the extension, the greatest activity, the best organization of the social relations: on the one hand, an increasing production of the means of giving strength and happiness to society; on the other, a more equitable distribution, amongst individuals, of the strength and happiness produced.

Is this all? Have we here exhausted all the natural, ordinary meaning of the word civilization? Does the fact contain nothing more than this?

It is almost as if we asked: is the human species after all a mere ant-hill, a society in which all that is required is order and physical happiness, in which the greater the amount of

labor, and the more equitable the division of the fruits of labor, the more surely is the object attained, the progress accomplished.

Our instinct at once feels repugnant to so narrow a definition of human destiny. It feels at the first glance, that the word, civilization, comprehends something more extensive, more complex, something superior to the simple perfection of the social relations, of social power and happiness.

Fact, public opinion, the generally received meaning of the term, are in accordance with this instinct.

Take Rome in the palmy days of the republic, after the second Punic war, at the time of its greatest virtues, when it was marching to the empire of the world, when its social state was evidently in progress. Then take Rome under Augustus, at the epoch when her decline began, when, at all events, the progressive movement of society was arrested, when evil principles were on the eve of prevailing: yet there is no one who does not think and say that the Rome of Augustus was more civilized than the Rome of Fabricius or Cincinnatus.

Let us transport ourselves beyond the Alps: let us take the France of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: it is evident that, in a social point of view, considering the actual amount and distribution of happiness amongst individuals, the France of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was inferior to some other countries of Europe, to Holland and to England, for example. I believe that in Holland and in England the social activity was greater, was increasing more rapidly, distributing its fruit more fully, than in France; yet ask general good sense, and it will say that the France of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the most civilized country in Europe. Europe has not hesitated in her affirmative reply to the question: traces of this public opinion, as to France, are found in all the monuments of European literature.

We might point out many other states in which the prosperity is greater, is of more rapid growth, is better distributed amongst individuals than elsewhere, and in which, nevertheless, by the spontaneous instinct, the general good sense of men, the civilization is judged inferior to that of countries not so well portioned out in a purely social sense.

What does this mean? What advantages do these latter countries possess? What is it gives them, in the character of civilized countries, this privilege? What so largely compensates in the opinion of mankind for what they so lack in other respects?

A development other than that of social life has been gloriously manifested by them; the development of the individual, internal life, the development of man himself, of his faculties, his sentiments, his ideas. If society with them be less perfect than elsewhere, humanity stands forth in more grandeur and power. There remain, no doubt, many social conquests to be made; but immense intellectual and moral conquests are accomplished; worldly goods, social rights, are wanting to many men; but many great men live and shine in the eyes of the world. Letters, sciences, the arts, display all their splendor. Wherever mankind beholds these great signs, these signs glorified by human nature, wherever it sees created these treasures of sublime enjoyment, it there recognizes and names civilization.

Two facts, then, are comprehended in this great fact; it subsists on two conditions, and manifests itself by two symptoms: the development of social activity, and that of individual activity; the progress of society and the progress of humanity. Wherever the external condition of man extends itself, vivifies, ameliorates itself; wherever the internal nature of man displays itself with luster, with grandeur; at these two signs, and often despite the profound imperfection of the social state, mankind with loud applause proclaims civilization.

Such, if I do not deceive myself, is the result of simple and purely common-sense examination, of the general opinion of mankind. If we interrogate history, properly so-called, if we examine what is the nature of the great crises of civilization, of those facts which, by universal consent, have propelled it onward, we shall constantly recognize one or other of the two elements I have just described. They are always crises of individual or social development, facts which have changed the internal man, his creed, his manners, or his external condition, his position in his relation with his fellows. Christianity, for example, not merely on its first appearance, but during the first stages of its existence, Christianity in no degree addressed

itself to the social state; it announced aloud that it would not meddle with the social state; it ordered the slave to obey its master; it attacked none of the great evils, the great wrongs of the society of that period. Yet who will deny that Christianity was a great crisis of civilization? Why was it so? Because it changed the internal man, creeds, sentiments, because it regenerated the moral man, the intellectual man.

We have seen a crisis of another nature, a crisis which addressed itself, not to the internal man, but to his external condition; one which changed and regenerated society. This also was assuredly one of the decisive crises of civilization. Look through all history, you will find everywhere the same result; you will meet with no important fact instrumental in the development of civilization, which has not exercised one or other of the two sorts of influence I have spoken of.

Such, if I mistake not, is the natural and popular meaning of the term; you have here the fact, I will not say defined, but described, verified almost completely, or, at all events, in its general features. We have before us the two elements of civilization. Now comes the question, would one of these two suffice to constitute it; would the development of the social state, the development of the individual man, separately presented, be civilization? Would the human race recognize it as such? or have the two facts so intimate and necessary a relation between them, that if they are not simultaneously produced, they are notwithstanding inseparable, and sooner or later one brings on the other?

We might, as it appears to me, approach this question on three several sides. We might examine the nature itself of the two elements of civilization, and ask ourselves whether by that alone they are or are not closely united with, and necessary to, each other. We might inquire of history whether they had manifested themselves isolately, apart the one from the other, or whether they had invariably produced the one the other. We may, lastly, consult upon this question the common opinion of mankind — common-sense. I will address myself first to common-sense.

When a great change is accomplished in the state of a country, when there is operated in it a large development of wealth

and power, a revolution in the distribution of the social means, this new fact encounters adversaries, undergoes opposition; this is inevitable. What is the general cry of the adversaries of the change? They say that this progress of the social state does not ameliorate, does not regenerate, in like manner, in a like degree, the moral, the internal state of man; that it is a false, delusive progress, the result of which is detrimental to morality, to man. The friends of social development energetically repel this attack; they maintain, on the contrary, that the progress of society necessarily involves and carries with it the progress of morality; that when the external life is better regulated, the internal life is refined and purified. Thus stands the question between the adversaries and partizans of the new state.

Reverse the hypothesis: suppose the moral development in progress: what do the laborers in this progress generally promise? What, in the origin of societies, have promised the religious rulers, the sages, the poets, who have labored to soften and to regulate men's manners? They have promised the amelioration of the social condition, the more equitable distribution of the social means. What, then, I ask you, is involved in these disputes, these promises? What do they mean? What do they imply?

They imply that in the spontaneous, instinctive conviction of mankind, the two elements of civilization, the social development and the moral development, are closely connected together; that at sight of the one, man at once looks forward to the other. It is to this natural instinctive conviction that those who are maintaining or combating one or other of the two developments address themselves, when they affirm or deny their union. It is well understood, that if we can persuade mankind that the amelioration of the social state will be adverse to the internal progress of individuals, we shall have succeeded in decrying and enfeebling the revolution in operation throughout society. On the other hand, when we promise mankind the amelioration of society by means of the amelioration of the individual, it is well understood that the tendency is to place faith in these promises, and it is accordingly made use of with success. It is evidently, therefore, the instinctive belief of humanity that the movements of civilization are con-

nected the one with the other, and reciprocally produce the one the other.

If we address ourselves to the history of the world, we shall receive the same answer. We shall find that all the great developments of the internal man have turned to the profit of society; all the great developments of the social state to the profit of individual man. We find the one or other of the two facts predominating, manifesting itself with striking effect, and impressing upon the movement in progress a distinctive character. It is, sometimes, only after a very long interval of time, after a thousand obstacles, a thousand transformations, that the second fact, developing itself, comes to complete the civilization which the first had commenced. But if you examine them closely, you will soon perceive the bond which unites them. The march of Providence is not restricted to narrow limits; it is not bound, and it does not trouble itself, to follow out to-day the consequences of the principle which it laid down yesterday. The consequences will come in due course, when the hour for them has arrived, perhaps not till hundreds of years have passed away; though its reasoning may appear to us slow, its logic is none the less true and sound. To Providence, time is as nothing; it strides through time as the gods of Homer through space: it makes but one step, and ages have vanished behind it. How many centuries, what infinite events, passed away before the regeneration of the moral man by Christianity exercised upon the regeneration of the social state its great and legitimate influence. Yet who will deny that it any the less succeeded?

If from history we extend our inquiries to the nature itself of the two facts which constitute civilization, we are infallibly led to the same result. There is no one who has not experienced this in his own case. When a moral change is operated in man, when he acquires an idea, or a virtue, or a faculty, more than he had before — in a word, when he develops himself individually, what is the desire, what the want, which at the same moment takes possession of him? It is the desire, the want, to communicate the new sentiment to the world about him, to give realization to his thoughts externally. As soon as a man acquires anything, as soon as his being takes in his own

conviction a new development, assumes an additional value, forthwith he attaches to this new development, this fresh value, the idea of possession; he feels himself impelled, compelled, by his instinct, by an inward voice, to extend to others the change, the amelioration, which has been accomplished in his own person. We owe the great reformers solely to this cause; the mighty men who have changed the face of the world, after having changed themselves, were urged onward, were guided on their course, by no other want than this. So much for the alteration which is operated in the internal man; now to the other. A revolution is accomplished in the state of society; it is better regulated, rights and property are more equitably distributed amongst members — that is to say, the aspect of the world becomes purer and more beautiful, the action of government, the conduct of men in their mutual relations, more just, more benevolent. Do you suppose that this improved aspect of the world, this amelioration of external facts, does not react upon the interior of man, upon humanity? All that is said as to the authority of examples, of customs, of noble models, is founded upon this only: that an external fact, good, well-regulated, leads sooner or later, more or less completely, to an internal fact of the same nature, the same merit; that a world better regulated, a world more just, renders man himself more just; that the inward is reformed by the outward, as the outward by the inward; that the two elements of civilization are closely connected the one with the other; that centuries, that obstacles of all sorts, may interpose between them; that it is possible they may have to undergo a thousand transformations, in order to regain each other; but sooner or later they will rejoin each other: this is the law of their nature, the general fact of history, the instinctive faith of the human race.

I think I have thus — not exhausted the subject, very far from it — but, exhibited in a well-nigh complete, though cursory manner, the fact of civilization; I think I have described it, settled its limits, and stated the principal, the fundamental questions to which it gives rise. I might stop here; but I cannot help touching upon a question which meets me at this point; one of those questions which are not historical questions, properly so-called; which are questions, I will not call

them hypothetical, but conjectural; questions of which man holds but one end, the other end being permanently beyond his reach; questions of which he cannot make the circuit, nor view on more than one side; and yet questions not the less real, not the less calling upon him for thought; for they present themselves before him, despite himself, at every moment.

Of those two developments of which we have spoken, and which constitute the fact of civilization, the development of society on the one hand and of humanity on the other, which is the end, which is the means? Is it to perfect his social condition, to ameliorate his existence on earth, that man develops himself, his faculties, sentiments, ideas, his whole being? — or rather, is not the amelioration of the social condition, the progress of society, society itself, the theater, the occasion, the *mobile*, of the development of the individual, in a word, is society made to serve the individual, or the individual to serve society? On the answer to this question inevitably depends that whether the destiny of man is purely social; whether society drains up and exhausts the whole man; or whether he bears within him something extrinsic — something superior to his existence on earth.

A man, whom I am proud to call my friend, a man who has passed through meetings like our own to assume the first place in assemblies less peaceable and more powerful; a man, all whose words are engraven on the hearts of those who hear them, M. Royer-Collard, has solved this question, according to his own conviction at least, in his speech on the Sacrilege Bill. I find in that speech these two sentences: "Human societies are born, live, and die, on the earth; it is there their destinies are accomplished. . . . But they contain not the whole man. After he has engaged himself to society, there remains to him the noblest part of himself, those high faculties by which he elevates himself to God, to a future life, to unknown felicity in an invisible world. . . . We, persons individual and identical, veritable beings endowed with immortality, we have a different destiny from that of states."

I will add nothing to this; I will not undertake to treat the question itself; I content myself with stating it. It is met with at the history of civilization: when the history of civilization is completed, when there is nothing more to say as to our

present existence, man inevitably asks himself whether all is exhausted, whether he has reached the end of all things? This, then, is the last, the highest of all those problems to which the history of civilization can lead. It is sufficient for me to have indicated its position and its grandeur.

HAFIZ

HAFIZ. Born at Shiraz, Persia, about 1300; died there, 1389. Various translations of his lyrics have been made, three volumes in German, and four editions of portions of his work have appeared in English.

The poetry of Hafiz is aglow with the delights of nature and social festivity. Its union of gorgeous imagery and profound Oriental philosophy has led to its use throughout the East for divination. A formula asking for inspiration is first pronounced, and then the book is opened at random in the quest of some line which shall direct the reader to some course of conduct, or foretell his destiny.

GHAZEL

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bow'r so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender heart invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow;
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New luster to those charms impart?

Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: — ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flow'rs that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless pow'r,
That ev'n the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravished ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by Heav'n, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lips?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which naught but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung;
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,
But oh! far sweeter, if they please
The Nymph for whom these notes are sung.

— Translation of Sir William Jones.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Born April 3, 1822, in Boston, Massachusetts; died June 10, 1909. Author of "The Man without a Country," "Ten Times One is Ten," "My Double and How He Undid Me," "The Skeleton in the Closet," "In His Name," "Philip Nolan's Friends," "Ingham Papers."

As pastor of the South Congregational (Unitarian) Church of Boston, — ever foremost as a practical social worker, ever genial as an acquaintance and friend, wise in everyday counsel, abundant and systematic in labors, — his influence has been very great, and no name is more revered than his in every part of our country.

(The following selection from "THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY" is used by permission of Little, Brown and Company, Boston, the publishers.)

PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow; at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and in short, fascinated him. For the next year, barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, hazard, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district-attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many *Weekly Arguses*, and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day — his arrival — to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the

fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a cane-brake or a cottonwood tree, as he said, — really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough, — that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any-whither with any one who would follow him had the order been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped, — rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy: —

"Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again."

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a

French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say, —

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added, —

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and re-

quest him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war, — cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own state-room, — he always had a state-room, — which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army-uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army-button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the "Brandywine," which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one

told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it hap-

pened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming, —

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said," —

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically, —

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on, —

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand? —
If such there breathe, go, mark him well," —

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on, —

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self," —

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his state-room. "And by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that, after 1817, the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter: —

"LEVANT, 2° 2′ S. @ 131° W.

"DEAR FRED: — I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his state-room, — a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there, — the first time the doctor had been in the state-room, — and he said he should like to see me.

Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old 'Intrepid' days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'O Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? — Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America, — God bless her! — a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me, — tell me something, — tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man,

who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you!' 'Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi, — that was where Fort Adams is, — they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his cousin died there; he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon; — that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back — heavens, how far! — to ask about the *Chesapeake*, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever tried again, — and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war, — told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java*, — asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he

was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation, at Walnut Hills,' said he: 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him, — of emigration, and the means of it, — of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs, — of inventions, and books, and literature, — of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School, — but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington: Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal rebellion!

"And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place, — and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For

ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness,' — and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,' — and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text: —

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written: —

"'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it: —

"'*In Memory of*
"'PHILIP NOLAN,
"'*Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.*

"'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'"

LUDOVIC HALÉVY

Ludovic Halévy. Born in Paris, January 1, 1834. A remarkably versatile novelist and dramatic author. Not only did he write nearly all of the librettos for Offenbach's comic operas, such as "La Belle Hélène," and "La Grande Duchesse," but also many light plays for the French stage, and published in 1882 the charming novel "L'Abbé Constantin."

(From "The Abbé Constantin")

Formerly Paris belonged to the Parisians, and that at no very remote period, — thirty or forty years ago. At that epoch the French were the masters of Paris, as the English are the masters of London, the Spaniards of Madrid, and the Russians of St. Petersburg. Those times are no more. Other countries still have their frontiers; there are now none to France. Paris has become an immense Babel, a universal and international city. Foreigners do not come merely to visit Paris: they come there to live. At the present day we have in Paris a Russian colony, a Spanish colony, a Levantine colony, an American colony. The foreigners have already conquered from us the greater part of the Champs Elysées and the Boulevard Malesherbes; they advance, they extend their outworks; we retreat, pressed back by the invaders; we are obliged to expatriate ourselves. We have begun to found Parisian colonies in the plains of Passy, in the plain of Monceau, in the quarters which formerly were not Paris at all, and which are not quite even now. Amongst the foreign colonies, the richest, the most populous, the most brilliant, is the American colony. There is a moment when an American feels himself rich enough; a Frenchman, never. The American then stops, draws breath, and while still husbanding the capital, no longer spares the income. He knows how to spend; the Frenchman knows only how to save.

The Frenchman has only one real luxury, — his revolutions. Prudently and wisely he reserves himself for them, knowing well that they will cost France dear, but that, at the same time, they will furnish the opportunity for advantageous investments. The Frenchman says to himself:

"Let us hoard! let us hoard! let us hoard! Some of these mornings there will be a revolution, which will make the five per cents. fall fifty or sixty francs. I will buy them. Since revolutions are inevitable, let us try at least to make them profitable."

They are always talking about the people who are ruined by revolutions, but perhaps the number of those enriched by revolutions is still greater.

The Americans experience the attraction of Paris very strongly. There is no town in the world where it is easier or more agreeable to spend a great deal of money. For many reasons, both of race and origin, this attraction exercised over Mrs. Scott and Miss Percival a very remarkable power.

The most French of our colonies is Canada, which is no longer ours. The recollection of their first home has been preserved faithfully and tenderly in the hearts of the emigrants to Montreal and Quebec. Suzie Percival had received from her mother an entirely French education, and she had brought up her sister in the same love of our country. The two sisters felt themselves Frenchwomen; still better Parisians. As soon as the avalanche of dollars had descended upon them, the same desire seized them both, — to come and live in Paris. They demanded France as if it had been their fatherland. Mr. Scott made some opposition.

"If I go away from here," he said, "your incomes will suffer." "What does that matter?" replied Suzie. "We are rich — too rich. Do let us go. We shall be so happy, so delighted!"

Mr. Scott allowed himself to be persuaded, and at the beginning of January, 1880, Suzie wrote the following letter to her friend, Katie Norton, who had lived in Paris for some years:

"Victory! It is decided! Richard has consented. I shall arrive in April, and become a Frenchwoman again. You offered to undertake all the preparations for our settlement in Paris. I am horribly presuming — I accept! When I arrive in Paris, I should like to be able to enjoy Paris, and not be obliged to lose my first month in running after upholsterers, coach-builders, horse-dealers. I should like, on arriving at the

railway station, to find awaiting me *my* carriage, *my* coachman, *my* horses. That very day I should like you to dine with me at my home. Hire or buy a mansion, engage the servants, choose the horses, the carriages, the liveries. I depend entirely upon you. As long as the liveries are blue, that is the only point. This line is added at Bettina's request.

"We shall bring only seven persons with us. Richard will have his valet, Bettina and I two ladies'-maids; then there are the two governesses for the children, and, besides these, two grooms, Toby and Bobby, who ride to perfection. We should never find in Paris such a perfect pair.

"Everything else, people and things, we shall leave in New York. No, not quite everything; I had forgotten four little ponies, four little gems, black as ink. We have not the heart to leave them; we shall drive them in a phaeton; it is delightful. Both Bettina and I drive four-in-hand very well. Ladies can drive four-in-hand in the 'Bois' very early in the morning, can't they? Here it is quite possible.

"Above all, my dear Katie, do not consider money. Be as extravagant as you like, that is all I ask."

The same day that Mrs. Norton received this letter witnessed the failure of a certain Garneville. He was a great speculator who had been on a false scent. Stocks had fallen just when he had expected a rise. This Garneville had, six weeks before, installed himself in a brand new house, which had no other fault than a too startling magnificence.

Mrs. Norton signed an agreement — one hundred thousand francs a year, with the option of buying house and furniture for two millions during the first year of possession. A famous upholsterer undertook to correct and subdue the exaggerated splendor of a loud and gorgeous luxury.

That done, Mrs. Scott's friend had the good fortune to lay her hand on two of those eminent artists without whom the routine of a great house can neither be established nor carried on. The first, a *chef* of the first rank, who had just left an ancient mansion of the Faubourg St. Germain, to his great regret, for he had aristocratic inclinations.

"Never," said he to Mrs. Norton, — "never would I have left the service of Madame la Duchesse if she had kept up

her establishment on the same footing as formerly; but Madame la Duchesse has four children, — two sons who have run through a good deal, and two daughters who will soon be of an age to marry; they must have their dowries. Therefore Madame la Duchesse is obliged to draw in a little, and the house is no longer important enough for me."

This distinguished character, of course, made his conditions. Though excessive, they did not alarm Mrs. Norton, who knew that he was a man of the most serious merit; but he, before deciding, asked permission to telegraph to New York. He wished to make certain inquiries. The reply was favorable; he accepted.

The second great artist was a stud-groom of the rarest and highest capacity, who was just about to retire after having made his fortune. He consented, however, to organize the stables for Mrs. Scott. It was thoroughly understood that he should have every liberty in purchasing the horses; that he should wear no livery; that he should choose the coachmen, the grooms, and every one connected with the stables; that he should never have less than fifteen horses in the stables, that no bargain should be made with the coach-builder, or saddler without his intervention; and that he should never mount the box, except early in the morning, in plain clothes, to give lessons in driving to the ladies and children if necessary.

The cook took possession of his stores, and the stud-groom of his stables. Everything else was only a question of money, and with regard to this Mrs. Norton made full use of her extensive powers. She acted in conformity with the instructions she had received. In the short space of two months she performed prodigies, and that is how, when, on the 15th of April, 1880, Mr. Scott, Suzie, and Bettina alighted from the mail train at Havre, at half-past four in the afternoon, they found Mrs. Norton at the station of St. Lazarre, who said:

"*Your* calèche is there in the yard; behind it is a landau for the children; and behind the landau is an omnibus for the servants. The three carriages bear your monogram, are driven by your coachmen, and drawn by your horses. Your address is 24 Rue Murillo, and here is the menu of your dinner to-night. You invited me two months ago; I accept, and will

even take the liberty of bringing a dozen friends with me. I shall furnish everything, even the guests. But do not be alarmed; you know them all; they are mutual friends, and this evening we shall be able to judge of the merits of your cook."

The first Parisian who had the honor and pleasure of paying homage to the beauty of Mrs. Scott and Miss Percival was a little "marmiton" or baker's boy of fifteen years old, who stood there in his white clothes, his wicker basket on his head, just as Mrs. Scott's carriage, entangled in the multitude of vehicles, was slowly working its way out of the station. The baker's boy stopped short on the pavement, opened wide his eyes, looked at the two sisters with amazement, and boldly cast full in their faces the single word:

"*Mazette!*"

When Madame Récamier saw her first wrinkles and first gray hairs, she said to a friend:

"Ah! my dear, there are no more illusions left for me! From the day when I saw that the little chimney-sweeps no longer turned round in the street to look at me, I understood that all was over."

The opinion of confectioners' boys is, in similar cases, of equal value with the opinion of the little chimney-sweeps. All was not over for Suzie and Bettina; on the contrary, all was only beginning.

Five minutes later, Mrs. Scott's carriage was ascending the Boulevard Haussmann to the slow and measured trot of a pair of admirable horses. Paris counted two Parisians the more.

The success of Mrs. Scott and Miss Percival was immediate, decisive, like a flash of lightning. The beauties of Paris are not classed and catalogued like the beauties of London; they do not publish their portraits in the illustrated papers, or allow their photographs to be sold at the stationers'. However, there is always a little staff, consisting of a score of women, who represent the grace, and charm, and beauty of Paris, which women, after ten or twelve years' service, pass into the reserve, just like the old generals. Suzie and Bettina immediately became part of this little staff. It was an affair of four-and-twenty hours — of less than four-and-twenty hours, for all

passed between eight in the morning and midnight the day after their arrival in Paris.

Imagine a sort of little "*féerie*," in three acts, the success of which increases from tableau to tableau.

1st. A ride at ten in the morning in the Bois, with the two marvelous grooms imported from America.

2d. A walk at six o'clock in the "Allée des Acacias."

3d. An appearance at the Opera at ten in the evening in Mrs. Norton's box.

The two newcomers were immediately remarked, and appreciated as they deserved to be, by the thirty or forty persons who constitute a sort of mysterious tribunal, and who, in the name of all Paris, pass sentences beyond appeal. These thirty or forty persons have from time to time the fancy to declare "delicious" some woman who is manifestly ugly. That is enough; she is "delicious" from that moment.

The beauty of the two sisters was unquestionable. In the morning it was their grace, their elegance, their distinction that attracted universal admiration; in the afternoon it was declared that their walk had the freedom and ease of two young goddesses; in the evening there was but one cry of rapture at the ideal perfection of their shoulders. From that moment all Paris had for the two sisters the eyes of the little "marmiton" of the Rue d'Amsterdam; all Paris repeated his "Mazette," though naturally with the variations and developments imposed by the usages of the world.

Mrs. Scott's drawing-room immediately became the fashion. The *habitués* of three or four great American houses transferred themselves in a body to the Scotts', who had three hundred persons at their first Wednesday. Their circle rapidly increased; there was a little of everything to be found in their set, — Americans, Spaniards, Italians, Hungarians, Russians, and even Parisians.

When she had related her story to the Abbé Constantin, Mrs. Scott had not told all — one never does tell all. In a word, she was a coquette. Mr. Scott had the most perfect confidence in his wife, and left her entire liberty. He was very little seen; he was an honorable man, who felt a vague embarrassment at having made such a marriage, at having married

so much money. Having a taste for business, he had great pleasure in devoting himself entirely to the administering of the two immense fortunes which were in his hands, in continually increasing them, and in saying every year to his wife and sister-in-law:

"You are still richer than you were last year!"

Not content with watching with much prudence and ability over the interests which he had left in America, he launched in France into large speculations, and was as successful in Paris as he had been in New York. In order to make money, the first thing is to have no need of it.

They made love to Mrs. Scott to an enormous extent; they made love to her in French, in Italian, in English, in Spanish, for she knew those four languages, and there is one advantage that foreigners have over our poor Parisians, who generally know only their mother tongue, and have not the resource of international passions.

Naturally Mrs. Scott did not chase her adorers from her presence. She had ten, twenty, thirty at a time. No one could boast of any preference; to all she opposed the same amiable laughing, joyous resistance. It was clear to all that the game amused her, and that she did not for a moment take it seriously. Mr. Scott never felt a moment's anxiety, and he was perfectly right. More, he enjoyed his wife's successes; he was happy in seeing her happy. He loved her dearly — a little more than she loved him. She loved him very much, and that was all. There is a great difference between *dearly* and *very much* when these two adverbs are placed after the verb love.

As to Bettina, around her was a maddening whirl, an orgy of adulation! Such a fortune! such beauty! Miss Percival arrived in Paris on the 15th of April; a fortnight had not passed before the offers of marriage began to pour upon her. In the course of that first year, she might, had she wished it, have been married thirty-four times, and to what a variety of suitors!

Her hand was asked for a young exile, who, under certain circumstances, might be called to ascend a throne — a very small one, it is true, but a throne nevertheless.

Her hand was asked for a young duke, who would make

a great figure at Court when France — as was inevitable — should recognize her errors, and bow down before her legitimate masters.

Her hand was asked for a young prince, who would have a place on the steps of the throne when France — as was inevitable — should again knit together the chain of the Napoleonic traditions.

Her hand was asked for a young Republican deputy, who had just made a brilliant *début* in the Chamber, and for whom the future reserved the most splendid destiny, for the republic was now established in France on the most indestructible basis.

Her hand was asked for a young Spaniard of the purest lineage, and she was given to understand that the *contrat* would be signed in the palace of a queen who does not live far from the Arc de l'Etoile. Besides, one can find her address in the "Almanach Bottin," for at the present day there are queens who have their addresses in Bottin between an attorney and a druggist; it is only the kings of France who no longer live in France.

Her hand was asked for the son of a peer of England, and for the son of a member of the highest Viennese aristocracy; for the son of a Parisian banker, and for the son of a Russian ambassador; for a Hungarian count, and for an Italian prince; and also for various excellent young men who were nothing and had nothing — neither name nor fortune; but Bettina had granted them a waltz, and, believing themselves irresistible, they hoped that they had caused a flutter of that little heart.

But up to the present moment nothing had touched that little heart, and the reply had been the same to all, — "No!" "No!" again "No!" always "No!"

Some days after that performance of *Aïda*, the two sisters had a rather long conversation on this great, this eternal question of marriage. A certain name had been pronounced by Mrs. Scott which had provoked on the part of Miss Percival the most decided and most energetic refusal, and Suzie had laughingly said to her sister:

"But, Bettina, you will be obliged to end by marrying."

"Yes, certainly, but I should be so sorry to marry without love. It seems to me that before I could resolve to do such

a thing I must be in danger of dying an old maid, and I am not yet that."

"No, not yet."

"Let us wait, let us wait."

"Let us wait. But among all these lovers whom you have been dragging after you for the last year, there have been some very nice, very amiable, and it is really a little strange if none of them —"

"Not one, my Suzie, not one; absolutely not one. Why should I not tell you the truth? Is it their fault? Have they gone unskilfully to work? Could they, in managing better, have found the way to my heart? or is the fault in me? Is it, perhaps, that the way to my heart is a steep, rocky, inaccessible way, by which no one will ever pass? Am I a horrid little creature, arid, cold, and condemned never to love?"

"I do not think so."

"Neither do I, but up to the present time that is my history. No, I have never felt anything which resembled love. You are laughing, and I can guess why. You are saying to yourself, 'A little girl like that pretending to know what love is!' You are right; I do not know, but I have a pretty good idea. To love — is it not to prefer to all in the world one certain person?"

"Yes; it is really that."

"Is it not, then, never to weary of seeing that person, or of hearing him? Is it not to cease to live when he is not there, and to immediately begin to revive when he appears?"

"Oh! but this is romantic love."

"Well, that is the love of which I dream, and that is the love which does not come — not at all till now; and yet that person preferred by me to all and everything does exist. Do you know who it is?"

"No, I do not know; I do not know, but I have a little suspicion."

"Yes, it is you, my dearest; and it is perhaps you, naughty sister, who makes me so insensible and cruel on this point. I love you too much; you fill my heart; you have occupied it entirely; there is no room for any one else. Prefer any one to you! love any one more than you! That will never, never be!"

"Oh, yes, it will!"

"Oh, no! Love differently, perhaps, but more — no. He must not count upon that, this gentleman whom I expect, and who does not arrive."

"Do not be afraid, my Betty; there is room in your heart for all whom you should love, — for your husband, for your children, and that without your old sister losing anything. The heart is very little, but it is also very large."

Bettina tenderly kissed her sister; then resting her head coaxingly on Suzie's shoulder, she said:

"If, however, you are tired of keeping me with you, if you are in a hurry to get rid of me, do you know what I will do? I will put the names of two of these gentlemen in a basket, and draw lots. There are two who at the last extremity would not be absolutely disagreeable."

"Which two?"

"Guess."

"Prince Romanelli."

"For one! And the other?"

"Monsieur de Montessan."

"Those are the two! It is just that. Those two would be acceptable, but only acceptable, and that is not enough."

This is why Bettina awaited with extreme impatience the day when they should leave Paris, and take up their abode in Longueval. She was a little tired of so much pleasure, so much success, so many offers of marriage. The whirlpool of Parisian gayety had seized her on her arrival, and would not let her go, not for one hour of halt or rest. She felt the need of being given up to herself for a few days, to herself alone, to consult and question herself at her leisure, in the complete solitude of the country — in a word, to belong to herself again.

So was not Bettina all sprightly and joyous when, on the 14th of June, they took the noon train for Longueval? As soon as she was alone in a compartment with her sister —

"Ah," she cried, "how happy I am! Let us breathe a little, quite alone, you and me, for a few days. The Nortons and Turners do not come till the 25th, do they?"

"No, not till the 25th."

"We will pass our lives riding or driving in the woods, in the

fields. Ten days of liberty! And during those ten days no more lovers, no more lovers! And all those lovers, with what are they in love, — with me or my money? That is the mystery, the unfathomable mystery."

The engine whistled; the train put itself slowly into motion. A wild idea entered Bettina's head. She leant out of the window and cried, accompanying her words with a little wave of the hand:

"Good-by, my lovers, good-by!"

Then she threw herself suddenly into a corner of the compartment with a hearty burst of laughter.

"Oh! Suzie, Suzie!"

"What is the matter?"

"A man with a red flag in his hand; he saw me and he looked so astonished."

"You are so irrational!"

"Yes, it is true, to have called out of the window like that, but not to be happy at thinking that we are going to live alone *en garçons*."

"Alone! alone! Not exactly that. To begin with, we shall have two people to dinner to-night."

"Ah! that is true. But those two people, I shall not be at all sorry to see them again. Yes, I shall be very pleased to see the old Curé again, but especially the young officer."

"What! especially?"

"Certainly; because what the lawyer from Souvigny told us the other day is so touching, and what that great artilleryman did when he was quite little was so good, so good, that this evening I shall seek for an opportunity of telling him what I think of it, and I shall find one."

Then Bettina, abruptly changing the course of the conversation, continued:

"Did they send the telegram yesterday to Edwards about the ponies?"

"Yes, yesterday before dinner."

"Oh! you will let me drive them up to the house. It will be such fun to go through the town, and to drive up at full speed into the court in front of the entrance. Tell me, will you?"

"Yes, certainly, you shall drive the ponies."

"Oh, how nice of you, Suzie!"

Edwards was the stud-groom. He had arrived at Longueval three days before. He deigned to come himself to meet Mrs. Scott and Miss Percival. He brought the phaeton drawn by the four black ponies. He was waiting at the station. The passage of the ponies through the principal street of the town had made a sensation. The population rushed out of their houses, and asked eagerly:

"What is it? What can it be?"

Some ventured the opinion:

"It is, perhaps, a traveling circus."

But exclamations arose on all sides:

"You did not notice the style of it — the carriage and the harness shining like gold, and the little horses with white rosettes on each side of their heads."

The crowd collected around the station, and those who were curious learnt that they were going to witness the arrival of the new owners of Longueval. They were slightly disenchanted when the two sisters appeared, very pretty, but in very simple traveling-costumes. These good people had almost expected the apparition of two princesses out of fairy tales, clad in silk and brocade, sparkling with rubies and diamonds. But they opened wide their eyes when they saw Bettina walk slowly round the four ponies, caressing one after the other lightly with her hand, and examining all the details of the team with the air of a connoisseur.

Having made her inspection, Bettina, without the least hurry, drew off her long Swedish gloves, and replaced them by a pair of dogskin which she took from the pocket of the carriage apron. Then she slipped on to the box in the place of Edwards, receiving from him the reins and whip with extreme dexterity, without allowing the already excited horses to perceive that they had changed hands.

Mrs. Scott seated herself beside her sister. The ponies pranced, curveted, and threatened to rear.

"Be very careful, mademoiselle," said Edwards; "the ponies are very fresh to-day."

"Do not be afraid," replied Bettina. "I know them."

Miss Percival had a hand at once very firm, very light, and very just. She held in the ponies for a few moments, forcing them to keep their own places; then, waving the long thong of her whip round the leaders, she started her little team at once, with incomparable skill, and left the station with an air of triumph, in the midst of a long murmur of astonishment and admiration.

The trot of the black ponies rang on the little oval paving-stones of Souvigny. Bettina held them well together until she had left the town, but as soon as she saw before her a clear mile and a half of highroad — almost on a dead level — she let them gradually increase their speed, till they went like the wind.

"Oh, how happy I am, Suzie!" cried she; "and we shall trot and gallop all alone on these roads. Suzie, would you like to drive? It is such a delight when one can let them go at full speed. They are so spirited and so gentle. Come, take the reins."

"No; keep them. It is a greater pleasure to me to see you happy."

"Oh! as to that I am perfectly happy. I do like so much to drive four-in-hand with plenty of space before me. At Paris, even in the morning, I did not dare to any longer. I was stared at so, it annoyed me. But here — no one! no one! no one!"

At the moment when Bettina, already a little intoxicated with the bracing air and liberty, gave forth triumphantly these three exclamations, "No one! no one! no one!" a rider appeared walking his horse in the direction of the carriage. It was Paul de Lavardens. He had been watching for more than an hour for the pleasure of seeing the Americans pass.

"You are mistaken," said Suzie to Bettina, "there is some one."

"A peasant; they don't count; they won't ask me to marry them."

"It is not a peasant at all. Look!"

Paul de Lavardens, while passing the carriage, made the two sisters a highly correct bow, from which one at once scented the Parisian.

The ponies were going at such a rate that the meeting was over like a flash of lightning.

Bettina cried:

"Who is that gentleman who has just bowed to us?"

"I had scarcely time to see, but I seemed to recognize him."

"You recognized him?"

"Yes, and I would wager that I have seen him at our house this winter."

"Heavens! if it should be one of the thirty-four! Is all that going to begin again?"

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

Fitz-Greene Halleck. Born at Guilford, Connecticut, July 8, 1790; died there, November 19, 1867. Author of "Fanny and Other Poems," "Alnwick Castle," "The Croakers," "Young America." His complete works are issued in eight volumes.

Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris" is known to every American schoolboy.

MARCO BOZZARIS

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,

Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke — to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
God — and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein,
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals

That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought —
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought —
Come in her crowning hour — and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,

The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears:
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Born at Laneside, Lancashire, England, September 10, 1834; died near Boulogne, France, November 5, 1894. Author of "Thoughts about Art," "Etching and Etchers," "Contemporary French Painters," "Painting in France," "The Intellectual Life," "The Graphic Arts," "Human Intercourse," "The Quest of Happiness," "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands."

Aside from the highly valued characteristics of this author, which are so well known to a large circle of readers, attention should be called to his loving and sympathetic chapters on animals, which are particularly noteworthy.

(From "The Intellectual Life")

TO A MAN OF LEISURE WHO COMPLAINED OF WANT OF TIME

You complain of want of time — you, with your boundless leisure!

It is true that the most absolute master of his own hours still needs thrift if he would turn them to account, and that too many *never* learn this thrift, whilst others learn it late. Will you permit me to offer briefly a few observations on time thrift which have been suggested to me by my own experience and by the experience of intellectual friends?

It may be accepted for certain, to begin with, that men who like yourself seriously care for culture, and make it, next to moral duty, the principal object of their lives, are but little exposed to waste time in downright frivolity of any kind. You may be perfectly idle at your own times, and perfectly frivolous even, whenever you have a mind to be frivolous, but then you will be clearly aware how the time is passing, and you will throw it away knowingly, as the most careful of money economists will throw away a few sovereigns in a confessedly foolish amusement, merely for the relief of a break in the habit of his life. To a man of your tastes and temper there is no danger of wasting too much time so long as the waste is intentional; but you are exposed to time losses of a much more insidious character.

It is in our pursuits themselves that we throw away our most valuable time. Few intellectual men have the art of economizing the hours of study. The very necessity, which every one acknowledges, of giving vast portions of life to attain proficiency in anything makes us prodigal where we ought to be parsimonious, and careless where we have need of unceasing vigilance. The best time savers are the love of soundness in all we learn or do, and a cheerful acceptance of inevitable limitations. There is a certain point of proficiency at which an acquisition begins to be of use, and unless we have the time and resolution necessary to reach that point, our labor is as completely thrown away as that of a mechanic who began to make an engine but never finished it. Each of us has acqui-

sitions which remain permanently unavailable from their unsoundness, a language or two that we can neither speak nor write, a science of which the elements have not been mastered, an art which we cannot practise with satisfaction either to others or to ourselves. Now the time spent on these unsound accomplishments has been in great measure wasted, not quite absolutely wasted, since the mere labor of trying to learn has been a discipline for the mind, but wasted so far as the accomplishments themselves are concerned. And even this mental discipline, on which so much stress is laid by those whose interest it is to encourage unsound accomplishment, might be obtained more perfectly if the subjects of study were less numerous and more thoroughly understood. Let us not therefore in the studies of our maturity repeat the error of our youth. Let us determine to have soundness, that is, accurately organized knowledge, in the studies we continue to pursue, and let us resign ourselves to the necessity for abandoning those pursuits in which soundness is not to be hoped for.

The old-fashioned idea about scholarship in Latin and Greek, that it ought to be based upon thorough grammatical knowledge, is a good example, so far as it goes, of what soundness really is. That ideal of scholarship failed only because if fell short of soundness in other directions and was not conscious of its failure. But there existed, in the minds of the old scholars, a fine resolution to be accurate, and a determination to give however much labor might be necessary for the attainment of accuracy, in which there was much grandeur. Like Mr. Browning's Grammarian, they said —

> "Let me know all! Prate not of most or least
> Painful or easy:"

and so at least they came to know the ancient tongues grammatically, which few of us do in these days.

I should define each kind of knowledge as an organic whole and soundness as the complete possession of all the essential parts. For example, soundness in violin playing consists in being able to play the notes in all the positions, in tune, and with a pure intonation, whatever may be the degree of rapidity indicated by the musical composer. Soundness in painting

consists in being able to lay a patch of color having exactly the right shape and tint. Soundness in the use of language consists in being able to put the right word in the right place. In each of the sciences, there are certain elementary notions without which sound knowledge is not possible, but these elementary notions are more easily and rapidly acquired than the elaborate knowledge or confirmed skill necessary to the artist or the linguist. A man may be a sound botanist without knowing a very great number of plants, and the elements of sound botanical knowledge may be printed in a portable volume. And so it is with all the physical sciences; the elementary notions which are necessary to soundness of knowledge may be acquired rapidly and at any age. Hence it follows that all whose leisure for culture is limited, and who value soundness of knowledge, do wisely to pursue some branch of natural history rather than languages or the fine arts.

It is well for every one who desires to attain a perfect economy of time, to make a list of the different pursuits to which he has devoted himself, and to put a note opposite to each of them indicating the degree of its unsoundness with as little self-delusion as may be. After having done this, he may easily ascertain in how many of these pursuits a sufficient degree of soundness is attainable for him, and when this has been decided he may at once effect a great saving by the total renunciation of the rest. With regard to those which remain, and which are to be carried farther, the next thing to be settled is the exact limit of their cultivation. Nothing is so favorable to sound culture as the definite fixing of limits. Suppose, for example, that the student said to himself, "I desire to know the flora of the valley I live in," and then set to work systematically to make a herbarium illustrating that flora, it is probable that his labor would be more thorough, his temper more watchful and hopeful, than if he set himself to the boundless task of the illimitable flora of the world. Or in the pursuit of fine art, an amateur discouraged by the glaring unsoundness of the kind of art taught by ordinary drawing-masters, would find the basis of a more substantial superstructure on a narrower but firmer ground. Suppose that instead of the usual messes of bad color and bad form, the student produced work having some definite

and not unattainable purpose, would there not be, here also, an assured economy of time? Accurate drawing is the basis of soundness in the fine arts, and an amateur, by perseverance, may reach accuracy in drawing; this, at least, has been proved by some examples — not by many, certainly, but by some. In languages we may have a limited purpose also. That charming and most intelligent traveler, Louis Énault, tells us that he regularly gave a week to the study of each new language that he needed, and found that week sufficient. The assertion is not so presumptuous as it appears. For the practical necessities of traveling M. Énault found that he required about four hundred words, and that, having a good memory, he was able to learn about seventy words a day. The secret of his success was the invaluable art of selection, and the strict limitation of effort in accordance with a preconceived design. A traveler not so well skilled in selection might have learned a thousand words with less advantage to his travels, and a traveler less decided in purpose might have wasted several months on the frontier of every new country in hopeless efforts to master the intricacies of grammatical form. It is evident that in the strictest sense M. Énault's knowledge of Norwegian cannot have been sound, since he did not master the grammar, but it was sound in its own strictly limited way, since he got possession of the four hundred words which were to serve him as current coin. On the same principle it is a good plan for students of Latin and Greek who have not time to reach true scholarship (half a lifetime is necessary for that), to propose to themselves simply the reading of the original authors with the help of a literal translation. In this way they may attain a closer acquaintance with ancient literature than would be possible by translation alone, whilst on the other hand their reading will be much more extensive on account of its greater rapidity. It is, for most of us, a waste of time to read Latin and Greek without a translation, on account of the comparative slowness of the process; but it is always an advantage to know what was really said in the original, and to test the exactness of the translator by continual reference to the *ipsissima verba* of the author. When the knowledge of the ancient language is not sufficient even for this, it may still be of use for occasional comparison, even though

the passage has to be fought through *à coupes de dictionnaire.* What most of us need in reference to the ancient languages is a frank resignation to a restriction of some kind. It is simply impossible for men occupied as most of us are in other pursuits to reach perfect scholarship in those languages, and if we reached it we should not have time to maintain it.

In modern languages it is not so easy to fix limits satisfactorily. You may resolve to read French or German without either writing or speaking them, and that would be an effectual limit, certainly. But in practice it is found difficult to keep within that boundary if ever you travel or have intercourse with foreigners. And when once you begin to speak, it is so humiliating to speak badly, that a lover of soundness in accomplishment will never rest perfectly satisfied until he speaks like a cultivated native, which nobody ever did except under peculiar family conditions.

In music the limits are found more easily. The amateur musician is frequently not inferior in feeling and taste to the more accomplished professional, and by selecting those compositions which require much feeling and taste for their interpretation, but not so much manual skill, he may reach a sufficient success. The art is to choose the very simplest music (provided of course that it is beautiful, which it frequently is), and to avoid all technical difficulties which are not really necessary to the expression of feeling. The amateur ought also to select the easiest instrument, an instrument in which the notes are made for him already, rather than one which compels him to fix the notes he is playing. The violin tempts amateurs who have a deep feeling for music because it renders feeling as no other instrument can render it, but the difficulty of just intonation is almost insuperable unless the whole time is given to that one instrument. It is a fatal error to perform on several different instruments, and an amateur who has done so may find a desirable limitation in restricting himself to one.

Much time is saved by following pursuits which help each other. It is great help to a landscape painter to know the botany of the country he works in, for botany gives the greatest possible distinctness to his memory of all kinds of vegetation. Therefore, if a landscape painter takes to the study of science

at all, he would do well to study botany, which would be of use in his painting, rather than chemistry or mathematics, which would be entirely disconnected from it. The memory easily retains the studies which are auxiliary to the chief pursuit. Entomologists remember plants well, the reason being that they find insects in them, just as Leslie the painter had an excellent memory for houses where there were any good pictures to be found.

The secret of order and proportion in our studies is the true secret of economy in time. To have one main pursuit and several auxiliaries, but none that are not auxiliary, is the true principle of arrangement. Many hard workers have followed pursuits as widely disconnected as possible, but this was for the refreshment of absolute change, not for the economy of time.

Lastly, it is a deplorable waste of time to leave fortresses untaken in our rear. Whatever has to be mastered ought to be mastered so thoroughly that we shall not have to come back to it when we ought to be carrying the war far into the enemy's country. But to study on this sound principle, we require not to be hurried. And this is why, to a sincere student, all external pressure, whether of examiners, or poverty, or business engagements, which causes him to leave work behind him which was not done as it ought to have been done, is so grievously, so intolerably vexatious.

TO A MAN OF BUSINESS WHO DESIRED TO MAKE HIMSELF BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH LITERATURE, BUT WHOSE TIME FOR READING WAS LIMITED

In the charming and precious letters of Victor Jacquemont, a man whose life was dedicated to culture, and who not only lived for it, but died for it, there is a passage about the intellectual labors of Germans, which takes due account of the expenditure of time. "Being astonished at the prodigious variety and at the extent of knowledge possessed by the Germans, I begged one of my friends, Saxon by birth, and one of the foremost geologists in Europe, to tell me how his countrymen managed to know so many things. Here is his answer, nearly in his own words: — 'A German (except myself, who am the idlest of men)

gets up early, summer and winter, at about five o'clock. He works four hours before breakfast, sometimes smoking all the time, which does not interfere with his application. His breakfast lasts half an hour, and he remains, afterward, another half-hour talking with his wife and playing with his children. He returns to his work for six hours, dines without hurrying himself, smokes an hour after dinner, playing again with his children, and before he goes to bed he works four hours more. He begins again every day, and never goes out. This is how it comes to pass that Oersted, the greatest natural philosopher in Germany, is at the same time the greatest physician; this is how Kant the metaphysician was one of the most learned astronomers in Europe, and how Goethe, who is at present the first and most fertile author in Germany in almost all kinds of literature, is an excellent botanist, mineralogist, and natural philosopher.'"

Here is something to encourage and something to discourage you at the same time. The number of hours which these men have given in order to become what they were, is so great as to be past all possibility of imitation by a man occupied in business. It is clear that, with your counting-house to occupy you during the best hours of every day, you can never labor for your intellectual culture with that unremitting application which these men have given for theirs. But, on the other hand, you will perceive that these extraordinary workers have hardly ever been wholly dedicated to one pursuit, and the reason for this in most cases is clear. Men who go through a prodigious amount of work feel the necessity for varying it. The greatest intellectual workers I have known personally have varied their studies as Kant and Goethe did, often taking up subjects of the most opposite kinds, as for instance imaginative literature and the higher mathematics, the critical and practical study of fine art and the natural sciences, music, and political economy. The class of intellects which arrogate to themselves the epithet "practical," but which we call *Philistine*, always oppose this love of variety, and have an unaffected contempt for it, but these are matters beyond their power of judgment. They cannot know the needs of the intellectual life, because they have never lived it. The practice of all the greatest intellects has

been to cultivate themselves variously, and if they have always done so, it must be because they have felt the need of it.

The encouraging inference which you may draw from this in reference to your own case is that, since all intellectual men have had more than one pursuit, you may set off your business against the most absorbing of their pursuits, and for the rest be still almost as rich in time as they have been. You may study literature as most painters have studied it, or science as some literary men have studied it.

The first step is to establish a regulated economy of your time, so that, without interfering with a due attention to business and to health, you may get two clear hours every day for reading of the best kind. It is not much, some men would tell you that it is not enough, but I purposely fix the expenditure of time at a low figure because I want it to be always practicable consistently with all the duties and necessary pleasures of your life. If I told you to read four hours every day, I know beforehand what would be the consequence. You would keep the rule for three days, by an effort, then some engagement would occur to break it, and you would have no rule at all. And please observe that the two hours are to be given quite regularly, because, when the time given is not much, regularity is quite essential. Two hours a day, regularly, make more than seven hundred hours a year, and in seven hundred hours, wisely and uninterruptedly occupied, much may be done in anything.

Permit me to insist upon that word *uninterruptedly*. Few people realize the full evil of an interruption, few people know all that is implied by it. After warning nurses against the evils of interruption, Florence Nightingale says:

"These things are not fancy. If we consider that, with sick as with well, every thought decomposes some nervous matter — that decomposition as well as re-composition of nervous matter is always going on, and more quickly with the sick than with the well, — that to obtrude another thought upon the brain whilst it is in the act of destroying nervous matter by thinking, is calling upon it to make a new exertion — if we consider these things, which are facts, not fancies, we shall remember that we are doing positive injury by inter-

rupting, by startling a 'fanciful' person, as it is called. Alas, it is no fancy.

"If the invalid is forced by his avocations to continue occupations requiring much thinking, the injury is doubly great. In feeding a patient suffering under delirium or stupor you may suffocate him by giving him his food suddenly, but if you rub his lips gently with a spoon and thus attract his attention, he will swallow the food unconsciously, but with perfect safety. Thus it is with the brain. If you offer it a thought, especially one requiring a decision, abruptly, you do it a real, not fanciful, injury. Never speak to a sick person suddenly; but, at the same time, do not keep his expectation on the tiptoe."

To this you will already have answered, mentally, that you are not a patient suffering under either delirium or stupor, and that nobody needs to rub your lips gently with a spoon. But Miss Nightingale does not consider interruptions baneful to sick persons only.

"This rule, indeed," she continues, "applies to the well quite as much as to the sick. *I have never known persons who exposed themselves for years to constant interruption who did not muddle away their intellects by it at last.* The process, with them, may be accomplished without pain. With the sick, pain gives warning of the injury."

Interruption is an evil to the reader which must be estimated very differently from ordinary business interruptions. The great question about interruption is not whether it compels you to divert your attention to other facts, but whether it compels you to tune your whole mind to another diapason. Shopkeepers are incessantly compelled to change the subject; a stationer is asked for note-paper one minute, for sealing-wax the next, and immediately afterward for a particular sort of steel pen. The subjects of his thoughts are changed very rapidly, but the general state of his mind is not changed; he is always strictly in his shop, as much mentally as physically. When an attorney is interrupted in the study of a case by the arrival of a client who asks him questions about another case, the change is more difficult to bear; yet even here the general state of mind, the legal state of mind, is not interfered with. But now suppose a reader perfectly absorbed in his author,

an author belonging very likely to another age and another civilization entirely different from ours. Suppose that you are reading the Defense of Socrates in Plato, and have the whole scene before you as in a picture: the tribunal of the Five Hundred, the pure Greek architecture, the interested Athenian public, the odious Melitus, the envious enemies, the beloved and grieving friends whose names are dear to us, and immortal; and in the center you see one figure draped like a poor man, in cheap and common cloth, that he wears winter and summer, with a face plain to downright ugliness, but an air of such genuine courage and self-possession that no acting could imitate it; and you hear the firm voice saying —

Τιμᾶται δ' οὖν μοι ἀνὴρ θανάτου
Εἶεν.

"The man, then, judges me worthy of death. Be it so."

You are just beginning the splendid paragraph where Socrates condemns himself to maintenance in the Prytaneum, and if you can only be safe from interruption till it is finished you will have one of those minutes of noble pleasure which are the rewards of intellectual toil. But if you are reading in the daytime in a house where there are women and children, or where people can fasten upon you for pottering details of business, you may be sure that you will *not* be able to get to the end of the passage without in some way or other being rudely awakened from your dream and suddenly brought back into the common world. The loss intellectually is greater than any one who had not suffered from it could imagine. People think that an interruption is merely the unhooking of an electric chain, and that the current will flow, when the chain is hooked on again, just as it did before. To the intellectual and imaginative student an interruption is not that; it is the destruction of a picture.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, one of the greatest of American statesmen. Born in the island of Nevis, West Indies, January 11, 1757; died near New York, July 12, 1804. Captain in the Continental Army, 1776; member of the Continental Congress, 1782–1783; of the Constitutional Convention, 1787; Secretary of the Treasury, 1789–1795. Author of the larger part of "The Federalist." His "Collected Works" comprise eight volumes.

His writings in "The Federalist" not only gave birth to American Constitutional law, but they interpreted the Constitution from the point of view of those who framed it.

As Secretary of the Treasury after the exhausting War of the Revolution, he found commerce and trade paralyzed, money scarce, and public and private credit utterly wanting. "He touched the corpse of public credit," says Webster, "and it sprang upon its feet."

(From "THE FEDERALIST")

THE REVENUES

IN America, it is evident that we must a long time depend, for the means of revenue, chiefly on such duties. In most parts of it, excises must be confined within a narrow compass. The genius of the people will ill brook the inquisitive and peremptory spirit of excise laws. The pockets of the farmers, on the other hand, will reluctantly yield but scanty supplies, in the unwelcome shape of impositions on their houses and lands; and personal property is too precarious and invisible a fund to be laid hold of in any other way, than by the imperceptible agency of taxes on consumption.

If these remarks have any foundation, that state of things which will best enable us to improve and extend so valuable a resource must be best adapted to our political welfare. And it cannot admit of a serious doubt, that this state of things must rest on the basis of a general Union. As far as this would be conducive to the interests of commerce, so far it must tend to the extension of the revenue to be drawn from that source. As far as it would contribute to rendering regulations for the collection of the duties more simple and efficacious, so far it must serve to answer the purposes of making the same rate of

duties more productive, and of putting it into the power of the Government to increase the rate without prejudice to trade.

The relative situation of these States; the number of rivers with which they are intersected, and of bays that wash their shores; the facility of communication in every direction; the affinity of language and manners; the familiar habits of intercourse; all these are circumstances that would conspire to render an illicit trade between them a matter of little difficulty; and would insure frequent evasions of the commercial regulations of each other. The separate States, or Confederacies, would be necessitated by mutual jealousy to avoid the temptations to that kind of trade, by the lowness of their duties. The temper of our Governments, for a long time to come, would not permit those rigorous precautions, by which the European nations guard the avenues into their respective countries, as well by land as by water; and which, even there, are found insufficient obstacles to the adventurous stratagems of avarice.

In France, there is an army of patrols (as they are called) constantly employed to secure their fiscal regulations against the inroads of the dealers in contraband trade. Mr. Neckar computes the number of these patrols at upwards of twenty thousand. This shows the immense difficulty in preventing that species of traffic, where there is an inland communication, and places in a strong light the disadvantages, with which the collection of duties in this country would be encumbered, if by disunion the States should be placed in a situation, with respect to each other, resembling that of France with respect to her neighbors. The arbitrary and vexatious powers with which the patrols are necessarily armed, would be intolerable in a free country.

If, on the contrary, there be but one Government pervading all the States, there will be, as to the principal part of our commerce, but ONE SIDE to guard — the ATLANTIC COAST. Vessels arriving directly from foreign countries, laden with valuable cargoes, would rarely choose to hazard themselves to the complicated and critical perils which would attend attempts to unlade prior to their coming into port. They would have to dread both the dangers of the coast, and of detection, as well

after as before their arrival at the places of their final destination. An ordinary degree of vigilance would be competent to the prevention of any material infractions upon the rights of the revenue. A few armed vessels, judiciously stationed at the entrances of our ports, might at a small expense be made useful sentinels of the laws. And the Government having the same interest to provide against violations everywhere, the coöperation of its measures in each State would have a powerful tendency to render them effectual. Here also we should preserve, by Union, an advantage which nature holds out to us, and which would be relinquished by separation. The United States lie at a great distance from Europe, and at a considerable distance from all other places with which they would have extensive connections of foreign trade. The passage from them to us, in a few hours, or in a single night, as between the coasts of France and Britain, and of other neighboring nations, would be impracticable. This is a prodigious security against a direct contraband with foreign countries; but a circuitous contraband to one State, through the medium of another, would be both easy and safe. The difference between a direct importation from abroad, and an indirect importation through the channel of a neighboring State, in small parcels, according to time and opportunity, with the additional facilities of inland communication, must be palpable to every man of discernment.

It is, therefore, evident, that one National Government would be able, at much less expense, to extend the duties on imports, beyond comparison, further than would be practicable to the States separately, or to any partial Confederacies.

REPUBLICS AS PROMOTERS OF PEACE

NOTWITHSTANDING the concurring testimony of experience, in this particular, there are still to be found visionary or designing men who stand ready to advocate the paradox of perpetual peace between the States, though dismembered and alienated from each other. The genius of republics (say they) is pacific; the spirit of commerce has a tendency to soften the manners of men, and to extinguish those inflammable humors

which have so often kindled into wars. Commercial republics, like ours, will never be disposed to waste themselves in ruinous contentions with each other. They will be governed by mutual interest, and will cultivate a spirit of mutual amity and concord.

Is it not (we may ask these projectors in politics) the true interest of all nations to cultivate the same benevolent and philosophic spirit? If this be their true interest, have they in fact pursued it? Has it not, on the contrary, invariably been found that momentary passions, and immediate interests, have a more active and imperious control over human conduct than general or remote considerations of policy, utility, or justice? Have republics in practice been less addicted to war than monarchies? Are not the former administered by *men* as well as the latter? Are there not aversions, predilections, rivalships, and desires of unjust acquisitions, that affect nations as well as kings? Are not popular assemblies frequently subject to the impulses of rage, resentment, jealousy, avarice, and of other irregular and violent propensities? Is it not well known that their determinations are often governed by a few individuals in whom they place confidence, and are of course liable to be tinctured by the passions and views of those individuals? Has commerce hitherto done anything more than change the objects of war? Is not the love of wealth as domineering and enterprising a passion as that of power or glory? Have there not been as many wars founded upon commercial motives, since that has become the prevailing system of nations, as were before occasioned by the cupidity of territory or dominion? Has not the spirit of commerce, in many instances, administered new incentives to the appetite, both for the one and for the other? Let experience, the least fallible guide of human opinions, be appealed to for an answer to these inquiries.

Sparta, Athens, Rome, and Carthage were all Republics; two of them, Athens and Carthage, of the commercial kind. Yet were they as often engaged in wars, offensive and defensive, as the neighboring Monarchies of the same times. Sparta was little better than a well-regulated camp; and Rome was never sated of carnage and conquest.

Carthage, though a commercial Republic, was the aggressor

in the very war that ended in her destruction. Hannibal had carried her arms into the heart of Italy, and to the gates of Rome, before Scipio, in turn, gave him an overthrow in the territories of Carthage, and made a conquest of the Commonwealth.

Venice, in latter times, figured more than once in wars of ambition; till becoming an object of terror to the other Italian States, Pope Julius II found means to accomplish that formidable league which gave a deadly blow to the power and pride of this haughty Republic.

The Provinces of Holland, till they were overwhelmed in debts and taxes, took a leading and conspicuous part in the wars of Europe. They had furious contests with England for the dominion of the sea; and were among the most persevering and most implacable of the opponents of Louis XIV.

In the Government of Britain the representatives of the people compose one branch of the national legislature. Commerce has been for ages the predominant pursuit of that country. Few nations, nevertheless, have been more frequently engaged in war; and the wars in which that kingdom has been engaged have, in numerous instances, proceeded from the people.

There have been, if I may so express it, almost as many popular as royal wars. The cries of the nation and the importunities of their representatives have, upon various occasions, dragged their monarchs into war, or continued them in it, contrary to their inclinations, and, sometimes, contrary to the real interests of the State. In that memorable struggle for superiority, between the rival Houses of Austria and Bourbon, which so long kept Europe in a flame, it is well known that the antipathies of the English against the French, seconding the ambition, or rather the avarice, of a favorite leader, protracted the war beyond the limits marked out by sound policy, and for a considerable time in opposition to the views of the Court.

The wars of these two last-mentioned nations have in a great measure grown out of commercial considerations, — the desire of supplanting, and the fear of being supplanted, either in particular branches of traffic, or in the general advantages of trade and navigation.

THE PRESIDENT COMPARED WITH THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN

THE first thing which strikes our attention is, that the Executive authority, with few exceptions, is to be vested in a single magistrate. This will scarcely, however, be considered as a point upon which any comparison can be grounded; for if, in this particular, there be a resemblance to the King of Great Britain, there is not less a resemblance to the Grand Seignior, to the Khan of Tartary, to the man of the seven mountains, or to the Governor of New York.

That magistrate is to be elected for *four* years; and is to be reëligible as often as the People of the United States shall think him worthy of their confidence. In these circumstances, there is a total dissimilitude between *him* and a King of Great Britain, who is an *hereditary* monarch, possessing the crown as a patrimony descendible to his heirs forever; but there is a close analogy between *him* and a Governor of New York, who is elected for *three* years, and is reëligible without limitation or intermission. If we consider how much less time would be requisite for establishing a dangerous influence in a single State, than for establishing a like influence throughout the United States, we must conclude that a duration of *four* years for the Chief Magistrate of the Union is a degree of permanency far less to be dreaded in that office, than a duration of *three* years for a correspondent office in a single State.

The President of the United States would be liable to be impeached, tried, and, upon conviction of treason, bribery, or other high crimes or misdemeanors, removed from office; and would afterwards be liable to prosecution and punishment in the ordinary course of law. The person of the King of Great Britain is sacred and inviolable; there is no constitutional tribunal to which he is amenable; no punishment to which he can be subjected without involving the crisis of a National revolution. In this delicate and important circumstance of personal responsibility, the President of Confederated America would stand upon no better ground than a Governor of New York, and upon worse ground than the Governors of Maryland and Delaware.

The President of the United States is to have power to return a Bill, which shall have passed the two branches of the Legislature, for reconsideration; and the Bill so returned is to become a law, if, upon that reconsideration, it be approved by two-thirds of both Houses. The King of Great Britain, on his part, has an absolute negative upon the Acts of the two Houses of Parliament. The disuse of that power for a considerable time past, does not affect the reality of its existence; and is to be ascribed wholly to the Crown's having found the means of substituting influence to authority, or the art of gaining a majority in one or the other of the two Houses, to the necessity of exerting a prerogative which could seldom be exerted without hazarding some degree of National agitation. The qualified negative of the President differs widely from this absolute negative of the British sovereign; and tallies exactly with the revisionary authority of the Council of Revision of this State, of which the Governor is a constituent part. In this respect, the power of the President would exceed that of the Governor of New York, because the former would possess, singly, what the latter shares with the Chancellor and Judges; but it would be precisely the same with that of the Governor of Massachusetts, whose Constitution, as to this Article, seems to have been the original from which the Convention have copied.

The President is to have power, with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur. The King of Great Britain is the sole and absolute representative of the Nation, in all foreign transactions. He can of his own accord make treaties of peace, commerce, alliance, and of every other description. It has been insinuated that his authority in this respect is not conclusive, and that his conventions with foreign powers are subject to the revision, and stand in need of the ratification, of Parliament. But I believe this doctrine was never heard of, until it was broached upon the present occasion. Every jurist of that kingdom, and every other man acquainted with its Constitution, knows, as an established fact, that the prerogative of making treaties exists in the Crown in its utmost plenitude; and that the compacts entered into by the royal authority have the most complete legal validity and perfection, independent

of any other sanction. The Parliament, it is true, is sometimes seen employing itself in altering the existing laws to conform them to the stipulations in a new treaty; and this may have possibly given birth to the imagination, that its coöperation was necessary to the obligatory efficacy of the treaty. But this Parliamentary interposition proceeds from a different cause: from the necessity of adjusting a most artificial and intricate system of revenue and commercial laws, to the changes made in them by the operation of the treaty; and of adapting new provisions and precautions to the new state of things, to keep the machine from running into disorder. In this respect, therefore, there is no comparison between the intended power of the President and the actual power of the British sovereign. The one can perform alone what the other can only do with the concurrence of a branch of the Legislature. It must be admitted that, in this instance, the power of the Federal Executive would exceed that of any State Executive. But this arises naturally from the exclusive possession by the Union of that part of the sovereign power which relates to treaties. If the Confederacy were to be dissolved, it would become a question, whether the Executives of the several States were not solely invested with that delicate and important prerogative.

The President is also to be authorized to receive Ambassadors, and other public Ministers. This, though it has been a rich theme of declamation, is more a matter of dignity than of authority. It is a circumstance which will be without consequence in the administration of the Government; and it was far more convenient that it should be arranged in this manner, than that there should be a necessity of convening the Legislature, or one of its branches, upon every arrival of a foreign Minister, though it were merely to take the place of a departed predecessor.

Hence it appears that, except as to the concurrent authority of the President in the Article of treaties, it would be difficult to determine whether that magistrate would, in the aggregate, possess more or less power than the Governor of New York. And it appears yet more unequivocally, that there is no pretense for the parallel which has been attempted between him and the King of Great Britain. But to render the contrast, in this

respect, still more striking, it may be of use to throw the principal circumstances of dissimilitude into a closer group.

The President of the United States would be an officer elected by the People for *four* years: the King of Great Britain is a perpetual and *hereditary* Prince. The one would be amenable to personal punishment and disgrace: the person of the other is sacred and inviolable. The one would have a *qualified* negative upon the Acts of the Legislative body: the other has an *absolute* negative. The one would have a right to command the military and naval forces of the Nation: the other, in addition to this right, possesses that of *declaring* war, and of *raising* and *regulating* fleets and armies by his own authority. The one would have a concurrent power with a branch of the Legislature in the formation of treaties: the other is the *sole possessor* of the power of making treaties. The one would have a like concurrent authority in appointing to offices: the other is the sole author of all appointments. The one can confer no privileges whatever: the other can make denizens of aliens, noblemen of commoners; can erect corporations with all the rights incident to corporate bodies. The one can prescribe no rules concerning the commerce or currency of the Nation: the other is in several respects the arbiter of commerce, and in this capacity can establish markets and fairs, can regulate weights and measures, can lay embargoes for a limited time, can coin money, can authorize or prohibit the circulation of foreign coin. The one has no particle of spiritual jurisdiction: the other is the supreme head and Governor of the National Church! What answer shall we give to those who would persuade us that things so unlike resemble each other? — The same that ought to be given to those who tell us that a Government, the whole power of which would be in the hands of the elective and periodical servants of the People, is an aristocracy, a monarchy, and a despotism.

THOMAS HARDY

THOMAS HARDY, a popular novelist. Born in Dorsetshire, England, June 2, 1840. Author of "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Return of the Native," "The Trumpet Major," "Two on a Tower," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "Wessex Tales," "Tess of the D'Urbevilles," "Life's Little Ironies," "Jude the Obscure," and other stories. His work consists mainly of realistic, vigorous novels of the Dorset region.

THE THREE STRANGERS

AMONG the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries, may be reckoned the high, grassy, and furzy downs, coombs, or ewe-leases, as they are indifferently called, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and southwest. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such a down and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurement, was not more than five miles from a country town. Yet that affected it little. Five miles of irregular upland, during the long inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists, afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar; much less, in fair weather, to please that less repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who "conceive and meditate of pleasant things."

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some starved fragment of ancient hedge, is usually taken advantage of in the erection of these forlorn dwellings. But, in the present case, such a kind of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situation seemed to be the crossing of two foot-paths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. Hence the house was exposed to the elements on all sides. But, though the wind up here blew unmistakably when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever

it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the coomb as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rimes were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by "wuzzes and flames" (hoarses and phlegms) than when they had lived by the stream of a snug neighboring valley.

The night of March 28, 182–, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rain-storm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crécy. Such sheep and outdoor animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the winds; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside out like umbrellas. The gable end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eavesdropping flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced, for that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief, or living, room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cozy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly polished sheep-crooks without stems that were hung ornamentally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep-fair. The room was lighted by half a dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but at high-days, holy-days, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney-piece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimney-piece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled "like the laughter of the fool."

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall; girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench; four men, including Charley Jake, the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New, the parish-clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighboring dairy-man, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle; a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life companionship, sat beneath the corner cupboard; and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upwards moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed was not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed in being unhampered by conventional restrictions. Absolute confidence in one another's good opinion begat perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression or trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or do any eclipsing thing whatever — which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bonhomie* of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairyman's daughter from the valley below, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket — and kept them there till they should be required for ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party had its advantages; but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing-party was the alternative; but this, while avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counterbalancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely con-

fined to her own gentle mind; the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the most reckless phases of hospitality.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish-clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favorite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs. Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enamoured of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown-piece to the musicians, as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs. Fennel, seeing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planet-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had traveled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little-worn path which, farther on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of full moon, and on this account,

though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out of doors were readily visible. The sad, wan light revealed the lonely pedestrian to be a man of supple frame; his gait suggested that he had somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion required. In point of fact, he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not more than five feet eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread there was caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way; and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian, and his boots hobnailed, yet in his progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry.

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little settlement partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in these latitudes the principle of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was unknown. The traveler's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood, the boom of the serpent within the adjacent house, and the lesser strains of the fiddler, reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage leaves of the garden, on the eight or ten beehives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand diffi-

culty of housekeeping was an insufficiency of water; and a casual rainfall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained. Some queer stories might be told of the contrivances for economy in suds and dish-waters that are absolutely necessitated in upland habitations during the droughts of summer. But at this season there were no such exigencies; a mere acceptance of what the skies bestowed was sufficient for an abundant store.

At last the notes of the serpent ceased, and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and, emerging from the shed, with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draught from one of them. Having quenched his thirst he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail; the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well cover, the top rail of the garden gate, were varnished with the same dull liquid glaze; while, far away in the vale, a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all this winked a few bleared lamplights through the beating drops, lights that denoted the situation of the county town from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

"Walk in," said the shepherd, promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the door-mat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with the survey, and, baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich deep voice, "The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest awhile."

"To be sure, stranger," said the shepherd. "And faith, you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause — though, to be sure, a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year."

"Nor less," spoke up a woman. "For 'tis best to get your family over and done with, as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fag o't."

"And what may be this glad cause?" asked the stranger.

"A birth and christening," said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to a pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

"Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb — hey?" said the engaged man of fifty.

"Late it is, master, as you say. I'll take a seat in the chimney-corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma'am, for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain."

Mrs. Shepherd Fennel assented, and made room for the self-invited comer, who, having got completely inside the chimney-corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather thin in the vamp," he said, freely, seeing that the eyes of the shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well fitted, either. I have had some rough times lately,

and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working-days when I reach home."

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that — farther up the country."

"I thought so. And so am I; and by your tongue you come from my neighborhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said quickly. 'My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see."

This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the newcomer, "and that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoker, and no pipe about ye?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying as he did so, "Hand me your baccy-box — I'll fill that too, now I am about it."

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that too?" said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man, with some confusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner, and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more.

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up, when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door.

At sound of the same the man in the chimney-corner took up the poker and began stirring the fire as if doing it thoroughly

were the one aim of his existence; and a second time the shepherd said, "Walk in!" In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven door-mat. He, too, was a stranger.

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighborhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab greatcoat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout; large, heavy seals of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob, as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water drops from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge."

"Make yourself at home, master," said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardliness in his composition; but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether desirable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-colored gowns.

However, the second comer, after taking off his greatcoat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling-beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney-corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire; and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbor the family mug — a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole generations of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burned upon its rotund side in yellow letters:

THERE IS NO FUN
UNTILL I CUM.

The other man, nothing loath, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on, and on, and on — till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprise the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense.

"I knew it!" said the toper to the shepherd, with much satisfaction. "When I walked up your garden before coming in, and saw the hives all of a row, I said to myself, 'Where there's bees there's honey, and where there's honey there's mead.' But mead of such a truly comfortable sort as this I really didn't expect to meet in my older days." He took yet another pull at the mug, till it assumed an ominous elevation.

"Glad you enjoy it!" said the shepherd, warmly.

"It is goodish mead," assented Mrs. Fennel, with an absence of enthusiasm which seemed to say that it was possible to buy praise for one's cellar at too heavy a price. "It is trouble enough to make, and really I hardly think we shall make any more. For honey sells well, and we ourselves can make shift with a drop o' small mead and metheglin for common use from the comb-washings."

"Oh, but you'll never have the heart!" reproachfully cried the stranger in cinder-gray, after taking up the mug a third time and setting it down empty. "I love mead when 'tis old like this, as I love to go to church o' Sundays, or to relieve the needy any day of the week."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the man in the chimney-corner, who, in spite of the taciturnity induced by the pipe of tobacco, could not or would not refrain from this slight testimony to his comrade's humor.

Now, the old mead of those days, brewed of the purest first-year or maiden honey — four pounds to the gallon, with its due complement of white of eggs, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace, rosemary, yeast, and processes of working, bottling, and cellaring — tasted remarkably strong; but it did not taste so strong as it actually was. Hence, presently the stranger in cinder-gray at the table, moved by its creeping influence, un-

buttoned his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair, spread his legs, and made his presence felt in various ways.

"Well, well, as I say," he resumed, "I am going to Casterbridge, and to Casterbridge I must go. I should have been almost there by this time; but the rain drove me into your dwelling, and I'm not sorry for it."

"You don't live in Casterbridge?" said the shepherd.

"Not as yet, though I shortly mean to move there."

"Going to set up in trade, perhaps?"

"No, no," said the shepherd's wife. "It is easy to see that the gentleman is rich, and don't want to work at anything."

The cinder-gray stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering, "Rich is not quite the word for me, dame. I do work, and I must work. And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight I must begin work there at eight to-morrow morning. Yes, het or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work to-morrow must be done."

"Poor man! Then, in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we," replied the shepherd's wife.

"'Tis the nature of my trade, men and maidens. 'Tis the nature of my trade more than my poverty. . . . But really and truly I must be up and off, or I shan't get a lodging in the town." However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, "There's time for one more draught of friendship before I go, and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry."

"Here's a mug o' small," said Mrs. Fennel. "Small, we call it, though to be sure 'tis only the first wash o' the combs."

"No," said the stranger, disdainfully. "I won't spoil your first kindness by partaking o' your second."

"Certainly not," broke in Fennel. "We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again." He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the barrel stood. The shepherdess followed him.

"Why should you do this?" she said, reproachfully, as soon as they were alone. "He's emptied it once, though it held enough for ten people; and now he's not contented wi' the

small, but must needs call for more o' the strong! And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part, I don't like the look o' the man at all."

"But he's in the house, my honey; and 'tis a wet night, and a christening. Daze it, what's a cup of mead more or less? there'll be plenty more next bee-burning."

"Very well — this time, then," she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. "But what is the man's calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again."

The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder-gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs. Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger's occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney-corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, "Anybody may know my trade — I'm a wheelwright."

"A very good trade for these parts," said the shepherd.

"And anybody may know mine — if they've the sense to find it out," said the stranger in cinder-gray.

"You may generally tell what a man is by his claws," observed the hedge-carpenter, looking at his own hands. "My fingers be as full of thorns as an old pincushion is of pins."

The hands of the man in the chimney-corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe. The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter's remark, and added, smartly, "True; but the oddity of my trade is that, instead of setting a mark upon me it sets a mark upon my customers."

No observation being offered by anybody in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd's wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as at the former time — one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse. The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved the difficulty by exclaiming that, to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the armhole of his waistcoat, he waved the other

hand in the air, and, with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheep-crooks above the mantelpiece, began:

"Oh, my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all —
My trade is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
And waft 'em to a far countree!"

The room was silent when he had finished the verse — with one exception, that of the man in the chimney-corner, who, at the singer's word, "Chorus!" joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish —

"And waft 'em to a far countree!"

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher the dairyman, the parish clerk, the engaged man of fifty, the row of young women against the wall, seemed lost in thought not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground, the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer, and with some suspicion; she was doubting whether this stranger were merely singing an old song from recollection, or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Belshazzar's Feast, except the man in the chimney-corner, who quietly said, "Second verse, stranger," and smoked on.

The singer thoroughly moistened himself from his lips inward, and went on with the next stanza as requested:

"My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all —
My tools are no sight to see;
A little hempen string, and a post whereon to swing,
Are implements enough for me!"

Shepherd Fennel glanced round. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted half-way, and would have proceeded, but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her, she sat down trembling.

"Oh, he's the ——!" whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous public officer. "He's come to do it. 'Tis to be at Casterbridge jail to-morrow — the man for sheep-stealing — the poor clock-maker we heard of, who used to live away at Shottsford and had no work to do — Timothy Sommers, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Shottsford by the highroad, and took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's lad, and every man jack among 'em. He" (and they nodded towards the stranger of the deadly trade) "is come from up the country to do it because there's not enough to do in his own county town, and he's got the place here now our own county-man's dead; he's going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall."

The stranger in cinder-gray took no notice of this whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney-corner was the only one who reciprocated his joviality in any way, he held out his cup towards that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse, but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door. This time the knock was faint and hesitating.

The company seemed scared; the shepherd looked with consternation towards the entrance, and it was with some effort that he resisted his alarmed wife's deprecatory glance, and uttered for the third time the welcoming words, "Walk in!"

The door was gently opened, and another man stood upon the mat. He, like those who had preceded him, was a stranger. This time it was a short, small personage, of fair complexion, and dressed in a decent suit of dark clothes.

"Can you tell me the way to ——?" he began; when, gazing round the room to observe the nature of the company among whom he had fallen, his eyes lighted on the stranger in cinder-gray. It was just at the instant when the latter, who had thrown his mind into his song with such a will that he scarcely heeded the interruption, silenced all whispers and inquiries by bursting into his third verse:

"To-morrow is my working day,
Simple shepherds all —
To-morrow is a working day for me:
For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the lad who did it ta'en,
And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!"

The stranger in the chimney-corner, waving cups with the singer so heartily that his mead splashed over on the hearth, repeated in his bass voice as before —

"And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!"

All this time the third stranger had been standing in the doorway. Finding now that he did not come forward or go on speaking, the guests particularly regarded him. They noticed, to their surprise, that he stood before them the picture of abject terror — his knees trembling, his hand shaking so violently that the door-latch by which he supported himself rattled audibly; his white lips were parted, and his eyes fixed on the merry officer of justice in the middle of the room. A moment more and he had turned, closed the door, and fled.

"What a man can it be?" said the shepherd.

The rest, between the awfulness of their late discovery and the odd conduct of this third visitor, looked as if they knew not what to think, and said nothing. Instinctively they withdrew farther and farther from the grim gentleman in their midst, whom some of them seemed to take for the Prince of Darkness himself, till they formed a remote circle, an empty space of floor being left between them and him —

". . . circulus, cujus centrum diabolus."

The room was so silent — though there were more than twenty people in it — that nothing could be heard but the patter of the rain against the window-shutters, accompanied by the occasional hiss of a stray drop that fell down the chimney into the fire, and the steady puffing of the man in the corner, who had now resumed his pipe of long clay.

The stillness was unexpectedly broken. The distant sound

of a gun reverberated through the air — apparently from the direction of the county town.

"Be jiggered!" cried the stranger who had sung the song, jumping up.

"What does that mean?" asked several.

"A prisoner escaped from the jail — that's what it means."

All listened. The sound was repeated, and none of them spoke but the man in the chimney-corner, who said, quietly, "I've often been told that in this county they fire a gun at such times; but I never heard it till now."

"I wonder if it is *my* man?" murmured the personage in cinder-gray.

"Surely it is!" said the shepherd, involuntarily. "And surely we've seen him! That little man who looked in at the door by now, and quivered like a leaf when he seed ye and heard your song."

"His teeth chattered, and the breath went out of his body," said the dairyman.

"And his heart seemed to sink within him like a stone," said Oliver Giles.

"And he bolted as if he'd been shot at," said the hedge-carpenter.

"True — his teeth chattered, and his heart seemed to sink; and he bolted as if he'd been shot at," slowly summed up the man in the chimney-corner.

"I didn't notice it," remarked the hangman.

"We were all a-wondering what made him run off in such a fright," faltered one of the women against the wall, "and now 'tis explained."

The firing of the alarm-gun went on at intervals, low and sullenly, and their suspicions became a certainty. The sinister gentleman in cinder-gray roused himself. "Is there a constable here?" he asked, in thick tones. "If so, let him step forward."

The engaged man of fifty stepped quavering out of the corner, his betrothed beginning to sob on the back of the chair.

"You are a sworn constable?"

"I be, sir."

"Then pursue the criminal at once, with assistance, and bring him back here. He can't have gone far."

"I will, sir, I will — when I've got my staff. I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here, and start in a body."

"Staff! — never mind your staff; the man'll be gone!"

"But I can't do nothing without my staff — can I, William, and John, and Charles Jake? No; for there's the King's royal crown a-painted on en in yaller and gold, and the lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en up and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful blow thereby. I wouldn't 'tempt to take a man without my staff — no, not I. If I hadn't the law to gie me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him he might take up me!"

"Now, I'm a King's man myself, and can give you authority enough for this," said the formidable officer in gray. "Now then, all of ye, be ready. Have ye any lanterns?"

"Yes — have ye any lanterns? — I demand it!" said the constable.

"And the rest of you able-bodied —"

"Able-bodied men — yes — the rest of ye!" said the constable.

"Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks —"

"Staves and pitchforks — in the name o' the law! And take 'em in yer hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye!"

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though circumstantial, so convincing, that but little argument was needed to show the shepherd's guests that after what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not as yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country.

A shepherd is always well provided with lanterns; and, lighting these hastily, and with hurdle-staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill, away from the town, the rain having fortunately a little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heartbrokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the

women below, who jumped up one by one, and seemed glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half-hour greatly oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground floor was deserted quite.

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned round the corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping in at the door, and seeing nobody there, he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chimney-corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer cake that lay on a ledge beside where he had sat, and which he had apparently forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly — his friend in cinder-gray.

"Oh — you here?" said the latter, smiling. "I thought you had gone to help in the capture." And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.

"And I thought you had gone," said the other, continuing his skimmer cake with some effort.

"Well, on second thoughts, I felt there were enough without me," said the first, confidentially, "and such a night as it is, too. Besides, 'tis the business o' the Government to take care of its criminals — not mine."

"True; so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me."

"I don't want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild country."

"Nor I neither, between you and me."

"These shepherd people are used to it — simple-minded souls, you know, stirred up to anything in a moment. They'll have him ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all."

"They'll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labor in the matter."

"True, true. Well, my way is to Casterbridge; and 'tis as much as my legs will do to take me that far. Going the same way?"

"No, I am sorry to say! I have to get home over there" (he nodded indefinitely to the right), "and I feel as you do, that it is quite enough for my legs to do before bedtime."

The other had by this time finished the mead in the mug, after which, shaking hands heartily at the door, and wishing each other well, they went their several ways.

In the meantime the company of pursuers had reached the end of the hog's-back elevation which dominated this part of the coomb. They had decided on no particular plan of action and, finding that the man of the baleful trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite unable to form any such plan now. They descended in all directions down the hill, and straightway several of the party fell into the snare set by Nature for all misguided midnight ramblers over this part of the cretaceous formation. The "lynchets," or flint slopes, which belted the escarpment at intervals of a dozen yards, took the less cautious ones unawares, and losing their footing on the rubbly steep, they slid sharply downward, the lanterns rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying on their sides till the horn was scorched through.

When they had again gathered themselves together, the shepherd, as the man who knew the country best, took the lead, and guided them round these treacherous inclines. The lanterns, which seemed rather to dazzle their eyes and warn the fugitive than to assist them in the exploration, were extinguished, due silence was observed; and in this more rational order they plunged into the vale. It was a grassy, briery, moist defile, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it; but the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval closed together again to report progress. At the second time of closing in they found themselves near a lonely ash, the single tree on this part of the upland, probably sown there by a passing bird some fifty years before. And here, standing a little to one side of the trunk, as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well

defined against the sky beyond. The band noiselessly drew up and faced him.

"Your money or your life!" said the constable, sternly to the still figure.

"No, no," whispered John Pitcher. "'Tisn't our side ought to say that. That's the doctrine of vagabonds like him, and we be on the side of the law."

"Well, well," replied the constable, impatiently; "I must say something, mustn't I? and if you had all the weight o' this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you'd say the wrong thing too! Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Father — the Crown, I mane!"

The man under the tree seemed now to notice them for the first time, and giving them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly towards them. He was, indeed, the little man, the third stranger; but his trepidation had in a great measure gone.

"Well, travelers," he said, "did I hear ye speak to me?"

"You did; you've got to come and be our prisoner at once," said the constable. "We arrest ye on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge jail in a decent proper manner to be hung tomorrow morning. Neighbors, do your duty, and seize the culpet."

On hearing the charge, the man seemed enlightened, and saying not another word, resigned himself with preternatural civility to the search-party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back towards the shepherd's cottage.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they arrived. The light shining from the open door, a sound of men's voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence. On entering they discovered the shepherd's living-room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge jail, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest county-seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated.

"Gentlemen," said the constable, "I have brought back your man — not without risk and danger; but every one must do his duty! He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons,

who have lent me useful aid, considering their ignorance of Crown work. Men, bring forward your prisoner!" And the third stranger was led to the light.

"Who is this?" said one of the officials.

"The man," said the constable.

"Certainly not," said the turnkey; and the first corroborated his statement.

"But how can it be otherwise?" asked the constable. "Or why was he so terrified at sight o' the singing instrument of the law who sat there?" Here he related the strange behavior of the third stranger on entering the house during the hangman's song.

"Can't understand it," said the officer, coolly. "All I know is that it is not the condemned man. He's quite a different character from this one; a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather good-looking, and with a musical bass voice that if you heard it once you'd never mistake as long as you lived."

"Why, souls — 'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"Hey — what?" said the magistrate, coming forward after inquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background. "Haven't you got the man after all?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, "he's the man we were in search of, that's true; and yet he's not the man we were in search of. For the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my everyday way; for 'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"A pretty kettle of fish altogether!" said the magistrate. "You had better start for the other man at once."

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney-corner seemed to have moved him as nothing else could do. "Sir," he said, stepping forward to the magistrate, "take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing; my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Shottsford to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge jail to bid him farewell. I was benighted, and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to

see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this chimney-corner; and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it, and not knowing that it was his victim who was close by, joining in to save appearances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, "Don't reveal what you see; my life depends on it." I was so terror-struck that I could hardly stand, and, not knowing what I did, I turned and hurried away."

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around. "And do you know where your brother is at the present time?" asked the magistrate.

"I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door."

"I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since," said the constable.

"Where does he think to fly to? — what is his occupation?"

"He's a watch and clock maker, sir."

"A said a was a wheelwright — a wicked rogue," said the constable.

"The wheels of clocks and watches he meant, no doubt," said Shepherd Fennel. "I thought his hands were palish for 's trade."

"Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody," said the magistrate. "Your business lies with the other, unquestionably."

And so the little man was released offhand; but he looked nothing the less sad on that account, it being beyond the power of magistrate or constable to raze out the written troubles in his brain, for they concerned another whom he regarded with more solicitude than himself. When this was done, and the man had gone his way, the night was found to be so far advanced that it was deemed useless to renew the search before the next morning.

Next day, accordingly, the quest for the clever sheep-stealer became general and keen, to all appearance at least. But the intended punishment was cruelly disproportioned to the transgression, and the sympathy of a great many country folk in that district was strongly on the side of the fugitive. More-

over, his marvelous coolness and daring in hob-and-nobbing with the hangman, under the unprecedented circumstances of the shepherd's party, won their admiration. So that it may be questioned if all those who ostensibly made themselves so busy in exploring woods and fields and lanes were quite so thorough when it came to the private examination of their own lofts and outhouses. Stories were afloat of a mysterious figure being occasionally seen in some old overgrown trackway or other, remote from turnpike roads; but when a search was instituted in any of these suspected quarters nobody was found. Thus the days and weeks passed without tidings.

In brief, the bass-voiced man of the chimney-corner was never recaptured. Some said that he went across the sea, others that he did not, but buried himself in the depths of a populous city. At any rate, the gentleman in cinder-gray never did his morning's work at Casterbridge, nor met anywhere at all, for business purposes, the genial comrade with whom he had passed an hour of relaxation in the lonely house on the coomb.

The grass has long been green on the graves of Shepherd Fennel and his frugal wife; the guests who made up the christening party have mainly followed their entertainers to the tomb; the baby in whose honor they all had met is a matron in the sear and yellow leaf. But the arrival of the three strangers at the shepherd's that night, and the details connected therewith, is a story as well known as ever in the country about Higher Crowstairs.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, a genial American humorist. Born at Eatonton, Georgia, December 8, 1848; died 1908. Author of "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings," "Nights with Uncle Remus," "Mingo, and Other Sketches," "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," "Biography of Henry W. Grady."

(The following selection is reprinted from J. C. Harris's "Uncle Remus," copyright 1880, 1895, 1908, by D. Appleton and Company.)

OLD MR. RABBIT, HE'S A GOOD FISHERMAN

"Brer Rabbit en Brer Fox wuz like some chilluns w'at I knows un," said Uncle Remus, regarding the little boy, who had come to hear another story, with an affectation of great solemnity. "Bofe un um wuz allers atter wunner nudder, a prankin' en a pester'n 'roun', but Brer Rabbit did had some peace, kaze Brer Fox done got skittish 'bout puttin' de clamps on Brer Rabbit.

"One day, w'en Brer Rabbit, en Brer Fox, en Brer Coon, en Brer B'ar, en a whole lot un um wuz clearin' up a new groun' fer ter plant a roas'n'year patch, de sun 'gun ter git sorter hot, en Brer Rabbit he got tired; but he didn't let on, kaze he 'fear'd de balance un um'd call 'im lazy, en he keep on totin' off trash en pilin' up bresh, twel bimeby he holler out dat he gotter brier in his han', en den he tak'n slip off, en hunt fer cool place fer ter res'. Atter w'ile he come 'crosst a well wid a bucket hangin' in it.

"'Dat look cool,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en cool I speck she is. I'll des 'bout git in dar en take a nap,' en wid dat in he jump, he did, en he ain't no sooner fix hisse'f dan de bucket 'gun ter go down."

"Wasn't the Rabbit scared, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Honey, dey ain't been no wusser skeer'd beas' sence de worril begin dan dish yer same Brer Rabbit. He fa'rly had a ager. He know whar he cum fum, but he dunner whar he gwine. Dreckly he feel de bucket hit de water, en dar she sot, but Brer Rabbit he keep mighty still, kaze he dunner w'at minnit gwineter be de nex'. He des lay dar en shuck en shiver.

"Brer Fox allers got one eye on Brer Rabbit, en w'en he slip off fum de new groun', Brer Fox he sneak atter 'im. He know Brer Rabbit wuz atter some projick er nudder, en he tuck'n crope off, he did, en watch 'im. Brer Fox see Brer Rabbit come to de well en stop, en den he see 'im jump in de bucket, en den, lo en beholes, he see 'im go down outer sight. Brer Fox wuz de mos' 'stonish Fox dat you ever laid eyes on. He sot off dar in de bushes en study en study, but he don't make no head ner tails ter dis kinder bizness. Den he say ter hisse'f, sezee:

"'Well, ef dis don't bang my times,' sezee, 'den Joe's dead en

Sal's a widder. Right down dar in dat well Brer Rabbit keep his money hid, en ef 'tain't dat den he done gone en 'skiver'd a gole-mine, en ef 'tain't dat, den I'm a gwineter see w'at's in dar,' sezee.

"Brer Fox crope up little nigher, he did, en lissen, but he don't year no fuss, en he keep on gittin' nigher, en yet he don't year nuthin'. Bimeby he git up close en peep down, but he don't see nuthin' en he don't year nuthin'. All dis time Brer Rabbit mighty nigh skeer'd outen his skin, en he fear'd fer ter move kaze de bucket might keel over en spill him out in de water. W'ile he sayin' his pra'rs over like a train er kyars runnin', ole Brer Fox holler out:

"'Heyo, Brer Rabbit! Who you wizzitin' down dar?' sezee.

"'Who? Me? Oh, I'm des a fishin', Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'I des say ter myse'f dat I'd sorter sprize you all wid a mess er fishes fer dinner, en so here I is, dar's de fishes. I'm a fishin' fer suckers, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"'Is dey many un um down dar, Brer Rabbit?' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"'Lots un um, Brer Fox; scoze en scoze un um. De water is natally live wid um. Come down en he'p me haul um in, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"'How I gwineter git down, Brer Rabbit?'

"'Jump inter de bucket, Brer Fox. Hit'll fetch you down all safe en soun'.'

"Brer Rabbit talk so happy en talk so sweet dat Brer Fox he jump in de bucket, he did, en, ez he went down, co'se his weight pull Brer Rabbit up. W'en dey pass one nudder on de half-way groun', Brer Rabbit he sing out:

> "'Good by, Brer Fox, take keer yo' cloze,
> Fer dis-is de way de worril goes;
> Some goes up en some goes down,
> You'll git ter de bottom all safe en soun'.'

"W'en Brer Rabbit got out, he gallop off en tole de fokes w'at de well b'long ter dat Brer Fox wuz down in dar muddyin' up de drinkin' water, en den he gallop back ter de well, en holler down ter Brer Fox:

> "'Yer come a man wid a great big gun —
> W'en he haul you up, you jump en run.'"

"What then, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, as the old man paused.

"In des 'bout half n'our, honey, bofe un um wuz back in de new groun' wukkin des like dey never heer'd er no well, ceppin' dat eve'y now'n den Brer Rabbit'd bust out in er laff, en ole Brer Fox, he'd git a spell er de dry grins."

FREDERIC HARRISON

FREDERIC HARRISON, a brilliant essayist and philosopher. Born in London, October 18, 1831. Author of "The Meaning of History," "Order and Progress," "The Choice of Books," "Oliver Cromwell," "Annals of an Old Manor House," "The Study of History," "The Creed of a Layman," "National and Social Problems." A follower of Comte, he was one of the founders of the Positivist school in England. His writings are elevating and inspiring, his style lucid and forcible.

(From "THE CHOICE OF BOOKS")

IT is most right that in the great republic of letters there should be freedom of intercourse and a spirit of equality. Every reader who holds a book in his hand is free of the inmost minds of men past and present; their lives both within and without the pale of their uttered thoughts are unveiled to him; he needs no introduction to the greatest; he stands on no ceremony with them; he may, if he be so minded, scribble "doggerel" on his Shelley, or he may kick Lord Byron, if he please, into a corner. He hears Burke perorate, and Johnson dogmatize, and Scott tell his border tales, and Wordsworth muse on the hillside, without the leave of any man, or the payment of any toll. In the republic of letters there are no privileged orders or places reserved. Every man who has written a book, even the diligent Mr. Whitaker, is in one sense an author; "a book's a book although there's nothing in't"; and every man who can decipher a penny journal is in one sense a reader. And your "general reader," like the grave-digger in Hamlet, is hail fellow with all the mighty dead: he pats the skull of the jester; batters the cheek of lord,

lady, or courtier; and uses "imperious Cæsar" to teach boys the Latin declensions.

But this noble equality of all writers — of all writers and of all readers — has a perilous side to it. It is apt to make us indiscriminate in the books we read, and somewhat contemptuous of the mighty men of the past. Men who are most observant as to the friends they make, or the conversation they share, are carelessness itself as to the books to which they intrust themselves, and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters? Do we in real life take any pleasant fellow to our homes and chat with some agreeable rascal by our firesides, we who will take up any pleasant fellow's printed memoirs, we who delight in the agreeable rascal when he is cut up into pages and bound in calf?

If any person given to reading were honestly to keep a register of all the printed stuff that he or she consumes in a year — all the idle tales of which the very names and the story are forgotten in a week, the bookmaker's prattle about nothing at so much a sheet, the fugitive trifling about silly things and empty people, the memoirs of the unmemorable, and lives of those who never really lived at all — of what a mountain of rubbish would it be the catalogue! Exercises for the eye and the memory, as mechanical as if we set ourselves to learn the names, ages, and family histories of every one who lives in our own street, the flirtations of their maiden aunts, and the circumstances surrounding the birth of their grandmother's first baby.

It is impossible to give any method to our reading till we get nerve enough to reject. The most exclusive and careful amongst us will (in literature) take boon companions out of the street as easily as an idler in a tavern. "I came across such and such a book that I never heard mentioned," says one, "and found it curious, though entirely worthless." "I strayed on a volume by I know not whom, on a subject for which I never cared." And so on. There are curious and worthless creatures enough in any pothouse all day long; and there is incessant talk in omnibus, train, or street by we know not whom, about we care not what. Yet if a printer and a bookseller can be induced to make this

gabble as immortal as print and publication can make it, then it straightway is literature, and in due time it becomes "curious." I have no intention to moralize or to indulge in a homily against the reading of what is deliberately evil. There is not so much need for this now, and I am not discoursing on the whole duty of man. I take that part of our reading which by itself is no doubt harmless, entertaining, and even gently instructive. But of this enormous mass of literature how much deserves to be chosen out, to be preferred to all the great books of the world, to be set apart for those precious hours which are all that the most of us can give to solid reading? The vast proportion of books are books that we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. The really vital books for us we also know to be a very trifling portion of the whole. And yet we act as if every book were as good as any other, as if it were merely a question of order which we take up first, as if any book were good enough for us, and as if all were alike honorable, precious, and satisfying. Alas! books cannot be more than the men who write them; and as a fair proportion of the human race now write books, with motives and objects as various as human activity, books, as books, are entitled *à priori*, until their value is proved, to the same attention and respect as houses, steam-engines, pictures, fiddles, bonnets, and other products of human industry. In the shelves of those libraries which are our pride, libraries public or private, circulating or very stationary, are to be found those great books of the world, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, those books which are truly "the precious life-blood of a master spirit." But the very familiarity which their mighty fame has bred in us makes us indifferent; we grow weary of what every one is supposed to have read; and we take down something which looks a little eccentric, some worthless book, on the mere ground that we never heard of it before.

Thus the difficulties of literature are in their way as great as those of the world, the obstacles to finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a Babel of voices and an ever-changing mass of beings. Books are not wiser than men; the true books are not easier to find than the true men, the bad books or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not

less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar men are everywhere; the art of right reading is as long and difficult to learn as the art of right living. Those who are on good terms with the first author they meet run as much risk as men who surrender their time to the first passer in the street; for to be open to every book is for the most part to gain as little as possible from any. A man aimlessly wandering about in a crowded city is of all men the most lonely; so he who takes up only the books that he "comes across" is pretty certain to meet but few that are worth knowing. Now, this danger is one to which we are specially exposed in this age. Our high-pressure life of emergencies, our whirling industrial organization or disorganization, have brought us in this (as in most things) their peculiar difficulties and drawbacks. In almost everything vast opportunities and gigantic means of multiplying our products bring with them new perils and troubles which are often at first neglected. Our huge cities, where wealth is piled up and the requirements and appliances of life extended beyond the dreams of our forefathers, seem to breed in themselves new forms of squalor, disease, blights, or risks to life such as we are yet unable to master. So the enormous multiplicity of modern books is not altogether favorable to the knowing of the best. I listen with mixed satisfaction to the pæans that they chant over the works which issue from the press each day: how the books poured forth from Paternoster Row might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's. How in this mountain of literature am I to find the really useful book? How, when I have found it, and found its value, am I to get others to read it? How am I to keep my head clear in the torrent and din of works, all of which distract my attention, most of which promise me something, whilst so few fulfil that promise? The Nile is the source of the Egyptian's bread, and without it he perishes of hunger. But the Nile may rather be too liberal in his flood, and then the Egyptian runs imminent risk of drowning.

And thus there never was a time, at least during the last two hundred years, when the difficulties in the way of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are to-day, when the obstacles were more real between readers and the right books to read, when it was practically so troublesome to find out that

which it is of vital importance to know; and that not by the dearth, but by the plethora, of printed matter. For it comes to nearly the same thing whether we are actually debarred by physical impossibility from getting the right book into our hand, or whether we are choked off from the right book by the obtrusive crowd of the wrong books; so that it needs a strong character and a resolute system of reading to keep the head cool in the storm of literature around us. We read nowadays in the market-place — I would rather say in some large steam factory of letter-press, where damp sheets of new print whirl round us perpetually — if it be not rather some noisy book-fair where literary showmen tempt us with performing dolls, and the gongs of rival booths are stunning our ears from morn till night. Contrast with this pandemonium of Leipsic and Paternoster Row the sublime picture of our Milton in his early retirement at Horton, when, musing over his coming flight to the epic heaven, practising his pinions, as he tells Diodati, he consumed five years of solitude in reading the ancient writers:

"Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri."

Who now reads the ancient writers? Who systematically reads the great writers, be they ancient or modern, whom the consent of ages has marked out as classics, — typical, immortal peculiar teachers of our race? Alas! the "Paradise Lost" is lost again to us beneath an inundation of graceful academic verse, sugary stanzas of ladylike prettiness, and ceaseless explanations in more or less readable prose of what John Milton meant or did not mean, or what he saw or did not see, who married his great-aunt, and why Adam or Satan is like that or unlike the other. We read a perfect library about the "Paradise Lost," but the "Paradise Lost" itself we do not read.

I am not presumptuous enough to assert that the larger part of modern literature is not worth reading in itself, that the prose is not readable, entertaining, one may say highly instructive. Nor do I pretend that the verses which we read so zealously in place of Milton's are not good verses. On the contrary, I think them sweetly conceived, as musical and as graceful as the verse of any age in our history. A great deal of our modern literature is such that it is exceedingly difficult to resist it, and it is

undeniable that it gives us real information. It seems perhaps unreasonable to many to assert that a decent readable book which gives us actual instruction can be otherwise than a useful companion, and a solid gain. Possibly many people are ready to cry out upon me as an obscurantist for venturing to doubt a genial confidence in all literature simply as such. But the question which weighs upon me with such really crushing urgency is this: What are the books that in our little remnant of reading time it is most vital for us to know? For the true use of books is of such sacred value to us that to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated, inspired by books; merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind.

Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose; every bit of stray information which we cram into our heads without any sense of its importance is, for the most part, a bit of the most useful information driven out of our heads and choked off from our minds. It is so certain that information, *i.e.* the knowledge, the stored thoughts and observations of mankind, is now grown to proportions so utterly incalculable and prodigious that even the learned whose lives are given to study can but pick up some crumbs that fall from the table of truth. They delve and tend but a plot in that vast and teeming kingdom, whilst those whom active life leaves with but a few cramped hours of study can hardly come to know the very vastness of the field before them, or how infinitesimally small is the corner they can traverse at the best. We know all is not of equal value. We know that books differ in value as much as diamonds differ from the sand on the seashore, as much as our living friend differs from a dead rat. We know that much in the myriad-peopled world of books—very much in all kinds — is trivial, enervating, inane, even noxious. And thus, where we have infinite opportunities of wasting our efforts to no end, of fatiguing our minds without enriching them, of clogging the spirit without satisfying it, there, I cannot but think, the very infinity of opportunities is robbing us of the actual power of using them. And thus I come often, in my less hopeful moods, to watch the remorseless cataract of daily literature which thunders over the remnants of the past, as if it were a fresh

impediment to the men of our day in the way of systematic knowledge and consistent powers of thought, as if it were destined one day to overwhelm the great inheritance of mankind in prose and verse.

The Choice of Books is really the choice of our education, of a moral and intellectual ideal, of the whole duty of man. But though I shrink from any so high a theme, a few words are needed to indicate my general point of view in the matter.

In the first place, when we speak about books, let us avoid the extravagance of expecting too much from books, the pedant's habit of extolling books as synonymous with education. Books are no more education than laws are virtue; and just as profligacy is easy within the strict limits of law, a boundless knowledge of books may be found with a narrow education. A man may be, as the poet saith, "deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself." We need to know, in order that we may feel rightly and act wisely. The thirst after truth itself may be pushed to a degree where indulgence enfeebles our sympathies and unnerves us in action. Of all men, perhaps the book-lover needs most to be reminded that man's business here is to know for the sake of living, not to live for the sake of knowing.

A healthy mode of reading would follow the lines of a sound education. And the first canon of a sound education is to make it the instrument to perfect the whole nature and character. Its aims are comprehensive, not special; they regard life as a whole, not mental curiosity; they have to give us not so much materials as capacities. So that, however moderate and limited the opportunity for education, in its way it should be always more or less symmetrical and balanced, appealing equally in turn to the three grand intellectual elements — imagination, memory, reflection; and so having something to give us in poetry, in history, in science, and in philosophy.

And thus our reading will be sadly one-sided, however voluminous it be, if it entirely close to us any of the great types and ideals which the creative instinct of man has produced, if it shut out from us either the ancient world or other European poetry as important almost as our own. When our reading, however deep, runs wholly into "pockets," and exhausts itself in the literature of one age, one country, one type, then we may be sure that

it is tending to narrow or deform our minds. And the more it leads us into curious byways and nurtures us into indifference for the beaten highways of the world, the sooner we shall end, if we be not specialists and students by profession, in ceasing to treat our books as the companions and solace of our lifetime, and in using them as the instruments of a refined sort of self-indulgence.

A wise education, and so judicious reading, should leave no great type of thought, no dominant phase of human nature, wholly a blank. Whether our reading be great or small, so far as it goes, it should be general. If our lives admit of but a short space for reading, all the more reason that, so far as may be, it should remind us of the vast expanse of human thought, and the wonderful variety of human nature. To read, and yet so to read that we see nothing but a corner of literature, the loose fringe, or flats and wastes of letters, and by reading only deepen our natural belief that this island is the hub of the universe, and the nineteenth century the only age worth notice, — all this is really to call in the aid of books to thicken and harden our untaught prejudices. Be it imagination, memory, or reflection that we address, — that is, in poetry, history, science, or philosophy, — our first duty is to aim at knowing something at least of the best, at getting some definite idea of the mighty realm whose outer rim we are permitted to approach.

BRET HARTE

FRANCIS BRET HARTE. Born in Albany, New York, August 25, 1839; died in London, May 6, 1902. He has been called the originator of the modern short story.

His works have been translated into every language of Europe. The best of his writings are "The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Sketches," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "The Heathen Chinee," "Prosper's Mother," and "Colonel Starbottle's Client, and Other People."

Author also of "Stories of the Sierras," "Echoes of the Foot-Hills," "Tales of the Argonauts," "Two Men of Sandy Bar," "Thankful Blossom," "The Story of a Mine," "The Twins of Marble Mountain," "On the Frontier," "Snow Bound at Eagle's," "The Bell-Ringer of Angel's," "East and West Poems," etc.

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PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

WHICH I wish to remark, —
  And my language is plain, —
That for ways that are dark,
  And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar, —
  Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name.
  And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
  What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
  As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
  And quite soft was the skies:
Which it might be inferred
  That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
  And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see, —
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor;"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs, —
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;

And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers, — that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar, —
Which the same I am free to maintain.

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER

I DO not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack"; or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some unlucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name in that day rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid newcomer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jay-bird Charley," — an unhallowed inspiration of the moment that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title; that he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to

smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar, — in the gulches and bar-rooms, — where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly and chastely retreated, — this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a Justice of the Peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife, — she having smiled and retreated with somebody else, — Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys who had gathered in the cañon to see the shooting were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler; he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings

might get you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavor to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype, the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Cañon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been heroic, but, in the nineteenth, simply "reckless." "What have you got there? — I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and with this gamblers' epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the *chaparral*-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little cañon was stifling with heated resinous odors, and the decaying driftwood on the Bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day, and its fierce passions, still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express office stood out staringly bright; and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent

obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands they were ready to listen patiently to any defense, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defense than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable, but good-humored reply to all questions. The Judge — who was also his captor — for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight," that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper," and trousers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpet-bag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandanna handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge: —

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I

thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin' on with Tennessee thar, — my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge, finally.

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner, — knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any p'ints in that young man, thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you, — confidential-like, and between man and man, — sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I, — confidential-like, as between man and man, — 'What should a man know of his pardner?'"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the Court.

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. And you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him;* and the honors is easy. And I put it to you, bein' a far-minded man, and to you, gentlemen, all, as far-minded men, ef this isn't so."

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily. "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch, — it's about all my pile, — and call it square!" And

before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet-bag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offense could not be condoned by money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet-bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch — who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible — firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee,

were all duly reported, with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evil-doers, in the *Red Dog Clarion*, by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and above all, the infinite serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly the *Red Dog Clarion* was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey cart halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable " Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner, — used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buckeye tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased," "if it was all the same to the committee." He didn't wish to "hurry anything"; he could "wait." He was not working that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased," he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l, they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar, — perhaps it was from something even better than that; but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough, oblong box, — apparently made from a section of sluicing, — and half-filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow, and made fragrant with buckeye blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner

drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which was habitual with "Jenny" even under less solemn circumstances. The men — half curiously, half jestingly, but all good-humoredly — strolled along beside the cart; some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on, the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had at the outset played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation, — not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Cañon, — by this time clothed in funereal drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stood in Indian file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside, as the *cortège* went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs; and the blue jays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguish the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough inclosure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the inclosure; and rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple self-reliance he

had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid; and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech; and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak, and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time, why —" he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve — "you see it's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gentlemen," he added abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, "the fun'l's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandanna handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar

made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth, but well-meant kindnesses. But from that day his rude health and great strength seemed visibly to decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying, "It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' in the cart;" and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now, steady, 'Jinny,' — steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts, — and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar — I told you so! — thar he is, — coming this way, too, — all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!"

And so they met.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, the greatest of American novelists. Born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, May 19, 1864. Author of "The Scarlet Letter," "Twice-told Tales," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," "The Snow Image, etc.," "Tanglewood Tales," "The Marble Faun," "Our Old Home," "Note Books," "Septimius Felton," "Tales of the White Hills."

Hawthorne occupies a unique and enviable place in the history of American letters. The subjects chosen by him, his wonderfully analytical treatment of the characters created by his genius, his graceful, limpid style, and his invariable use of the purest and most appropriate English, mark him as a consummate artist, — a master of the art of beautiful and forcible expression. Original and exquisite, his works are part of the imperishable treasures of our literature.

THE SNOW-IMAGE

A CHILDISH MIRACLE

ONE afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness, after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow. The elder child was a little girl, whom, because she was of a tender and modest disposition, and was thought to be very beautiful, her parents, and other people who were familiar with her, used to call Violet. But her brother was known by the style and title of Peony, on account of the ruddiness of his broad and round little phiz, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers. The father of these two children, a certain Mr. Lindsey, it is important to say, was an excellent but exceedingly matter-of-fact sort of man, a dealer in hardware, and was sturdily accustomed to take what is called the common-sense view of all matters that came under his consideration. With a heart about as tender as other people's, he had a head as hard and impenetrable, and therefore, perhaps, as empty, as one of the iron pots which it was a part of his business to sell. The mother's character, on the other hand, had a strain of poetry in it, a trait of unworldly beauty, — a delicate and dewy flower, as it were, that had survived out of her imaginative youth, and still kept itself alive amid the dusty realities of matrimony and motherhood.

So, Violet and Peony, as I began with saying, besought their mother to let them run out and play in the new snow; for, though it had looked so dreary and dismal, drifting downward out of the gray sky, it had a very cheerful aspect, now that the sun was shining on it. The children dwelt in a city, and had no wider play-place than a little garden before the house, divided by a white fence from the street, and with a pear tree and two or three plum trees overshadowing it, and some rose bushes just in front of the parlor windows. The trees and shrubs, however, were now leafless, and their twigs were enveloped in the light snow, which thus made a kind of wintry foliage, with here and there a pendent icicle for the fruit.

"Yes, Violet, — yes, my little Peony," said their kind mother, "you may go out and play in the new snow."

Accordingly the good lady bundled up her darlings in woolen jackets and wadded sacks, and put comforters round their necks, and a pair of striped gaiters on each little pair of legs, and worsted mittens on their hands, and gave them a kiss apiece, by way of a spell to keep away Jack Frost. Forth sallied the two children, with a hop-skip-and-jump, that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snow-drift, whence Violet emerged like a snow-bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom. Then what a merry time had they! To look at them, frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose but to provide a new plaything for Violet and Peony; and that they themselves had been created, as the snow-birds were, to take delight only in the tempest, and in the white mantle which it spread over the earth.

At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet, after laughing heartily at little Peony's figure, was struck with a new idea.

"You look exactly like a snow-image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow, — an image of a little girl, — and it shall be our sister, and shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy. "That will be nice! And mamma shall see it!"

"Yes," answered Violet; "mamma shall see the new little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor; for you know, our little snow-sister will not love the warmth."

And forthwith the children began this great business of making a snow-image that should run about; while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it. They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow. And, to say the truth, if miracles are ever to be wrought, it will be by putting our hands to the work in precisely such a simple and undoubting frame of mind as that in which Violet and Peony now undertook to perform one, without so much as knowing

that it was a miracle. So thought the mother; and thought likewise, that the new snow, just fallen from heaven, would be excellent material to make new beings of, if it were not so very cold. She gazed at the children a moment longer, delighting to watch their little figures, — the girl, tall for her age, graceful and agile, and so delicately colored that she looked like a cheerful thought, more than a physical reality, — while Peony expanded in breadth rather than height, and rolled along on his short and sturdy legs, as substantial as an elephant, though not quite so big. Then the mother resumed her work. What it was I forget; but she was either trimming a silken bonnet for Violet, or darning a pair of stockings for little Peony's short legs. Again, however, and again, and yet other agains, she could not help turning her head to the window, to see how the children got on with their snow-image.

Indeed, it was an exceedingly pleasant sight, those bright little souls at their task! Moreover, it was really wonderful to observe how knowingly and skilfully they managed the matter. Violet assumed the chief direction, and told Peony what to do, while, with her own delicate fingers, she shaped out all the nicer parts of the snow-figure. It seemed, in fact, not so much to be made by the children, as to grow up under their hands, while they were playing and prattling about it. Their mother was quite surprised at this; and the longer she looked, the more and more surprised she grew.

"What remarkable children mine are!" thought she, smiling with a mother's pride; and smiling at herself, too, for being so proud of them. "What other children could have made anything so like a little girl's figure out of snow, at the first trial? Well; — but now I must finish Peony's new frock, for his grandfather is coming to-morrow and I want the little fellow to look handsome."

So she took up the frock, and was soon as busily at work again with her needle as the two children with their snow-image. But still, as the needle traveled hither and thither through the seams of the dress, the mother made her toil light and happy by listening to the airy voices of Violet and Peony. They kept talking to one another all the time, their tongues being quite as active as their feet and hands. Except at intervals, she could not dis-

tinctly hear what was said, but had merely a sweet impression that they were in a most loving mood, and were enjoying themselves highly, and that the business of making the snow-image went prosperously on. Now and then, however, when Violet and Peony happened to raise their voices, the words were as audible as if they had been spoken in the very parlor, where the mother sat. Oh, how delightfully those words echoed in her heart, even though they meant nothing so very wise or wonderful after all!

But you must know a mother listens with her heart, much more than with her ears; and thus she is often delighted with the trills of celestial music, when other people can hear nothing of the kind.

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet to her brother, who had gone to another part of the garden, "bring me some of that fresh snow, Peony, from the very furthest corner, where we have not been trampling. I want it to shape our little snow-sister's bosom with. You know that part must be quite pure, just as it came out of the sky!"

"Here it is, Violet!" answered Peony, in his bluff tone, — but a very sweet tone, too, — as he came floundering through the half-trodden drifts. "Here is the snow for her little bosom. Oh, Violet, how beau-ti-ful she begins to look!"

"Yes," said Violet, thoughtfully and quietly; "our snow-sister does look very lovely. I did not quite know, Peony, that we could make such a sweet little girl as this."

The mother, as she listened, thought how fit and delightful an incident it would be, if fairies, or, still better, if angel-children, were to come from Paradise, and play invisibly with her own darlings, and help them to make their snow-image, giving it the features of celestial babyhood! Violet and Peony would not be aware of their immortal playmates, — only they would see that the image grew very beautiful while they worked at it, and would think that they themselves had done it all.

"My little girl and boy deserve such playmates, if mortal children ever did!" said the mother to herself; and then she smiled again at her own motherly pride.

Nevertheless, the idea seized upon her imagination; and, ever and anon, she took a glimpse out of the window, half dreaming

that she might see the golden-haired children of Paradise sporting with her own golden-haired Violet and bright-cheeked Peony.

Now, for a few moments, there was a busy and earnest, but indistinct hum of the two children's voices, as Violet and Peony wrought together with one happy consent. Violet still seemed to be the guiding spirit; while Peony acted rather as a laborer, and brought her the snow from far and near. And yet the little urchin evidently had a proper understanding of the matter, too!

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet; for her brother was again at the other side of the garden. "Bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear tree. You can clamber on the snow-drift, Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow-sister's head!"

"Here they are, Violet!" answered the little boy. "Take care you do not break them. Well done! Well done! How pretty!"

"Does she not look sweetly?" said Violet, with a very satisfied tone; "and now we must have some little shining bits of ice, to make the brightness of her eyes. She is not finished yet. Mamma will see how very beautiful she is; but papa will say, 'Tush! nonsense! — come in out of the cold!'"

"Let us call mamma to look out," said Peony; and then he shouted lustily, "Mamma! mamma!! mamma!!! Look out, and see what a nice little girl we are making!"

The mother put down her work for an instant, and looked out of the window. But it so happened that the sun — for this was one of the shortest days of the whole year — had sunken so nearly to the edge of the world that his setting shine came obliquely into the lady's eyes. So she was dazzled, you must understand, and could not very distinctly observe what was in the garden. Still, however, through all that bright blinding dazzle of the sun and the new snow, she beheld a small white figure in the garden, that seemed to have a wonderful deal of human likeness about it. And she saw Violet and Peony, — indeed, she looked more at them than at the image, — she saw the two children still at work; Peony bringing fresh snow, and Violet applying it to the figure as scientifically as a sculptor adds clay to his model. Indistinctly as she discerned the snow-child

the mother thought to herself that never before was there a snow-figure so cunningly made, nor ever such a dear little girl and boy to make it.

"They do everything better than other children," said she, very complacently. "No wonder they make better snow-images!"

She sat down again to her work, and made as much haste with it as possible; because twilight would soon come, and Peony's frock was not yet finished, and grandfather was expected, by railroad, pretty early in the morning. Faster and faster, therefore, went her flying fingers. The children, likewise, kept busily at work in the garden, and still the mother listened, whenever she could catch a word. She was amused to observe how their little imaginations had got mixed up with what they were doing, and were carried away by it. They seemed positively to think that the snow-child would run about and play with them.

"What a nice playmate she will be for us, all winter long!" said Violet. "I hope papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold! Shan't you love her dearly, Peony?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Peony. "And I will hug her, and she shall sit down close by me, and drink some of my warm milk!"

"Oh, no, Peony!" answered Violet, with grave wisdom. "That will not do at all. Warm milk will not be wholesome for our little snow-sister. Little snow-people, like her, eat nothing but icicles. No, no, Peony; we must not give her anything warm to drink!"

There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone on a pilgrimage again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden, Violet cried out, loudly and joyfully:

"Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud! and the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful?"

"Yes; it is beau-ti-ful," answered Peony, pronouncing the three syllables with deliberate accuracy. "Oh, Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold!"

"Oh, certainly," said Violet, with tranquillity, as if it were very much a matter of course. "That color, you know, comes from the golden clouds, that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red, — redder

than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red, if we both kiss them!"

Accordingly the mother heard two smart little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow-image on its frozen mouth. But, as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony's scarlet cheek.

"Come, 'ittle snow-sister, kiss me!" cried Peony.

"There! she has kissed you," added Violet, "and now her lips are very red. And she blushed a little, too!"

"Oh, what a cold kiss!" cried Peony.

Just then, there came a breeze of the pure west winds, sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor windows. It sounded so wintry cold, that the mother was about to tap on the window-pane with her thimbled finger, to summon the two children in, when they both cried out to her with one voice. The tone was not a tone of surprise, although they were evidently a good deal excited; it appeared rather as if they were very much rejoiced at some event that had now happened, but which they had been looking for, and had reckoned upon all along.

"Mamma! mamma! We have finished our little snow-sister, and she is running about the garden with us!"

"What imaginative little beings my children are!" thought the mother, putting the last few stitches into Peony's frock. "And it is strange, too, that they make me almost as much a child as they themselves are! I can hardly help believing, now, that the snow-image has really come to life!"

"Dear mamma!" cried Violet, "pray look out, and see what a sweet playmate we have!"

The mother, being thus entreated, could no longer delay to look forth from the window. The sun was now gone out of the sky, leaving, however, a rich inheritance of his brightness among those purple and golden clouds which make the sunsets of winter so magnificent. But there was not the slightest gleam or dazzle either on the window or on the snow; so that the good lady could look all over the garden, and see everything and everybody in it. And what do you think she saw there? Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children. Ah, but whom or what did she, besides? Why if you will believe me, there was a small

figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children! A stranger though she was, the child seemed to be on familiar terms with Violet and Peony, and they with her, as if all the three had been playmates during the whole of their little lives. The mother thought to herself that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, and that, seeing Violet and Peony in the garden, the child had run across the street to play with them. So this kind lady went to the door, intending to invite the little runaway into her comfortable parlor; for, now that the sunshine was withdrawn, the atmosphere, out of doors, was already growing very cold.

But, after opening the house-door, she stood an instant on the threshold, hesitating whether she ought to ask the child to come in, or whether she should even speak to her. Indeed, she almost doubted whether it were a real child, after all, or only a light wreath of the new-fallen snow, blown hither and thither about the garden by the intensely cold west wind. There was certainly something very singular in the aspect of the little stranger. Among all the children of the neighborhood, the lady could remember no such face, with its pure white, and delicate rose-color, and the golden ringlets tossing about the forehead and cheeks. And as for her dress, which was entirely of white, and fluttering in the breeze, it was such as no reasonable woman would put upon a little girl, when sending her out to play, in the depth of winter. It made this kind and careful mother shiver only to look at those small feet, with nothing in the world on them, except a very thin pair of white slippers. Nevertheless, airily as she was clad, the child seemed to feel not the slightest inconvenience from the cold, but danced so lightly over the snow that the tips of her toes left hardly a print in its surface; while Violet could but just keep pace with her, and Peony's short legs compelled him to lag behind.

Once, in the course of their play, the strange child placed herself between Violet and Peony, and taking a hand of each, skipped merrily forward, and they along with her. Almost immediately, however, Peony pulled away his little fist, and began to rub it as if the fingers were tingling with cold; while Violet also released herself, though with less abruptness, gravely

remarking that it was better not to take hold of hands. The white-robed damsel said not a word, but danced about, just as merrily as before. If Violet and Peony did not choose to play with her, she could make just as good a playmate of the brisk and cold west wind, which kept blowing her all about the garden, and took such liberties with her, that they seemed to have been friends for a long time. All this while, the mother stood on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so much like a flying snow-drift, or how a snow-drift could look so very like a little girl.

She called Violet, and whispered to her.

"Violet, my darling, what is this child's name?" asked she. "Does she live near us?"

"Why, dearest mamma," answered Violet, laughing to think that her mother did not comprehend so very plain an affair, "this is our little snow-sister, whom we have just been making!"

"Yes, dear mamma," cried Peony, running to his mother and looking up simply into her face. "This is our snow-image! Is it not a nice 'ittle child?"

At this instant a flock of snowbirds came flitting through the air. As was very natural, they avoided Violet and Peony. But, — and this looked strange, — they flew at once to the white-robed child, fluttered eagerly about her head, alighted on her shoulders, and seemed to claim her as an old acquaintance. She, on her part, was evidently as glad to see these little birds, old Winter's grandchildren, as they were to see her, and welcomed them by holding out both her hands. Hereupon, they each and all tried to alight on her two palms and ten small fingers and thumbs, crowding one another off with an immense fluttering of their tiny wings. One dear little bird nestled tenderly in her bosom; another put its bill to her lips. They were as joyous, all the while, and seemed as much in their element, as you may have seen them when sporting with a snow-storm.

Violet and Peony stood laughing at this pretty sight; for they enjoyed the merry time which their new playmate was having with these small-winged visitants almost as much as if they themselves took part in it.

"Violet," said her mother, greatly perplexed, "tell me the truth, without any jest. Who is this little girl?"

"My darling mamma," answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother's face, and apparently surprised that she should need any further explanation, "I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow-image, which Peony and I have been making. Peony will tell you so, as well as I."

"Yes, mamma," asseverated Peony, with much gravity in his crimson little phiz; "this is 'ittle snow-child. Is not she a nice one? But, mamma, her hand is, oh, so very cold!"

While mamma still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street gate was thrown open, and the father of Violet and Peony appeared, wrapped in a pilot-cloth sack, with a fur cap drawn down over his ears, and the thickest of gloves upon his hands. Mr. Lindsey was a middle-aged man with a weary and yet a happy look in his wind-flushed and frost-pinched face, as if he had been busy all the day long, and was glad to get back to his quiet home. His eyes brightened at the sight of his wife and children, although he could not help uttering a word or two of surprise, at finding the whole family in the open air, on so bleak a day, and after sunset too. He soon perceived the little white stranger, sporting to and fro in the garden, like a dancing snow-wreath, and the flock of snowbirds fluttering about her head.

"Pray, what little girl may that be?" inquired this very sensible man. "Surely her mother must be crazy, to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day, with only that flimsy white gown, and those thin slippers!"

"My dear husband," said his wife, "I know no more about the little thing than you do. Some neighbor's child, I suppose. Our Violet and Peony," she added, laughing at herself for repeating so absurd a story, "insist that she is nothing but a snow-image, which they have been busy about in the garden, almost all the afternoon."

As she said this, the mother glanced her eyes toward the spot where the children's snow-image had been made. What was her surprise, on perceiving that there was not the slightest trace of so much labor! — no image at all! — no piled-up heap of snow! — nothing whatever, save the prints of little footsteps around a vacant space!

"This is very strange!" said she.

"What is strange, dear mother?" asked Violet. "Dear

father, do not you see how it is? This is our snow-image, which Peony and I have made, because we wanted another playmate. Did not we, Peony?"

"Yes, papa," said crimson Peony. "This be our 'ittle snow-sister. Is she not beau-ti-ful? But she gave me such a cold kiss!"

"Pooh, nonsense, children!" cried their good, honest father, who, as we have already intimated, had an exceedingly common-sensible way of looking at matters. "Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow. Come, wife; this little stranger must not stay out in the bleak air a moment longer. We will bring her into the parlor; and you shall give her a supper of warm bread and milk, and make her as comfortable as you can. Meanwhile, I will inquire among the neighbors; or, if necessary, send the city-crier about the streets, to give notice of a lost child."

So saying, this honest and very kind-hearted man was going towards the little white damsel, with the best intentions in the world. But Violet and Peony, each seizing their father by the hand, earnestly besought him not to make her come in.

"Dear father," cried Violet, putting herself before him, "it is true what I have been telling you! This is our little snow-girl, and she cannot live any longer than while she breathes the cold west wind. Do not make her come into the hot room!"

"Yes, father," shouted Peony, stamping his little foot, so mightily was he in earnest, "this be nothing but our 'ittle snow-child! She will not love the hot fire!"

"Nonsense, children, nonsense, nonsense!" cried the father, half vexed, half laughing, at what he considered their foolish obstinacy. "Run into the house this moment! It is too late to play any longer, now. I must take care of this little girl immediately, or she will catch her death-a-cold!"

"Husband! dear husband!" said his wife, in a low voice, — for she had been looking narrowly at the snow-child, and was more perplexed than ever, — "there is something very singular in all this. You will think me foolish, — but — but — may it not be that some invisible angel has been attracted by the simplicity and good faith with which our children set about their undertaking? May he not have spent an hour of his immortality

in playing with those dear little souls? and so the result is what we call a miracle. No, no! Do not laugh at me; I see what a foolish thought it is!"

"My dear wife," replied the husband, laughing heartily, "you are as much a child as Violet and Peony."

And in one sense so she was, for all through life she had kept her heart full of childlike simplicity and faith, which was as pure and clear as crystal; and, looking at all matters through this transparent medium, she sometimes saw truths so profound, that other people laughed at them as nonsense and absurdity.

But now kind Mr. Lindsey had entered the garden, breaking away from his two children, who still sent their shrill voices after him, beseeching him to let the snow-child stay and enjoy herself in the cold west wind. As he approached, the snowbirds took to flight. The little white damsel, also, fled backward, shaking her head, as if to say, "Pray, do not touch me!" and roguishly, as it appeared, leading him through the deepest of the snow. Once, the good man stumbled, and floundered down upon his face, so that, gathering himself up again, with the snow sticking to his rough pilot-cloth sack, he looked as white and wintry as a snow-image of the largest size. Some of the neighbors, meanwhile, seeing him from their windows, wondered what could possess poor Mr. Lindsey to be running about his garden in pursuit of a snow-drift, which the west wind was driving hither and thither! At length, after a vast deal of trouble, he chased the little stranger into a corner, where she could not possibly escape him. His wife had been looking on, and, it being nearly twilight, was wonder-struck to observe how the snow-child gleamed and sparkled, and how she seemed to shed a glow all round about her; and when driven into the corner, she positively glistened like a star! It was a frosty kind of brightness, too, like that of an icicle in the moonlight. The wife thought it strange that good Mr. Lindsey should see nothing remarkable in the snow-child's appearance.

"Come, you odd little thing!" cried the honest man, seizing her by the hand, "I have caught you at last, and will make you comfortable in spite of yourself. We will put a nice warm pair of worsted stockings on your frozen little feet, and you shall have a good thick shawl to wrap yourself in. Your poor white nose,

I am afraid, is actually frost-bitten. But we will make it all right. Come along in."

And so, with a most benevolent smile on his sagacious visage, all purple as it was with the cold, this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow-child by the hand, and led her towards the house. She followed him, droopingly and reluctant; for all the glow and sparkle was gone out of her figure; and whereas just before she had resembled a bright, frosty, star-gemmed evening, with a crimson gleam on the cold horizon, she now looked as dull and languid as a thaw. As kind Mr. Lindsey led her up the steps of the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face, — their eyes full of tears, which froze before they could run down their cheeks, — and again entreated him not to bring their snow-image into the house.

"Not bring her in!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man. "Why, you are crazy, my little Violet! — quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold, already, that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?"

His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest, almost awe-stricken gaze at the little white stranger. She hardly knew whether it was a dream or no; but she could not help fancying that she saw the delicate print of Violet's fingers on the child's neck. It looked just as if, while Violet was shaping out the image, she had given it a gentle pat with her hand, and had neglected to smooth the impression quite away.

"After all, husband," said the mother, recurring to her idea that the angels would be as much delighted to play with Violet and Peony as she herself was, "after all, she does look strangely like a snow-image! I do believe she is made of snow!"

A puff of the west wind blew against the snow-child, and again she sparkled like a star.

"Snow!" repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. "No wonder she looks like snow. She is half frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights."

Without further talk, and always with the same best intentions, this highly benevolent and common-sensible individual led

the little white damsel — drooping, drooping, drooping, more and more — out of the frosty air, and into his comfortable parlor. A Heidenberg stove filled to the brim with intensely burning anthracite, was sending a bright gleam through the isinglass of its iron door, and causing the vase of water on its top to fume and bubble with excitement. A warm, sultry smell was diffused throughout the room. A thermometer on the wall farthest from the stove stood at eighty degrees. The parlor was hung with red curtains, and covered with a red carpet, and looked just as warm as it felt. The difference betwixt the atmosphere here and the cold, wintry twilight out of doors was like stepping at once from Nova Zembla to the hottest part of India, or from the North Pole into an oven. Oh, this was a fine place for the little white stranger!

The common-sensible man placed the snow-child on the hearth-rug, right in front of the hissing and fuming stove.

"Now she will be comfortable!" cried Mr. Lindsey, rubbing his hands and looking about him, with the pleasantest smile you ever saw. "Make yourself at home, my child."

Sad, sad and drooping, looked the little white maiden, as she stood on the hearth-rug, with the hot blast of the stove striking through her like a pestilence. Once, she threw a glance wistfully towards the window, and caught a glimpse, through its red curtains, of the snow-covered roofs, and the stars glimmering frostily, and all the delicious intensity of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled the window-panes, as if it were summoning her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping, before the hot stove!

But the common-sensible man saw nothing amiss.

"Come, wife," said he, "let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woolen shawl or a blanket directly; and tell Dora to give her some warm supper as soon as the milk boils. You, Violet and Peony, amuse your little friend. She is out of spirits, you see, at finding herself in a strange place. For my part, I will go around among the neighbors, and find out where she belongs."

The mother, meanwhile, had gone in search of the shawl and stockings; for her own view of the matter, however subtle and delicate, had given way, as it alway did, to the stubborn materialism of her husband. Without heeding the remonstrances of his

two children, who still kept murmuring that their little snow-sister did not love the warmth, good Mr. Lindsey took his departure, shutting the parlor door carefully behind him. Turning up the collar of his sack over his ears, he emerged from the house, and had barely reached the street gate, when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and Peony, and the rapping of a thimbled finger against the parlor window.

"Husband! husband!" cried his wife, showing her horror-stricken face through the window-panes. "There is no need of going for the child's parents!"

"We told you so, father!" screamed Violet and Peony, as he reëntered the parlor. "You would bring her in; and now our poor — dear — beau-ti-ful little snow-sister is thawed!"

And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears; so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this everyday world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw too! In the utmost perplexity, he demanded an explanation of his wife. She could only reply that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow, which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearth-rug.

"And there you see all there is left of it!" added she, pointing to a pool of water in front of the stove.

"Yes, father," said Violet, looking reproachfully at him, through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow-sister!"

"Naughty father!" cried Peony, stamping his foot, and — I shudder to say — shaking his little fist at the common-sensible man. "We told you how it would be. What for did you bring her in?"

And the Heidenberg stove, through the isinglass of its door, seemed to glare at good Mr. Lindsey like a red-eyed demon triumphing in the mischief which it had done!

This, you will observe, was one of those rare cases which yet will occasionally happen, where common-sense finds itself at fault. The remarkable story of the snow-image, though to that sagacious class of people to whom good Mr. Lindsey belongs it may seem but a childish affair, is, nevertheless, capable of being

moralized in various methods, greatly for their edification. One of its lessons, for instance, might be that it behooves men, and especially men of benevolence, to consider well what they are about, and, before acting on their philanthropic purposes, to be quite sure that they comprehend the nature and all the relations of the business in hand. What has been established as an element of good to one being may prove absolute mischief to another; even as the warmth of the parlor was proper enough for children of flesh and blood, like Violet and Peony, — though by no means very wholesome even for them, — but involved nothing short of annihilation to the unfortunate snow-image.

But, after all, there is no teaching anything to wise men of good Mr. Lindsey's stamp. They know everything — oh, to be sure! — everything that has been, and everything that is, and everything that, by any future possibility, can be. And, should some phenomenon of nature or providence transcend their system, they will not recognize it, even if it come to pass under their very noses.

"Wife," said Mr. Lindsey, after a fit of silence, "see what a quantity of snow the children have brought in on their feet! It has made quite a puddle here before the stove. Pray tell Dora to bring some towels and sop it up!"

(From "Mosses from an Old Manse")

THE OLD MANSE

Between two tall gate-posts of rough-hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch) we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage, terminating the vista of an avenue of black-ash trees. It was now a twelvemonth since the funeral procession of the venerable clergyman, its last inhabitant, had turned from that gateway toward the village burying-ground. The wheel track leading to the door, as well as the whole breadth of the avenue, was almost overgrown with grass, affording dainty mouthfuls to two or three vagrant cows and an old white horse who had his own living to pick up along the roadside. The glimmering shadows that lay half asleep between the door of the house and the

public highway were a kind of spiritual medium seen through which the edifice had not quite the aspect of belonging to the material world. Certainly it had little in common with those ordinary abodes which stand so imminent upon the road that every passer-by can thrust his head, as it were, into the domestic circle. From these quiet windows the figures of passing travelers look too remote and dim to disturb the sense of privacy. In its near retirement and accessible seclusion, it was the very spot for the residence of a clergyman — a man not estranged from human life, yet enveloped, in the midst of it, with a veil woven of intermingled gloom and brightness. It was worthy to have been one of the time-honored parsonages of England in which through many generations a succession of holy occupants pass from youth to age, and bequeath each an inheritance of sanctity to pervade the house and hover over it as with an atmosphere.

Nor, in truth, had the Old Manse ever been profaned by a lay occupant until that memorable summer afternoon when I entered it as my home. A priest had built it, a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men from time to time had dwelt in it, and children born in its chambers had grown up to assume the priestly character. It was awful to reflect how many sermons must have been written there. The latest inhabitant alone — he by whose translation to Paradise the dwelling was left vacant — had penned nearly three thousand discourses besides the better, if not the greater, number that gushed living from his lips. How often, no doubt, had he paced to and fro along the avenue, attuning his meditations to the sighs and gentle murmurs and deep and solemn peals of the wind among the lofty tops of the trees! In that variety of natural utterances he could find something accordant with every passage of his sermon, were it of tenderness or reverential fear. The boughs over my head seemed shadowy with solemn thoughts as well as with rustling leaves. I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the avenue, and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old Manse well worth those hoards of long-hidden gold which people seek for in moss-grown houses. Profound treatises of morality — a layman's unprofessional, and therefore unpreju-

diced, views of religion — histories (such as Bancroft might have written had he taken up his abode here, as he once purposed) bright with picture-gleaming over a depth of philosophic thought, these were the works that might fitly have flowed from such a retirement. In the humblest event, I resolved at least to achieve a novel that should evolve some deep lesson, and should possess physical substance enough to stand alone.

In furtherance of my design, and as if to leave me no pretext for not fulfilling it, there was in the rear of the house the most delightful little nook of a study that ever offered its snug seclusion to a scholar. It was here that Emerson wrote "Nature," for he was then an inhabitant of the manse, and used to watch the Assyrian dawn and the Paphian sunset and moonrise from the summit of our eastern hill. When I first saw the rooms, its walls were blackened with the smoke of unnumbered years, and made still blacker by the grim prints of Puritan ministers that hung around. These worthies looked strangely like bad angels — or, at least, like men who had wrestled so continually and so sternly with the devil that somewhat of his sooty fierceness had been imparted to their own visages. They had all vanished now. A cheerful coat of paint and golden-tinted paper-hangings lighted up the small apartments, while the shadow of a willow tree that swept against the overhanging eaves attempered the cheery western sunshine. In place of the grim prints there was the sweet and lovely head of one of Raphael's Madonnas and two pleasant little pictures of the Lake of Como. The only other decorations were a purple vase of flowers, always fresh, and a bronze one containing graceful ferns. My books (few and by no means choice, for they were chiefly such waifs as chance had thrown in my way) stood in order about the room, seldom to be disturbed.

The study had three windows set with little old-fashioned panes of glass, each with a crack across it. The two on the western side looked — or, rather, peeped — between the willow branches down into the orchard, with glimpses of the river through the trees. The third, facing northward, commanded a broader view of the river at a spot where its hitherto obscure waters gleam forth into the light of history. It was at this window that the clergyman who then dwelt in the manse stood

watching the outbreak of a long and deadly struggle between two nations. He saw the irregular array of his parishioners on the farther side of the river, and the glittering line of the British on the hither bank; he awaited in an agony of suspense the rattle of the musketry. It came, and there needed but a gentle wind to sweep the battle-smoke around this quiet house.

Perhaps the reader — whom I cannot help considering as my guest in the Old Manse, and entitled to all courtesy in the way of sight-showing — perhaps he will choose to take a nearer view of the memorable spot. We stand now on the river's brink. It may well be called the Concord — the river of peace and quietness — for it is certainly the most unexcitable and sluggish stream that ever loitered imperceptibly toward its eternity, the sea. Positively, I had lived three weeks beside it before it grew quite clear to my perception which way the current flowed. It never has a vivacious aspect except when a northwestern breeze is vexing its surface on a sunshiny day. From the incurable indolence of its nature the stream is, happily, incapable of becoming the slave of human ingenuity, as is the fate of so many a wild, free mountain torrent. While all things else are compelled to subserve some useful purpose, it idles its sluggish life away in lazy liberty without turning a solitary spindle or affording even water-power enough to grind the corn that grows upon its banks. The torpor of its movement allows it nowhere a bright, pebbly shore, nor so much as a narrow strip of glistening sand in any part of its course. It slumbers between broad prairies, kissing the long meadow-grass, and bathes the overhanging boughs of elder-bushes and willows or the roots of elms and ash trees and clumps of maples. Flags and rushes grow along its plashy shore; the yellow water-lily spreads its broad, flat leaves on the margin, and the fragrant white pond-lily abounds, generally selecting a position just so far from the river's brink that it cannot be grasped save at the hazard of plunging in.

It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel and speckled frog and the mud-turtle whom continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which the

yellow lily sucks its obscene life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results — the fragrance of celestial flowers — to the daily life of others.

The reader must not from any testimony of mine contract a dislike toward our slumberous stream. In the light of a calm and golden sunset it becomes lovely beyond expression — the more lovely for the quietude that so well accords with the hour, when even the wind, after blustering all day long, usually hushes itself to rest. Each tree and rock and every blade of grass is distinctly imaged, and, however unsightly in reality, assumes ideal beauty in the reflection. The minutest things of earth and the broad aspect of the firmament are pictured equally without effort and with the same felicity of success. All the sky glows downward at our feet; the rich clouds float through the unruffled bosom of the stream like heavenly thoughts through a peaceful heart. We will not, then, malign our river as gross and impure, while it can glorify itself with so adequate a picture of the heaven that broods above it; or, if we remember its tawny hue and the muddiness of its bed, let it be a symbol that the earthliest human soul has an infinite spiritual capacity and may contain the better world within its depths. But, indeed, the same lesson might be drawn out of any mud-puddle in the streets of a city; and, being taught us everywhere, it must be true.

Come! We have pursued a somewhat devious track in our walk to the battle-ground. Here we are at the point where the river was crossed by the old bridge, the possession of which was the immediate object of the contest. On the hither side grow two or three elms, throwing a wide circumference of shade, but which must have been planted at some period within the threescore years and ten that have passed since the battle-day. On the farther shore, overhung by a clump of elder-bushes, we discern the stone abutment of the bridge. Looking down into the river, I once discovered some heavy fragment of the timbers, all green with half a century's growth of water-moss; for during that length of time the tramp of horses and human footsteps have ceased along this ancient highway. The stream has here about the breadth of twenty strokes of a swimmer's arm — a space not

too wide when the bullets were whistling across. Old people who dwell hereabouts will point out the very spots on the western bank where our countrymen fell down and died, and on this side of the river an obelisk of granite has grown up from the soil that was fertilized with British blood. The monument — not more than twenty feet in height — is such as it befitted the inhabitants of a village to erect in illustration of a matter of local interest, rather than what was suitable to commemorate an epoch of national history. Still, by the fathers of the village this famous deed was done, and their descendants might rightfully claim the privilege of building a memorial.

A humbler token of the fight, yet a more interesting one, than the granite obelisk may be seen close under the stone wall which separates the battle-ground from the precincts of the parsonage. It is the grave — marked by a small moss-grown fragment of stone at the head, and another at the foot — the grave of two British soldiers who were slain in the skirmish, and have ever since slept peacefully where Zechariah Brown and Thomas Davis buried them. Soon was their warfare ended. A weary night-march from Boston, a rattling volley of musketry across the river, and then these many years of rest! In the long procession of slain invaders who passed into eternity from the battle-fields of the Revolution these two nameless soldiers led the way.

Lowell, the poet, as we were once standing over this grave, told me a tradition in reference to one of the inhabitants below. The story has something deeply impressive, though its circumstances cannot altogether be reconciled with probability. A youth in the service of the clergyman happened to be chopping wood that April morning at the back door of the manse; and when the noise of battle rang from side to side of the bridge, he hastened across the intervening field to see what might be going forward. It is rather strange, by the way, that this lad should have been so diligently at work when the whole population of town and country were startled out of their customary business by the advance of the British troops. Be that as it might, the tradition says that the lad now left his task and hurried to the battle-field with the ax still in his hand. The British had by this time retreated; the Americans were in pursuit, and the late

scene of strife was thus deserted by both parties. Two soldiers lay on the ground; one was a corpse, but, as the young New Englander drew nigh, the other Briton raised himself painfully upon his hands and knees and gave a ghastly stare into his face. The boy — it must have been a nervous impulse without purpose, without thought, and betokening a sensitive and impressible nature rather than a hardened one — the boy uplifted his ax and dealt the wounded soldier a fierce and fatal blow upon the head. I could wish that the grave might be opened, for I would fain know whether either of the skeleton soldiers has the mark of an ax in his skull.

The story comes home to me like truth. Oftentimes as an intellectual and moral exercise I have sought to follow that poor youth through his subsequent career, and observe how his soul was tortured by the blood-stain, contracted, as it had been, before the long custom of war had robbed human life of its sanctity, and while it still seemed murderous to slay a brother-man. This one circumstance has borne more fruit for me than all that history tells us of the fight.

Many strangers come in the summer time to view the battle-ground. For my own part, I have never found my imagination much excited by this or any other scene of historic celebrity, nor would the placid margin of the river have lost any of its charm for me had men never fought and died there. There is a wilder interest in the tract of land — perhaps a hundred yards in breadth — which extends between the battle-field and the northern face of our Old Manse, with its contiguous avenue and orchard. Here, in some unknown age before the white man came, stood an Indian village convenient to the river whence its inhabitants must have drawn so large a part of their subsistence. The site is identified by the spear and arrow heads, the chisels, and other implements of war, labor, and the chase which the plow turns up from the soil. You see a splinter of stone half hidden beneath a sod. It looks like nothing worthy of note; but if you have faith enough to pick it up, behold! a relic. Thoreau, who has a strange faculty of finding what the Indians have left behind them, first set me on the search, and I afterward enriched myself with some very perfect specimens so rudely wrought that it seemed almost as if chance had fashioned them.

Their great charm consists in this rudeness, and in the individuality of each article, so different from the productions of civilized machinery, which shapes everything on one pattern. There is exquisite delight, too, in picking up for one's self an arrow-head that was dropped centuries ago, and has never been handled since, and which we thus receive directly from the hand of the red hunter who purposed to shoot it at his game or at an enemy. Such an incident builds up again the Indian village and its encircling forest, and recalls to life the painted chiefs and warriors, the squaws at their household toil and the children sporting among the wigwams, while the little wind-rocked papoose swings from the branch of a tree. It can hardly be told whether it is a joy or a pain, after such a momentary vision, to gaze around in the broad daylight of reality and see stone fences, white houses, potato fields, and men doggedly hoeing in their shirt-sleeves and homespun pantaloons. But this is nonsense. The Old Manse is better than a thousand wigwams.

The Old Manse! We had almost forgotten it, but will return thither through the orchard. This was set out by the last clergyman in the decline of his life, when the neighbors laughed at the hoary-headed man for planting trees from which he could have no prospect of gathering fruit. Even had that been the case, there was only so much the better motive for planting them in the pure and unselfish hope of benefiting his successors — an end so seldom achieved by more ambitious efforts. But the old minister, before reaching his patriarchal age of ninety, ate the apples from this orchard during many years, and added silver and gold to his annual stipend by disposing of the superfluity. It is pleasant to think of him walking among the trees in the quiet afternoons of early autumn and picking up here and there a windfall, while he observes how heavily the branches are weighed down and computes the number of empty flour barrels that will be filled by their burden. He loved each tree, doubtless, as if it had been his own child. An orchard has a relation to mankind, and readily connects itself with matters of the heart. The trees possess a domestic character; they have lost the wild nature of their forest kindred, and have grown humanized by receiving the care of man as well as by contributing to his wants. There is so much individuality of character, too,

among apple trees that it gives them an additional claim to be the objects of human interest. One is harsh and crabbed in its manifestations; another gives us fruit as mild as charity. One is churlish and illiberal, evidently grudging the few apples that it bears; another exhausts itself in free-hearted benevolence. The variety of grotesque shapes into which apple trees contort themselves has its effect on those who get acquainted with them: they stretch out their crooked branches and take such hold of the imagination that we remember them as humorists and odd fellows. And what is more melancholy than the old apple trees that linger about the spot where once stood a homestead, but where there is now only a ruined chimney rising out of the grassy and weed-grown cellar? They offer their fruit to every wayfarer — apples that are bitter-sweet with the moral of time's vicissitude.

I have met with no other such pleasant trouble in the world as that of finding myself, with only the two or three mouths which it was my privilege to feed, the sole inheritor of the old clergyman's wealth of fruits. Throughout the summer there were cherries and currants, and then came autumn, with his immense burden of apples, dropping them continually from his overladen shoulders as he trudged along. In the stillest afternoons, if I listened, the thump of a great apple was audible, falling without a breath of wind from the mere necessity of perfect ripeness. And, besides, there were pear trees that flung down bushels upon bushels of heavy pears, and peach trees which in a good year tormented me with peaches neither to be eaten nor kept, nor without labor and perplexity to be given away. The idea of an infinite generosity and exhaustless bounty on the part of our mother. Nature was well worth obtaining through such cares as these. That feeling can be enjoyed in perfection only by the natives of summer islands where the breadfruit, the cocoa, the palm, and the orange grow spontaneously and hold forth the ever-ready meal, but likewise almost as well by a man long habituated to city life who plunges into such a solitude as that of the Old Manse, where he plucks the fruit of trees that he did not plant, and which, therefore, to my heterodox taste, bear the closer resemblance to those that grew in Eden. It has been an apothegm these five thousand years that toil sweetens the bread

it earns. For my part (speaking from hard experience acquired while belaboring the rugged furrows of Brook Farm) I relish best the free gifts of Providence.

Not that it can be disputed that the light toil requisite to cultivate a moderately sized garden imparts such zest to kitchen-vegetables as is never found in those of the market-gardener. Childless men, if they would know something of the bliss of paternity, should plant a seed — be it squash, bean, Indian corn, or perhaps a mere flower or worthless weed — should plant it with their own hands and nurse it from infancy to maturity altogether by their own care. If there be not too many of them, each individual plant becomes an object of separate interest. My garden that skirted the avenue of the manse was of precisely the right extent. An hour or two of morning labor was all that it required, but I used to visit and revisit it a dozen times a day, and stand in deep contemplation over my vegetable progeny with a love that nobody could share or conceive of who had never taken part in the process of creation. It was one of the most bewitching sights in the world to observe a hill of beans thrusting aside the soil or a row of early peas just peeping forth sufficiently to trace a line of delicate green. Later in the season the humming-birds were attracted by the blossoms of a peculiar variety of bean, and they were a joy to me — those little spiritual visitants — for deigning to sip any food out of my nectar-cups. Multitudes of bees used to bury themselves in the yellow blossoms of the summer squashes. This, too, was a deep satisfaction, although, when they had laden themselves with sweets, they flew away to some unknown hive which would give back nothing in requital of what my garden had contributed. But I was glad to fling a benefaction upon the passing breeze with the certainty that somebody must profit by it, and that there would be a little more honey in the world to allay the sourness and bitterness which mankind is always complaining of. Yes, indeed! My life was the sweeter for that honey.

Speaking of summer squashes, I must say a word of their beautiful and varied forms. They presented an endless diversity of urns and vases, shallow or deep, scalloped or plain, molded in patterns which a sculptor would do well to copy, since art has never invented anything more graceful. A hundred squashes

in the garden were worthy — in my eyes, at least — of being rendered indestructible in marble. If ever Providence (but I know it never will) should assign me a superfluity of gold, part of it shall be expended for a service of plate or most delicate porcelain, to be wrought into the shapes of summer squashes gathered from vines which I will plant with my own hands. As dishes for containing vegetables they would be peculiarly appropriate.

But not merely the squeamish love of the Beautiful was gratified by my toil in the kitchen-garden. There was a hearty enjoyment, likewise, in observing the growth of the crook-necked winter squashes from the first little bulb, with the withered blossom adhering to it, until they lay strewn upon the soil, big, round fellows, hiding their heads beneath the leaves, but turning up their great yellow rotundities to the noontide sun. Gazing at them, I felt that by my agency something worth living for had been done. A new substance was born into the world. They were real and tangible existences which the mind could seize hold of and rejoice in. A cabbage, too — especially the Early Dutch cabbage, which swells to a monstrous circumference, until its ambitious heart often bursts asunder — is a matter to be proud of when he can claim a share with the earth and sky in producing it. But, after all, the hugest pleasure is reserved until these vegetable children of ours are smoking on the table, and we, like Saturn, make a meal of them.

What with the river, the battle-field, the orchard and the garden, the reader begins to despair of finding his way back into the Old Manse, but in agreeable weather it is the truest hospitality to keep him out of doors. I never grew quite acquainted with my habitation till a long spell of sulky rain had confined me beneath its roof. There could not be a more somber aspect of external nature than as seen from the windows of my study. The great willow tree had caught and retained among its leaves a whole cataract of water, to be shaken down at intervals by the frequent gusts of wind. All day long, and for a week together, the rain was drip-drip-dripping and splash-splash-splashing from the eaves and bubbling and foaming into the tubs beneath the spouts. The old unpainted shingles of the house and outbuildings were black with moisture, and the mosses, of ancient

growth, upon the walls looked green and fresh as if they were the newest things and afterthought of time. The usually mirrored surface of the river was blurred by an infinity of raindrops. The whole landscape had a completely water-soaked appearance, conveying the impression that the earth was wet through like a sponge, while the summit of a wooded hill about a mile distant was enveloped in a dense mist, where the demon of the tempest seemed to have his abiding-place, and to be plotting still direr inclemencies.

Nature has no kindness, no hospitality, during a rain. In the fiercest heat of sunny days she retains a secret mercy and welcomes the wayfarer to shady nooks of the woods whither the sun cannot penetrate. But she provides no shelter against her storms. It makes us shiver to think of those deep, umbrageous recesses, those overshadowing banks, where we found such enjoyment during the sultry afternoons. Not a twig of foliage there but would dash a little shower into our faces. Looking reproachfully toward the impenetrable sky — if sky there be above that dismal uniformity of cloud — we are apt to murmur against the whole system of the universe, since it involves the extinction of so many summer days in so short a life by the hissing and spluttering rain. In such spells of weather — and it is to be supposed such weather came — Eve's bower in Paradise must have been but a cheerless and aguish kind of shelter, nowise comparable to the old parsonage, which had resources of its own to beguile the week's imprisonment. The idea of sleeping on a couch of wet roses!

Happy the man who in a rainy day can betake himself to a huge garret stored, like that of the manse, with lumber that each generation has left behind it from a period before the Revolution. Our garret was an arched hall, dimly illuminated through small and dusty windows. It was but a twilight at the best, and there were nooks — or, rather, caverns — of deep obscurity, the secrets of which I never learned, being too reverent of their dust and cobwebs. The beams and rafters, roughly hewn and with strips of bark still on them, and the rude masonry of the chimney, made the garret look wild and uncivilized — an aspect unlike what was seen elsewhere in the quiet and decorous old house. But on one side there was a little whitewashed apartment which bore the

traditionary title of "The Saint's Chamber" because holy men in their youth had slept and studied and prayed there. With its elevated retirement, its one window, its small fireplace and its closet convenient for an oratory, it was the very spot where a young man might inspire himself with solemn enthusiasm and cherish saintly dreams. The occupants at various epochs had left brief records and speculations inscribed upon the walls. There, too, hung a tattered and shriveled roll of canvas which on inspection proved to be the forcibly wrought picture of a clergyman in wig, band, and gown, holding a Bible in his hand. As I turned his face toward the light he eyed me with an air of authority such as men of his profession seldom assume in our days. The original had been pastor of the parish more than a century ago — a friend of Whitefield, and almost his equal in fervid eloquence. I bowed before the effigy of the dignified divine, and felt as if I had now met face to face with the ghost by whom, as there was reason to apprehend, the manse was haunted.

Houses of any antiquity in New England are so invariably possessed with spirits that the matter seems hardly worth alluding to. Our ghost used to heave deep sighs in a particular corner of the parlor, and sometimes rustled paper, as if he were turning over a sermon, in the long upper entry — where, nevertheless, he was invisible, in spite of the bright moonshine that fell through the eastern window. Not improbably he wished me to edit and publish a selection from a chest full of manuscript discourses that stood in the garret. Once while Hillard and other friends sat talking with us in the twilight, there came a rustling noise, as of a minister's silk gown, sweeping through the very midst of the company, so closely as almost to brush against the chairs. Still, there was nothing visible. A yet stranger business was that of a ghostly servant-maid who used to be heard in the kitchen at deepest midnight grinding coffee, cooking, ironing — performing, in short, all kinds of domestic labor, although no traces of anything accomplished could be detected the next morning. Some neglected duty of her servitude — some ill-starched ministerial band — disturbed the poor damsel in her grave and kept her to work without any wages.

But to return from this digression. A part of my predecessor's library was stored in the garret — no unfit receptacle, in-

deed, for such dreary trash as comprised the greater number of volumes. The old books would have been worth nothing at an auction. In this venerable garret, however, they possessed an interest, quite apart from their literary value, as heirlooms, many of which had been transmitted down through a series of consecrated hands from the days of the mighty Puritan divines. Autographs of famous names were to be seen, in faded ink, on some of their fly-leaves, and there were marginal observations or interpolated pages, closely covered with manuscript in illegible shorthand, perhaps concealing matter of profound truth and wisdom. The world will never be the better for it. A few of the books were Latin folios written by Catholic authors; others demolished papistry as with a sledge-hammer, in plain English. A dissertation on the book of Job — which only Job himself could have had patience to read — filled at least a score of small thick-set quartos, at the rate of two or three volumes to a chapter. Then there was a vast folio " Body of Divinity " — too corpulent body, it might be feared, to comprehend the spiritual element of religion. Volumes of this form dated back two hundred years or more, and were generally bound in black leather, exhibiting precisely such an appearance as we should attribute to books of enchantment. Others equally antique were of a size proper to be carried in the large waistcoat pockets of old times — diminutive, but as black as their bulkier brethren, and abundantly interfused with Greek and Latin quotations. These little old volumes impressed me as if they had been intended for very large ones, but had been unfortunately blighted at an early stage of their growth.

The rain pattered upon the roof and the sky gloomed through the dusty garret windows while I burrowed among these venerable books in search of any living thought which should burn like a coal of fire or glow like an inextinguishable gem beneath the dead trumpery that had long hidden it. But I found no such treasure — all was dead alike; and I could not but muse deeply and wonderingly upon the humiliating fact that the works of man's intellect decay like those of his hands. Thought grows moldy. What was good and nourishing food for the spirits of one generation affords no sustenance for the next. Books of religion, however, cannot be considered a fair test of the enduring and vivacious properties of human thought, because such

books so seldom really touch upon their ostensible subject, and have, therefore, so little business to be written at all. So long as an unlettered soul can attain to saving grace there would seem to be no deadly error in holding theological libraries to be accumulations of, for the most part, stupendous impertinence.

Many of the books had accrued in the latter years of the last clergyman's lifetime. These threatened to be of even less interest than the elder works a century hence to any curious inquirer who should then rummage them as I was doing now. Volumes of the *Liberal Preacher* and *Christian Examiner*, occasional sermons, controversial pamphlets, tracts, and other productions of a light fugitive nature, took the place of the thick and heavy volumes of past time. In a physical point of view there was much the same difference as between a feather and a lump of lead, but, intellectually regarded, the specific gravity of old and new was about upon a par. Both, also, were alike frigid. The elder books, nevertheless, seemed to have been earnestly written, and might be conceived to have possessed warmth at some former period, although with the lapse of time, the heated masses had cooled down even to the freezing-point. The frigidity of the modern productions, on the other hand, was characteristic and inherent, and evidently had little to do with the writers' qualities of mind and heart. In fine, of this whole dusty heap of literature, I tossed aside all the sacred part, and felt myself none the less a Christian for eschewing it. There appeared no hope of either mounting to the better world on a Gothic staircase of ancient folios, or flying thither on the wing of a modern tract.

Nothing, strange to say, retained any sap, except what had been written for the passing day and year, without the remotest pretension or idea of permanence. There were a few old newspapers, and still older almanacs, which reproduced, to my mental eye, the epochs when they had issued from the press, with a distinctness that was altogether unaccountable. It was as if I had found bits of magic looking-glass among the books, with the images of a vanished century in them. I turned my eyes toward the tattered picture above mentioned, and asked of the austere divine wherefore it was that he and his brethren, after the most painful rummaging and groping into their minds, had been

able to produce nothing half so real as these newspaper scribblers and almanac makers had thrown off in the effervescence of a moment. The portrait responded not; so I sought an answer for myself. It is the age itself that writes newspapers and almanacs, which therefore have a distinct purpose and meaning at the time, and a kind of intelligible truth for all times; whereas, most other works, being written by men who in the very act set themselves apart from their age, are likely to possess little significance when new, and none at all when old. Genius, indeed, melts many ages into one, and thus effects something permanent, yet still with a similarity of office to that of the more ephemeral writer. A work of genius is but the newspaper of a century, or perchance of a hundred centuries.

Lightly as I have spoken of these old books, there yet lingers with me a superstitious reverence for a literature of all kinds. A bound volume has a charm in my eyes similar to what scraps of manuscript possess for the good Mussulman: he imagines that those wind-wafted records are perhaps hallowed by some sacred verse, and I that every new book or antique one may contain the "Open sesame!" — the spell to disclose treasures hidden in some unsuspected cave of Truth. Thus it was not without sadness that I turned away from the library of the Old Manse.

Blessed was the sunshine when it came again, at the close of another stormy day, beaming from the edge of the western horizon, while the massive firmament of clouds threw down all the gloom it could, but served only to kindle the golden light into a more brilliant glow by the strongly contrasted shadows. Heaven smiled at the earth long unseen from beneath its heavy eyelid. To-morrow from the hilltops and the wood-paths!

Or it might be that Ellery Channing came up the avenue to join me in a fishing excursion on the river. Strange and happy times were those when we cast aside all irksome forms and strait-laced habitudes and delivered ourselves up to the free air, to live like the Indians or any less conventional race during one bright semicircle of the sun. Rowing our boat against the current between wide meadows, we turned aside into the Assabeth. A more lonely stream than this for a mile above its junction with the Concord has never flowed on earth — nowhere, indeed, except to lave the interior regions of a poet's imagination. It is

sheltered from the breeze by woods and a hillside; so that elsewhere there might be a hurricane and here scarcely a ripple across the shaded water. The current lingers along so gently that the mere force of the boatman's will seems sufficient to propel his craft against it. It comes flowing through the midmost privacy and deepest heart of a wood which whispers it to be quiet, while the stream whispers back again from its sedgy borders, as if river and wood were hushing one another to sleep. Yes, the river sleeps along its course and dreams of the sky and of the clustering foliage, amid which falls showers of broken sunlight, imparting specks of vivid cheerfulness, in contrast with the quiet depth of the prevailing tint. Of all this scene the slumbering river had a dream picture in its bosom. Which, after all, was the most real — the picture or the original, the objects palpable to our grosser senses or their apotheosis in the stream beneath? Surely the disembodied images stand in closer relation to the soul. But both the original and the reflection had here an ideal charm, and, had it been a thought more wild, I could have fancied that this river had strayed forth out of the rich scenery of my companion's inner world; only the vegetation along its banks should then have had an Oriental character.

Gentle and unobtrusive as the river is, yet the tranquil woods seem hardly satisfied to allow its passage. The trees are rooted on the very verge of the water and dip their pendant branches into it. At one spot there is a lofty bank on the slope of which grow some hemlocks, declining across the stream with outstretched arms, as if resolute to take the plunge. In other places the banks are almost on a level with the water; so that the quiet congregation of trees set their feet in the flood and are fringed with foliage down to the surface. Cardinal-flowers kindle their spiral flames and illuminate the dark nooks among the shrubbery. The pond-lily grows abundantly along the margin — that delicious flower which, as Thoreau tells us, opens its virgin bosom to the first sunlight and perfects its being through the magic of that genial kiss. He has beheld beds of them unfolding in due succession as the sunrise stole gradually from flower to flower — a sight not to be hoped for unless when a poet adjusts his inward eye to a proper focus with the outward organ. Grape-vines here and there twine themselves around shrub and tree and hang their

clusters over the water within reach of a boatman's hand. Oftentimes they unite two trees of alien race in an inextricable twine, marrying the hemlock and the maple against their will and enriching them with a purple offspring of which neither is the parent. One of these ambitious parasites has climbed into the upper branches of a tall white pine, and is still ascending from bough to bough, unsatisfied till it shall crown the tree's airy summit with a wreath of its broad foliage and a cluster of its grapes.

The winding course of the stream continually shut out the scene behind us and revealed as calm and lovely a one before. We glided from depth to depth and breathed new seclusion at every turn. The shy kingfisher flew from the withered branch close at hand to another at a distance, uttering a shrill cry of anger or alarm. Ducks that had been floating there since the preceding eve were startled at our approach, and skimmed along the glassy river, breaking its dark surface with a bright streak. The pickerel leaped from among the lily-pads. The turtle sunning itself upon a rock or at the root of a tree slid suddenly into the water with a plunge. The painted Indian who paddled his canoe along the Assabeth three hundred years ago could hardly have seen a wilder gentleness displayed upon its banks and reflected in its bosom than we did.

Nor could the same Indian have prepared his noontide meal with more simplicity. We drew up our skiff at some point where the overarching shade formed a natural bower, and there kindled a fire with the pine-cones and decayed branches that lay strewn plentifully around. Soon the smoke ascended among the trees impregnated with a savory incense — not heavy, dull, and surfeiting, like the steam of cookery within doors, but sprightly and piquant. The smell of our feast was akin to the woodland odors with which it mingled. There was no sacrilege committed by our intrusion there; the sacred solitude was hospitable, and granted us free leave to cook and eat in the recess that was at once our kitchen and banqueting-hall. It is strange what humble offices may be performed in a beautiful scene without destroying its poetry. Our fire, red-gleaming among the trees, and we beside it busied with culinary rites and spreading out our meal on a moss-grown log, — all seemed in unison with the river

gliding by and the foliage rustling over us. And, what was strangest, neither did our mirth seem to disturb the propriety of the solemn woods, although the hobgoblins of the old wilderness and the will-o'-the-wisps that glimmered in the marshy places might have come trooping to share our table-talk and have added their shrill laughter to our merriment. It was the very spot in which to utter the extremest nonsense or the profoundest wisdom, or that ethereal product of the mind which partakes of both and may become one or the other in correspondence with the faith and insight of the auditor.

So, amid sunshine and shadow, rustling leaves and sighing waters, up gushed our talk like the babble of a fountain. The evanescent spray was Ellery's, and his, too, the lumps of golden thought that lay glimmering in the fountain's bed and brightened both our faces by the reflection. Could he have drawn out that virgin gold and stamped it with the mint-mark that alone gives currency, the world might have had the profit and he the fame. My mind was the richer merely by the knowledge that it was there. But the chief profit of those wild days, to him and me, lay, not in any definite idea, not in any angular or rounded truth which we dug out of the shapeless mass of problematical stuff, but in the freedom which we thereby won from all custom and conventionalism and fettering influences of man on man. We were so free to-day that it was impossible to be slaves again to-morrow. When we crossed the threshold of the house or trod the thronged pavements of a city, still the leaves of the trees that overhang the Assabeth were whispering to us, "Be free! Be free!" Therefore along that shady river-bank there are spots marked with a heap of ashes and half-consumed brands only less sacred in my remembrance than the hearth of a household fire.

And yet how sweet as we floated homeward down the golden river at sunset — how sweet was it to return within the system of human society, not as to a dungeon and a chain, but as to a stately edifice where we could go forth at will into statelier simplicity! How gently, too, did the sight of the Old Manse — best seen from the river, overshadowed with its willows, and all environed about with the foliage of its orchard and avenue — how gently did its gray, homely aspect rebuke the speculative extravagances of the day! It had grown sacred in connection

with the artificial life against which we inveighed; it had been a home for many years in spite of all; it was my home, too; and, with these thoughts, it seemed to me that all the artifice and conventionalism of life was but an impalpable thinness upon its surface, and that the depth below was none the worse for it. Once, as we turned our boat to the bank, there was a cloud in the shape of an immensely gigantic figure of a hound crouched above the house, as if keeping guard over it. Gazing at this symbol, I prayed that the upper influences might long protect the institutions that had grown out of the heart of mankind.

If ever my readers should decide to give up civilized life, cities, houses, and whatever moral or material enormities, in addition to these, the perverted ingenuity of our race has contrived, let it be in the early autumn. Then Nature will love him better than at any other season, and will take him to her bosom with a more motherly tenderness. I could scarcely endure the roof of the old house above me in those first autumnal days. How early in the summer, too, the prophecy of autumn comes! — earlier in some years than in others, sometimes even in the first weeks of July. There is no other feeling like what is caused by this faint, doubtful yet real perception — if it be not, rather, a foreboding — of the year's decay, so blessedly sweet and sad in the same breath. Did I say that there was no feeling like it? Ah! but there is! — a half-acknowledged melancholy like to this — when we stand in the perfect vigor of our life, and feel that time has now given us all his flowers, and that the next work of his never-idle fingers must be to steal them one by one away!

I have forgotten whether the song of the cricket be not as early a token of autumn's approach as any other — that song which may be called an audible stillness; for, though very loud and heard afar, yet the mind does not take note of it as a sound, so completely is its individual existence merged among the accompanying characteristics of the season. Alas for the pleasant summer time! In August the grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys; the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever and as green; the flowers gleam forth in richer abundance along the margin of the river and by the stone walls and deep among the woods; the days, too, are as fervid now as they were a month

ago; and yet in every breath of wind and in every beam of sunshine we hear the whispered farewell and behold the parting smile of a dear friend. There is a coolness amid all the heat — a mildness in the blazing noon. Not a breeze can stir but it thrills us with the breath of autumn. A pensive glory is seen in the far golden gleams, among the shadows of the trees. The flowers, even the brightest of them — and they are the most gorgeous of the year — have this gentle sadness wedded to their pomp, and typify the character of the delicious time each within itself. The brilliant cardinal-flower has never seemed gay to me.

Still later in the season Nature's tenderness waxes stronger. It is impossible not to be fond of our mother now, for she is so fond of us. At other periods she does not make this impression on me, or only at rare intervals, but in those genial days of autumn, when she has perfected her harvests and accomplished every needful thing that was given her to do — then she overflows with a blessed superfluity of love. She has leisure to caress her children now. It is good to be alive, and at such times. Thank Heaven for breath! yes, for mere breath, when it is made up of a heavenly breeze like this. It comes with a real kiss upon our cheeks. It would linger fondly around us, if it might, but since it must be gone, it embraces us with its whole kindly heart and passes onward to embrace likewise the next thing that it meets. A blessing is flung abroad and scattered far and wide over the earth, to be gathered up by all who choose. I recline upon the still unwithered grass and whisper to myself, "O perfect day! O beautiful world! O beneficent God!" And it is the promise of a blessed eternity, for our Creator would never have made such lovely days and have given us the deep hearts to enjoy them above and beyond all thought unless we were meant to be immortal. This sunshine is the golden pledge thereof. It beams through the gates of paradise and shows us glimpses far inward.

By and by — in a little time — the outward world puts on a drear austerity. On some October morning there is a heavy hoar-frost on the grass and along the tops of the fences, and at sunrise the leaves fall from the trees of our avenue without a breath of wind, quietly descending by their own weight. All

summer long they have murmured like the noise of waters; they have roared loudly while the branches were wrestling with the thunder-gust; they have made music both glad and solemn; they have attuned my thoughts by their quiet sound as I paced to and fro beneath the arch of intermingling boughs. Now, they can only rustle under my feet. Henceforth the gray parsonage begins to assume a larger importance, and draws to its fireside — for the abomination of the air-tight stove is reserved till wintry weather — draws closer and closer to its fireside the vagrant impulses that had gone wandering about through the summer.

When summer was dead and buried, the Old Manse became as lonely as a hermitage. Not that ever — in my time, at least — it had been thronged with company. But at no rare intervals we welcomed some friend out of the dusty glare and tumult of the world and rejoiced to share with him the transparent obscurity that was floating over us. In one respect our precincts were like the Enchanted Ground through which the pilgrim traveled on his way to the Celestial City. The guests, each and all, felt a slumbrous influence upon them; they fell asleep in chairs or took a more deliberate siesta on the sofa, or were seen stretched among the shadows of the orchard, looking up dreamily through the boughs. They could not have paid a more acceptable compliment to my abode, nor to my own qualities as a host. I held it as a proof that they left their cares behind them as they passed between the stone gate-posts at the entrance of our avenue, and that the so-powerful opiate was the abundance of peace and quiet within and all around us. Others could give them pleasure and amusement or instruction — these could be picked up anywhere — but it was for me to give them rest. Rest in a life of trouble! What better could be done for those weary and world-worn spirits? for him whose career of perpetual action was impeded and harassed by the rarest of his powers and the richest of his acquirements? for another, who had thrown his ardent heart from earliest youth into the strife of politics, and now, perchance, began to suspect that one lifetime is too brief for the accomplishment of any lofty aim? for her on whose feminine nature had been imposed the heavy gift of intellectual power such as a strong man might have staggered under, and with it the necessity to act upon the world?

In a word, not to multiply instances, what better could be done for anybody who came within our magic circle than to throw the spell of a magic spirit over him? And when it had wrought its full effect, then we dismissed him with but misty reminiscences, as if he had been dreaming of us.

Were I to adopt a pet idea, as so many people do, and fondle it in my embraces to the exclusion of all others, it would be that the great want which mankind labors under at this present period is — sleep! The world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow and take an age-long nap. It has gone distracted through a morbid activity, and, while preternaturally wide awake, is nevertheless tormented by visions that seem real to it now, but would assume their true aspect and character were all things once set right by an interval of sound repose. This is the only method of getting rid of old delusions and avoiding new ones — of regenerating our race, so that it might in due time awake as an infant out of dewy slumber, of restoring to us the simple perception of what is right and the single-hearted desire to achieve it, both of which have long been lost in consequence of this weary activity of brain and torpor or passion of the heart that now afflict the universe. Stimulants — the only mode of treatment hitherto attempted — cannot quell the disease; they do but heighten the delirium.

Let not the above paragraph ever be quoted against the author, for, though tinctured with its modicum of truth, it is the result and expression of what he knew, while he was writing it, to be but a distorted survey of the state and prospects of mankind. There were circumstances around me which made it difficult to view the world precisely as it exists, for, severe and sober as was the Old Manse, it was necessary to go but a little way beyond its threshold before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere in a circuit of a thousand miles.

These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original thinker who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face. Young visionaries to whom

just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them came to seek the clue that should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists, whose systems, at first air, had finally imprisoned them in an iron framework, traveled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thraldom. People that had lighted on a new thought or a thought that they fancied new came to Emerson, as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers through the midnight of a moral world beheld its intellectual fire as a beacon burning on a hilltop, and, climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealed objects unseen before — mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of a creation among the chaos — but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats and owls, and the whole host of night-birds, which flapped their dusky wings against the gazer's eyes, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather. Such delusions always hover nigh whenever a beacon-fire of truth is kindled.

For myself, there had been epochs of my life when I too might have asked of this prophet the master-word that should solve me the riddle of the universe, but now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure, intellectual gleam diffused about his presence like the garment of a shining one, and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And, in truth, the heart of many an ordinary man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain-atmosphere of his lofty thought, which in the brains of some people wrought a singular giddiness, new truth being as heady as new wine. Never was a poor little country village infested with such a variety of queer, strangely dressed, oddly behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of

the world's destiny, yet were simply bores of a very intense water. Such, I imagine, is the invariable character of persons who crowd so closely about an original thinker as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus to become imbued with a false originality. This triteness of novelty is enough to make any man of common sense blaspheme at all ideas of less than a century's standing, and pray that the world may be petrified and rendered immovable in precisely the worst moral and physical state that it ever yet arrived at rather than be benefited by such schemes of such philosophers.

And now I begin to feel — and perhaps should have sooner felt — that we have talked enough of the Old Manse. Mine honored reader, it may be, will vilify the poor author as an egotist for babbling through so many pages about a moss-grown country parsonage, and his life within its walls and on the river and in the woods, and the influences that wrought upon him from all these sources. My conscience, however, does not reproach me with betraying anything too sacredly individual to be revealed by a human spirit to its brother or sister spirit. How narrow — how shallow and scanty too — is the stream of thought that has been flowing from my pen, compared with the broad tide of dim emotions, ideas, and associations which swell around me from that portion of my existence! How little have I told! and of that little, how almost nothing is even tinctured with any quality that makes it exclusively my own! Has the reader gone wandering hand in hand with me through the inner passages of my being, and have we groped together into all its chambers and examined their treasures or their rubbish? Not so. We have been standing on the green sward, but just within the cavern's mouth, where the common sunshine is free to penetrate, and where every footstep is therefore free to come. I have appealed to no sentiment or sensibilities save such as are diffused among us all. So far as I am a man of really individual attributes, I veil my face, nor am I, nor have I ever been, one of those supremely hospitable people who serve up their own hearts delicately fried, with brain sauce, as a titbit for their beloved public.

Glancing back over what I have written, it seems but the scattered reminiscences of a single summer. In fairyland there is no measurement of time, and in a spot so sheltered from the

turmoil of life's ocean three years hasten away with a noiseless flight, as the breezy sunshine chases the cloud-shadows across the depths of a still valley. Now came hints, growing more and more distinct, that the owner of the old house was pining for his native air. Carpenters next appeared, making a tremendous racket among the outbuildings, strewing green grass with pine-shavings and chips of chestnut joints, and vexing the whole antiquity of the place with their discordant renovations. Soon, moreover, they divested our abode of the veil of woodbine which had crept over a large portion of its southern face. All the aged mosses were cleared unsparingly away, and there were horrible whispers about brushing up the external walls with a coat of paint — a purpose as little to my taste as might be that of rouging the venerable cheeks of one's grandmother. But the hand that renovates is always more sacrilegious than that which destroys. In fine, we gathered up our household goods, drank a farewell cup of tea in our pleasant little breakfast room — delicately fragrant tea, an unpurchasable luxury, one of the many angel-gifts that had fallen like dew upon us — and passed forth between the tall stone gate-posts as uncertain as the wandering Arabs where our tent might next be pitched. Providence took me by the hand, and — an oddity of dispensation which, I trust, there is no irreverence in smiling at — has led me, as the newspapers announce while I am writing from the Old Manse, into a custom-house. As a story-teller I have often contrived strange vicissitudes for my imaginary personages, but none like this.

The treasure of intellectual gold which I had hoped to find in our secluded dwelling had never come to light. No profound treatise of ethics, no philosophic history — no novel, even, that could stand unsupported on its edges. All that I had to show, as a man of letters, were these few tales and essays which had blossomed out like flowers in the calm summer of my heart and mind. Save editing (an easy task) the journal of my friend of many years, the African Cruiser, I had done nothing else. With these idle weeds and withering blossoms I have intermixed some that were produced long ago — old, faded things, reminding me of flowers pressed between the leaves of a book — and now offer the bouquet, such as it is, to any whom it may please.

These fitful sketches, with so little of external life about them, yet claiming no profundity of purpose, so reserved even while they sometimes seem so frank, often but half in earnest, and never, when most so, expressing satisfactorily the thoughts which they profess to image, — such trifles, I truly feel, afford no solid basis for a literary reputation. Nevertheless, the public — if my limited number of readers, whom I venture to regard rather as a circle of friends, may be termed a public — will receive them the more kindly as the last offering, the last collection, of this nature which it is my purpose ever to put forth. Unless I could do better, I have done enough in this kind. For myself, the book will always retain one charm, as reminding me of the river with its delightful solitudes, and of the avenue, the garden and the orchard, and especially the dear Old Manse, with the little study on its western side and the sunshine glimmering through the willow-branches while I wrote.

(From "The Marble Faun")

ALTARS AND INCENSE

Rome has a certain species of consolation readier at hand, for all the necessitous, than any other spot under the sky; and Hilda's despondent state made her peculiarly liable to the peril, if peril it can justly be termed, of seeking, or consenting, to be thus consoled.

Had the Jesuits known the situation of this troubled heart, her inheritance of New England Puritanism would hardly have protected the poor girl from the pious strategy of those good fathers. Knowing, as they do, how to work each proper engine, it would have been ultimately impossible for Hilda to resist the attractions of a faith, which so marvelously adapts itself to every human need. Not, indeed, that it can satisfy the soul's cravings, but, at least, it can sometimes help the soul towards a higher satisfaction than the faith contains within itself. It supplies a multitude of external forms, in which the spiritual may be clothed and manifested; it has many painted windows, as it were, through which the celestial sunshine, else disregarded, may make itself gloriously perceptible in visions of beauty and

splendor. There is no one want or weakness of human nature, for which Catholicism will own itself without a remedy; cordials, certainly, it possesses in abundance, and sedatives in inexhaustible variety, and what may once have been genuine medicaments, though a little the worse for long keeping.

To do it justice, Catholicism is such a miracle of fitness for its own ends, many of which might seem to be admirable ones, that it is difficult to imagine it a contrivance of mere man. Its mighty machinery was forged and put together, not on middle earth, but either above or below. If there were but angels to work it, instead of the very different class of engineers who now manage its cranks and safety-valves, the system would soon vindicate the dignity and holiness of its origin.

Hilda had heretofore made many pilgrimages among the churches of Rome, for the sake of wondering at their gorgeousness. Without a glimpse at these palaces of worship, it is impossible to imagine the magnificence of the religion that reared them. Many of them shine with burnished gold. They glow with pictures. Their walls, columns, and arches seem a quarry of precious stones, so beautiful and costly are the marbles with which they are inlaid. Their pavements are often a mosaic of rare workmanship. Around their lofty cornices hover flights of sculptured angels; and within the vault of the ceiling and the swelling interior of the dome there are frescoes of such brilliancy, and wrought with so artful a perspective, that the sky, peopled with sainted forms, appears to be opened, only a little way above the spectator. Then there are chapels, opening from the side-aisles and transepts, decorated by princes for their own burial-places, and as shrines for their especial saints. In these, the splendor of the entire edifice is intensified and gathered to a focus. Unless words were gems, that would flame with many-colored light upon the page, and throw thence a tremulous glimmer into the reader's eyes, it were vain to attempt a description of a princely chapel.

Restless with her trouble, Hilda now entered upon another pilgrimage among these altars and shrines. She climbed the hundred steps of the Ara Cœli; she trod the broad, silent nave of St. John Lateran; she stood in the Pantheon, under the round opening in the dome, through which the blue, sunny sky still

gazes down, as it used to gaze when there were Roman deities in the antique niches. She went into every church that rose before her, but not now to wonder at its magnificence, which she hardly noticed more than if it had been the pine-built interior of a New England meeting-house.

She went — and it was a dangerous errand — to observe how closely and comfortably the Popish faith applied itself to all human occasions. It was impossible to doubt that multitudes of people found their spiritual advantage in it, who would find none at all in our own formless mode of worship; which, besides, so far as the sympathy of prayerful souls is concerned, can be enjoyed only at stated and too unfrequent periods. But here, whenever the hunger for divine nutriment came upon the soul, it could on the instant be appeased. At one or another altar, the incense was forever ascending; the mass always being performed, and carrying upward with it the devotion of such as had not words for their own prayer. And yet, if the worshiper had his individual petition to offer, his own heart-secret to whisper below his breath, there were divine auditors ever ready to receive it from his lips; and what encouraged him still more, these auditors had not always been divine, but kept, within their heavenly memories, the tender humility of a human experience. Now a saint in heaven, but once a man on earth.

Hilda saw peasants, citizens, soldiers, nobles, women with bare heads, ladies in their silks, entering the churches individually, kneeling for moments, or for hours, and directing their inaudible devotions to the shrine of some saint of their own choice. In his hallowed person, they felt themselves possessed of an own friend in heaven. They were too humble to approach the Deity directly. Conscious of their unworthiness, they asked the mediation of their sympathizing patron, who, on the score of his ancient martyrdom and after many ages of celestial life, might venture to talk with the Divine Presence, almost as friend with friend. Though dumb before its Judge, even despair could speak, and pour out the misery of its soul like water, to an advocate so wise to comprehend the case, and eloquent to plead it, and powerful to win pardon, whatever were the guilt. Hilda witnessed what she deemed to be an example of this species of confidence between a young man and a saint. He stood before a shrine, writhing,

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wringing his hands, contorting his whole frame in an agony of remorseful recollection, but finally knelt down to weep and pray. If this youth had been a Protestant, he would have kept all that torture pent up in his heart, and let it burn there till it seared him into indifference.

Often, and long, Hilda lingered before the shrines and chapels of the Virgin, and departed from them with reluctant steps. Here, perhaps, strange as it may seem, her delicate appreciation of art stood her in good stead, and lost Catholicism a convert. If the painter had represented Mary with a heavenly face, poor Hilda was now in the very mood to worship her, and adopt the faith in which she held so elevated a position. But she saw that it was merely the flattered portrait of an earthly beauty; the wife, at best, of the artist; or, it might be, a peasant girl of the Campagna, or some Roman princess, to whom he desired to pay his court. For love, or some even less justifiable motive, the old painter had apotheosized these women; he thus gained for them, as far as his skill would go, not only the meed of immortality, but the privilege of presiding over Christian altars, and of being worshiped with far holier fervors than while they dwelt on earth. Hilda's fine sense of the fit and decorous could not be betrayed into kneeling at such a shrine.

She never found just the virgin mother whom she needed. Here, it was an earthly mother, worshiping the earthly baby in her lap, as any and every mother does, from Eve's time downward. In another picture, there was a dim sense, shown in the mother's face, of some divine quality in the child. In a third, the artist seemed to have had a higher perception, and had striven hard to shadow out the Virgin's joy at bringing the Saviour into the world, and her awe and love, inextricably mingled, of the little form which she pressed against her bosom. So far was good. But still, Hilda looked for something more; a face of celestial beauty, but human as well as heavenly, and with the shadow of past grief upon it; bright with immortal youth, yet matronly and motherly; and endowed with a queenly dignity, but infinitely tender, as the highest and deepest attribute of her divinity.

"Ah," thought Hilda to herself, "why should not there be a woman to listen to the prayers of women; a mother in heaven

for all motherless girls like me? In all God's thought and care for us, can He have withheld this boon, which our weakness so much needs?"

Oftener than to the other churches, she wandered into Saint Peter's. Within its vast limits, she thought, and beneath the sweep of its great dome, there should be space for all forms of Christian truth; room both for the faithful and the heretic to kneel; due help for every creature's spiritual want.

Hilda had not always been adequately impressed by the grandeur of this mighty cathedral. When she first lifted the heavy leathern curtain, at one of the doors, a shadowy edifice in her imagination had been dazzled out of sight by the reality. Her preconception of Saint Peter's was a structure of no definite outline, misty in its architecture, dim and gray and huge, stretching into an interminable perspective, and overarched by a dome like the cloudy firmament. Beneath that vast breadth and height as she had fancied them, the personal man might feel his littleness, and the soul triumph in its immensity. So, in her earlier visits, when the compassed splendor of the actual interior glowed before her eyes, she had profanely called it a great prettiness; a gay piece of cabinet-work, on a Titanic scale; a jewel casket, marvelously magnified.

This latter image best pleased her fancy; a casket, all inlaid, in the inside, with precious stones of various hue so that there should not be a hair's-breadth of the small interior unadorned with its resplendent gem. Then, conceive this minute wonder of a mosaic box, increased to the magnitude of a cathedral, without losing the intense luster of its littleness, but all its petty glory striving to be sublime. The magic transformation from the minute to the vast has not been so cunningly effected but that the rich adornment still counteracts the impression of space and loftiness. The spectator is more sensible of its limits than of its extent.

Until after many visits, Hilda continued to mourn for that dim, illimitable interior, which with her eyes shut she had seen from childhood, but which vanished at her first glimpse through the actual door. Her childish vision seemed preferable to the cathedral, which Michael Angelo, and all the great architects, had built; because, of the dream edifice, she had said, "How vast

it is!" while of the real Saint Peter's she could only say, "After all, it is not so immense!" Besides, such as the church is, it can nowhere be made visible at one glance. It stands in its own way. You see an aisle or a transept; you see the nave, or the tribune; but, on account of its ponderous piers and other obstructions, it is only by this fragmentary process that you get an idea of the cathedral.

There is no answering such objections. The great church smiles calmly upon its critics, and, for all response, says, "Look at me!" and if you still murmur for the loss of your shadowy perspective, there comes no reply, save, "Look at me!" in endless repetition, as the one thing to be said. And, after looking many times, with long intervals between, you discover that the cathedral has gradually extended itself over the whole compass of your idea; it covers all the site of your visionary temple, and has room for its cloudy pinnacles beneath the dome.

One afternoon, as Hilda entered Saint Peter's in somber mood, its interior beamed upon her with all the effect of a new creation. It seemed an embodiment of whatever the imagination could conceive, or the heart desire, as a magnificent, comprehensive, majestic symbol of religious faith. All splendor was included within its verge, and there was space for all. She gazed with delight even at the multiplicity of ornament. She was glad at the cherubim that fluttered upon the pilasters, and of the marble doves, hovering, unexpectedly, with green olive-branches of precious stones. She could spare nothing, now, of the manifold magnificence that had been lavished, in a hundred places, richly enough to have made world-famous shrines in any other church, but which here melted away into the vast, sunny breadth, and were of no separate account. Yet each contributed its little all towards the grandeur of the whole.

She would not have banished one of those grim popes, who sit each over his own tomb, scattering cold benedictions out of their marble hands; nor a single frozen sister of the Allegoric family, to whom — as, like hired mourners at an English funeral, it costs them no wear and tear of heart — is assigned the office of weeping for the dead. If you choose to see these things, they present themselves; if you deem them unsuitable and out of place, they vanish, individually, but leave their life upon the walls.

The pavement! it stretched out illimitably, a plain of many-colored marble, where thousands of worshipers might kneel together, and shadowless angels tread among them without brushing their heavenly garments against those earthly ones. The roof! the dome! Rich, gorgeous, filled with sunshine, cheerfully sublime, and fadeless after centuries, those lofty depths seemed to translate the heavens to mortal comprehension, and help the spirit upward to a yet higher and wider sphere. Must not the faith, that built this matchless edifice, and warmed, illuminated, and overflowed from it, include whatever can satisfy human aspirations at the loftiest, or minister to human necessity at the sorest? If Religion had a material home, was it not here?

As the scene which we but faintly suggest shone calmly before the New England maiden at her entrance, she moved, as if by very instinct, to one of the vases of holy water, upborne against a column by two mighty cherubs. Hilda dipped her fingers, and had almost signed the cross upon her breast, but forbore, and trembled, while shaking the water from her finger-tips. She felt as if her mother's spirit, somewhere within the dome, were looking down upon her child, the daughter of Puritan forefathers, and weeping to behold her ensnared by these gaudy superstitions. So she strayed sadly onward, up the nave, and towards the hundred golden lights that swarm before the high altar. Seeing a woman, a priest, and a soldier kneel to kiss the toe of the brazen Saint Peter, who protrudes it beyond his pedestal, for the purpose, polished bright with former salutations, while a child stood on tiptoe to do the same, the glory of the church was darkened before Hilda's eyes. But again she went onward into remoter regions. She turned into the right transept, and thence found her way to a shrine, in the extreme corner of the edifice, which is adorned with a mosaic copy of Guido's beautiful Archangel, treading on the prostrate fiend.

This was one of the few pictures which, in these dreary days, had not faded nor deteriorated in Hilda's estimation; not that it was better than many in which she no longer took an interest; but the subtile delicacy of the painter's genius was peculiarly adapted to her character She felt, while gazing at it, that the artist had done a great thing, not merely for the Church of Rome,

but for the cause of Good. The moral of the picture, the immortal youth and loveliness of Virtue, and its irresistible might against ugly Evil, appealed as much to Puritans as Catholics.

Suddenly, and as if it were done in a dream, Hilda found herself kneeling before the shrine; under the ever-burning lamp that throws its ray upon the Archangel's face. She laid her forehead on the marble steps before the altar, and sobbed out a prayer; she hardly knew to whom, whether Michael, the Virgin, or the Father; she hardly knew of what, save only a vague longing, that thus the burden of her spirit might be lightened a little.

In an instant she snatched herself up, as it were, from her knees, all athrob with the emotions which were struggling to force their way out of her heart by the avenue that had so nearly been opened for them. Yet there was a strange sense of relief won by that momentary, passionate prayer; a strange joy moreover, whether from what she had done, or for what she had escaped doing, Hilda could not tell. But she felt as one half stifled, who has stolen a breath of air.

Next to the shrine where she had knelt, there is another, adorned with a picture by Guercino, representing a maiden's body in the jaws of the sepulcher, and her lover weeping over it; while her beautified spirit looks down upon the scene, in the society of the Saviour and a throng of saints. Hilda wondered if it were not possible, by some miracle of faith, so to rise above her present despondency that she might look down upon what she was, just as Petronilla in the picture looked at her own corpse. A hope, born of hysteric trouble, fluttered in her heart. A presentiment, or what she fancied such, whispered her, that before she had finished the circuit of the cathedral, relief would come.

The unhappy are continually tantalized by similar delusions of succor near at hand; at least, the despair is very dark that has no such will-o'-the-wisp to glimmer in it.

THE WORLD'S CATHEDRAL

Still gliding onward, Hilda now looked up into the dome, where the sunshine came through the western windows, and threw across long shafts of light. They rested upon the mosaic

figures of two evangelists above the cornice. These great beams of radiance, traversing what seemed the empty space, were made visible in misty glory, by the holy cloud of incense, else unseen, which had risen into the middle dome. It was to Hilda as if she beheld the worship of the priest and people ascending heavenward, purified from its alloy of earth, and acquiring celestial substance in the golden atmosphere to which it aspired. She wondered if angels did not sometimes hover within the dome, and show themselves, in brief glimpses, floating amid the sunshine and the glorified vapor, to those who devoutly worshiped on the pavement.

She had now come into the southern transept. Around this portion of the church are ranged a number of confessionals. They are small tabernacles of carved wood, with a closet for the priest in the center; and, on either side, a space for a penitent to kneel, and breathe his confession through a perforated auricle into the good father's ear. Observing this arrangement, though already familiar to her, our poor Hilda was anew impressed with the infinite convenience — if we may use so poor a phrase — of the Catholic religion to its devout believers.

Who, in truth, that considers the matter, can resist a similar impression! In the hottest fever-fit of life, they can always find ready for their need, a cool, quiet, beautiful place of worship. They may enter its sacred precincts at any hour, leaving the fret and trouble of the world behind them, and purifying themselves with a touch of holy water at the threshold. In the calm interior, fragrant of rich and soothing incense, they may hold converse with some saint, their awful, kindly friend. And most precious privilege of all, whatever perplexity, sorrow, guilt, may weigh upon their souls, they can fling down the dark burden at the foot of the cross, and go forth — to sin no more, nor be any longer disquieted; but to live again in the freshness and elasticity of innocence.

"Do not these inestimable advantages," thought Hilda, "or some of them, at least, belong to Christianity itself? Are they not a part of the blessings which the system was meant to bestow upon mankind? Can the faith in which I was born and bred be perfect, if it leave a weak girl like me to wander, desolate, with this great trouble crushing me down?"

A poignant anguish thrilled within her breast; it was like a thing that had life, and was struggling to get out.

"Oh, help! Oh, help!" cried Hilda; "I cannot, cannot bear it!"

Only by the reverberations that followed — arch echoing the sound to arch, and a pope of bronze repeating it to a pope of marble, as each sat enthroned over his tomb — did Hilda become aware that she had really spoken above her breath. But, in that great space, there is no need to hush up the heart within one's own bosom, so carefully as elsewhere; and if the cry reached any distant auditor, it came broken into many fragments, and from various quarters of the church.

Approaching one of the confessionals, she saw a woman kneeling within. Just as Hilda drew near, the penitent rose, came forth, and kissed the hand of the priest, who regarded her with a look of paternal benignity, and appeared to be giving her some spiritual counsel, in a low voice. She then knelt to receive his blessing, which was fervently bestowed. Hilda was so struck with the peace and joy in the woman's face, that, as the latter retired, she could not help speaking to her.

"You look very happy!" she said. "Is it so sweet, then, to go to the confessional?"

"Oh, very sweet, my dear signorina!" answered the woman, with moistened eyes and an affectionate smile; for she was so thoroughly softened with what she had been doing, that she felt as if Hilda were her younger sister. "My heart is at rest now. Thanks be to the Saviour, and the blessed Virgin and the saints, and this good father, there is no more trouble for poor Teresa!"

"I am glad for your sake," said Hilda, sighing for her own. "I am a poor heretic, but a human sister; and I rejoice for you!"

She went from one to another of the confessionals, and, looking at each, perceived that they were inscribed with gilt letters: on one, PRO ITALICA LINGUA; on another, PRO FLANDRICA LINGUA; on a third, PRO POLONICA LINGUA; on a fourth, PRO ILLYRICA LINGUA; on a fifth, PRO HISPANICA LINGUA. In this vast and hospitable cathedral, worthy to be the religious heart of the whole world, there was room for all nations; there was access to the Divine Grace for every Christian soul; there was an

ear for what the overburdened heart might have to murmur, speak in what native tongue it would.

When Hilda had almost completed the circuit of the transept, she came to a confessional — the central part was closed, but a mystic rod protruded from it, indicating the presence of a priest within — on which was inscribed, PRO ANGLICA LINGUA.

It was the word in season! If she had heard her mother's voice from within the tabernacle, calling her, in her own mother-tongue, to come and lay her poor head in her lap, and sob out all her troubles, Hilda could not have responded with a more inevitable obedience. She did not think; she only felt. Within her heart was a great need. Close at hand, within the veil of the confessional, was the relief. She flung herself down in the penitent's place; and, tremulously, passionately, with sobs, tears, and the turbulent overflow of emotion too long repressed, she poured out the dark story which had infused its poison into her innocent life.

Hilda had not seen, nor could she now see, the visage of the priest. But, at intervals, in the pauses of that strange confession, half choked by the struggle of her feelings towards an outlet, she heard a mild, calm voice, somewhat mellowed by age. It spoke soothingly; it encouraged her; it led on by apposite questions that seemed to be suggested by a great and tender interest, and acted like magnetism in attracting the girl's confidence to this unseen friend. The priest's share in the interview, indeed, resembled that of one who removes the stones, clustered branches, or whatever entanglements impede the current of a swollen stream. Hilda could have imagined — so much to the purpose were his inquiries — that he was already acquainted with some outline of what she strove to tell him.

Thus assisted, she revealed the whole of her terrible secret! The whole, except that no name escaped her lips.

And, ah, what a relief! When the hysteric gasp, the strife between words and sobs, had subsided, what a torture had passed away from her soul! It was all gone; her bosom was as pure now as in her childhood. She was a girl again; she was Hilda of the dove-cote; not that doubtful creature whom her own doves had hardly recognized as their mistress and playmate, by reason of the death scent that clung to her garments!

After she had ceased to speak, Hilda heard the priest bestir himself with an old man's reluctant movement. He stepped out of the confessional; and as the girl was still kneeling in the penitential corner, he summoned her forth.

"Stand up, my daughter," said the mild voice of the confessor; "what we have further to say must be spoken face to face."

Hilda did his bidding, and stood before him with a downcast visage, which flushed and grew pale again. But it had the wonderful beauty which we may often observe in those who have recently gone through a great struggle, and won the peace that lies just on the other side. We see it in a new mother's face; we see it in the faces of the dead; and in Hilda's countenance — which had always a rare natural charm for her friends — this glory of peace made her as lovely as an angel.

On her part, Hilda beheld a venerable figure with hair as white as snow, and a face strikingly characterized by benevolence. It bore marks of thought, however, and penetrative insight; although the keen glances of the eyes were now somewhat bedimmed with tears, which the aged shed, or almost shed, on lighter stress of emotion than would elicit them from younger men.

"It has not escaped my observation, daughter," said the priest, "that this is your first acquaintance with the confessional. How is this?"

"Father," replied Hilda, raising her eyes, and again letting them fall, "I am of New England birth, and was bred as what you call a heretic."

"From New England!" exclaimed the priest. "It was my own birthplace, likewise; nor have fifty years of absence made me cease to love it. But, a heretic! And are you reconciled to the Church?"

"Never, father," said Hilda.

"And, that being the case," demanded the old man, "on what ground, my daughter, have you sought to avail yourself of these blessed privileges, confined exclusively to members of the one true Church, of confession and absolution?"

"Absolution, father?" exclaimed Hilda, shrinking back. "Oh, no, no! I never dreamed of that! Only our Heavenly Father can forgive my sins; and it is only by sincere repentance

of whatever wrong I may have done, and by my own best efforts towards a higher life, that I can hope for His forgiveness! God forbid that I should ask absolution from mortal man!"

"Then, wherefore," rejoined the priest, with somewhat less mildness in his tone, "wherefore, I ask again, have you taken possession, as I may term it, of this holy ordinance; being a heretic, and neither seeking to share, nor having faith in, the unspeakable advantages which the Church offers to its penitents?"

"Father," answered Hilda, trying to tell the old man the simple truth, "I am a motherless girl, and a stranger here in Italy. I had only God to take care of me, and be my closest friend; and the terrible, terrible crime, which I have revealed to you, thrust itself between Him and me; so that I groped for Him in the darkness, as it were, and found Him not — found nothing but a dreadful solitude, and this crime in the midst of it! I could not bear it. It seemed as if I made the awful guilt my own, by keeping it hidden in my heart. I grew a fearful thing to myself. I was going mad!"

"It was a grievous trial, my poor child!" observed the confessor. "Your relief, I trust, will prove to be greater than you yet know!"

"I feel already how immense it is!" said Hilda, looking gratefully in his face. "Surely, father, it was the hand of Providence that led me hither, and made me feel that this vast temple of Christianity, this great home of religion, must needs contain some cure, some ease, at least, for my unutterable anguish. And it has proved so. I have told the hideous secret; told it under the sacred seal of the confessional; and now it will burden my poor heart no more!"

"But, daughter," answered the venerable priest, not unmoved by what Hilda said, "you forget! you mistake! — you claim a privilege to which you have not entitled yourself! The seal of the confessional, do you say? God forbid that it should ever be broken, where it has been fairly impressed; but it applies only to matters that have been confided to its keeping in a certain prescribed method, and by persons, moreover, who have faith in the sanctity of the ordinance. I hold myself, and any learned casuist of the Church would hold me, as free to disclose all the

particulars of what you term your confession, as if they had come to my knowledge in a secular way."

"This is not right, father!" said Hilda, fixing her eyes on the old man's.

"Do not you see, child," he rejoined, with some little heat — "with all your nicety of conscience, cannot you recognize it as my duty to make the story known to the proper authorities; a great crime against public justice being involved, and further evil consequences likely to ensue?"

"No, father, no!" answered Hilda, courageously, her cheeks flushing and her eyes brightening as she spoke. "Trust a girl's simple heart sooner than any casuist of your Church, however learned he may be. Trust your own heart, too! I came to your confessional, father, as I devoutly believe, by the direct impulse of Heaven, which also brought you hither to-day, in its mercy and love, to relieve me of a torture that I could no longer bear. I trusted in the pledge which your Church has always held sacred between the priest and the human soul, which, through his medium, is struggling towards its Father above. What I have confided to you lies sacredly between God and yourself. Let it rest there, father; for this is right, and if you do otherwise, you will perpetrate a great wrong, both as a priest and a man! And, believe me, no question, no torture, shall ever force my lips to utter what would be necessary, in order to make my confession available towards the punishment of the guilty ones. Leave Providence to deal with them!"

"My quiet little countrywoman," said the priest, with half a smile on his kindly old face, "you can pluck up a spirit, I perceive, when you fancy an occasion for one."

"I have spirit only to do what I think right," replied Hilda, simply. "In other respects, I am timorous."

"But you confuse yourself between right feelings and very foolish inferences," continued the priest, "as is the wont of women — so much I have learnt by long experience in the confessional — be they young or old. However, to set your heart at rest, there is no probable need for me to reveal the matter. What you have told, if I mistake not, and perhaps more, is already known in the quarter which it most concerns."

"Known!" exclaimed Hilda. "Known to the authorities of Rome! And what will be the consequence?"

"Hush," answered the confessor, laying his finger on his lips. "I tell you my supposition — mind, it is no assertion of the fact — in order that you may go the more cheerfully on your way, not deeming yourself burdened with any responsibility as concerns this dark deed. And now, daughter, what have you to give in return for an old man's kindness and sympathy?"

"My grateful remembrance," said Hilda, fervently, "as long as I live!"

"And nothing more?" the priest inquired, with a persuasive smile. "Will you not reward him with a great joy; one of the last joys that he may know on earth, and a fit one to take with him into the better world? In a word, will you not allow him to bring you, as a stray lamb, into the true fold? You have experienced some little taste of the relief and comfort which the Church keeps abundantly in store for all its faithful children. Come home, dear child, — poor wanderer, who hast caught a glimpse of the heavenly light, — come home, and be at rest."

"Father," said Hilda, much moved by his kindly earnestness; in which, however, genuine as it was, there might still be a leaven of professional craft, "I dare not come a step farther than Providence shall guide me. Do not let it grieve you, therefore, if I never return to the confessional; never dip my fingers in holy water; never sign my bosom with the cross. I am a daughter of the Puritans. But, in spite of my heresy," she added, with a sweet, tearful smile, "you may one day see the poor girl, to whom you have done this great Christian kindness, coming to remind you of it, and thank you for it, in the Better Land."

The old priest shook his head. But, as he stretched out his hands at the same moment, in the act of benediction, Hilda knelt down and received the blessing with as devout a simplicity as any Catholic of them all.

JOHN HAY

JOHN HAY, a distinguished American statesman and author. Born at Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838; died July 1, 1905. He was in 1861 one of Lincoln's private secretaries. He served in the Civil War as major under General Hunter, was connected with the United States diplomatic service in Austria, Spain, and France, and afterwards became Ambassador to England, and later Secretary of State at Washington. Author of "Castilian Days," "Pike County Ballads," and (with J. G. Nicolay) the "Life of Abraham Lincoln"; also of numerous addresses on political and literary subjects.

(The following selection is used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, the publishers.)

JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
  Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
  Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
  That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
  The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint, — them engineers
  Is pretty much alike, —
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
  And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
  And an awkward hand in a row, —
But he never flunked, and he never lied, —
  I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had, —
  To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
  To mind the pilot's bell;

And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire, —
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp,
And her day come at last, —
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed,
And so she come tearin' along that night —
The oldest craft on the line —
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell, —
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint, — but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing, —
And went for it thar and then,
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

William Hazlitt. An English essayist. Born at Maidstone, Kent, April 10, 1778; died in London, September 18, 1830. A man of peculiar temper, he was alternately the friend and the foe of Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, Tom Moore, and other literary men of his day. Among his chief writings are "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," "Lectures on English Poetry," "Original Essays," and "Table Talk."

ON GREAT AND LITTLE THINGS

"These little things are great to little man." — GOLDSMITH.

THE great and the little have, no doubt, a real existence in the nature of things: but they both find pretty much the same level in the mind of man. It is a common measure, which does not always accommodate itself to the size and importance of the objects it represents. It has a certain interest to spare for certain things (and no more) according to its humor and capacity; and neither likes to be stinted in its allowance, nor to muster up an unusual share of sympathy, just as the occasion may require. Perhaps, if we could recollect distinctly, we should discover that the two things that have affected us most in the course of our lives have been, one of them of the greatest, and the other of the smallest possible consequence. To let that pass as too fine a speculation, we know well enough that very trifling circumstances do give us great and daily annoyance, and as often prove too much for our philosophy and forbearance, as matters of the highest moment. A lump of soot spoiling a man's dinner, a plate of toast falling in the ashes, the being disappointed of a ribbon to a cap or a ticket for a ball, have led to serious and almost tragical consequences. Friends not unfrequently fall out and never meet again for some idle misunderstanding, "some trick not worth an egg," who have stood the shock of serious differences of opinion and clashing interests in life; and there is an excellent paper in the *Tatler*, to prove that if a married couple do not quarrel about some point in the first instance not worth contesting, they will seldom find an opportunity afterwards to quarrel about a question of real importance. Grave divines,

great statesmen, and deep philosophers are put out of their way by very little things; nay, discreet, worthy people, without any pretensions but to good nature and common sense, readily surrender the happiness of their whole lives sooner than give up an opinion to which they have committed themselves, though in all likelihood it was the mere turn of a feather which side they should take in the argument. It is the being balked or thwarted in anything that constitutes the grievance, the unpardonable affront, not the value of the thing to which we had made up our minds. Is it that we despise little things; that we are not prepared for them; that they take us in our careless, unguarded moments, and tease us out of our ordinary patience by their petty, incessant, insect warfare, buzzing about us and stinging us like gnats; so that we can neither get rid of nor grapple with them, whereas we collect all our fortitude and resolution to meet evils of greater magnitude? Or is it that there is a certain stream of irritability that is continually fretting upon the wheels of life, which finds sufficient food to play with in straws and feathers, while great objects are too much for it, either choke it up, or divert its course into serious and thoughtful interest? Some attempt might be made to explain this in the following manner.

One is always more vexed at losing a game of any sort by a single hole or ace, than if one has never had a chance of winning it. This is no doubt in part or chiefly because the prospect of success irritates the subsequent disappointment. But people have been known to pine and fall sick from holding the next number to the twenty thousand pound prize in the lottery. Now this could only arise from their being so near winning in fancy, from there seeming to be so thin a partition between them and success. When they were within one of the right number, why could they not have taken the next — it was so easy: this haunts their minds and will not let them rest, notwithstanding the absurdity of the reasoning. It is that the will here has a slight imaginary obstacle to surmount to attain its end; it should appear it had only an exceedingly trifling effort to make for this purpose, that it was absolutely in its power (had it known) to seize the envied prize, and it is continually harassing itself by making the obvious transition from one number to the other, when it is too late. That is to say, the will acts in proportion to its fancied power

to its superiority over immediate obstacles. Now in little or indifferent matters there seems no reason why it should not have its own way, and therefore a disappointment vexes it the more. It grows angry according to the insignificance of the occasion, and frets itself to death about an object, merely because from its very futility there can be supposed to be no real difficulty in the way of its attainment, nor anything more required for this purpose than a determination of the will. The being balked of this throws the mind off its balance, or puts it into what is called a *passion;* and as nothing but an act of voluntary power still seems necessary to get rid of every impediment, we indulge our violence more and more, and heighten our impatience by degrees into a sort of frenzy. The object is the same as it was, but we are no longer as we were. The blood is heated, the muscles are strained. The feelings are wound up to a pitch of agony with the vain strife. The temper is tried to the utmost it will bear. The more contemptible the object or the obstructions in the way to it, the more are we provoked at being hindered by them. It looks like witchcraft. We fancy there is a spell upon us, so that we are hampered by straws and entangled in cobwebs. We believe that there is a fatality about our affairs. It is evidently done on purpose to plague us. A demon is at our elbow to torment and defeat us in everything, even in the smallest things. We see him sitting and mocking us, and we rave and gnash our teeth at him in return. It is particularly hard that we cannot succeed in any one point, however trifling, that we set our hearts on. We are the sport of imbecility and mischance. We make another desperate effort, and fly out into all the extravagance of impotent rage once more. Our anger runs away with our reason, because, as there is little to give it birth, there is nothing to check it or recall us to our senses in the prospect of consequences. We take up and rend in pieces the mere toys of humor, as the gusts of wind take up and whirl about chaff and stubble. Passion plays the tyrant, in a grand tragi-comic style, over the Lilliputian difficulties and petty disappointments it has to encounter, gives way to all the fretfulness of grief and all the turbulence of resentment, makes a fuss about nothing because there is nothing to make a fuss about — when an impending calamity, an irretrievable loss, would instantly bring it to its recollection, and tame it

in its preposterous career. A man may be in a great passion and give himself strange airs at so simple a thing as a game at ball, for instance; may rage like a wild beast, and be ready to dash his head against the wall about nothing, or about that which he will laugh at the next minute, and think no more of ten minutes after, at the same time that a good smart blow from the ball, the effects of which he might feel as a serious inconvenience for a month, would calm him directly:

> "Anon as patient as the female dove,
> His silence will sit drooping."

The truth is, we pamper little griefs into great ones, and bear great ones as well as we can. We can afford to dally and play tricks with the one, but the others we have enough to do with, without any of the wantonness and bombast of passion — without the swaggering of Pistol, or the insolence of King Cambyses's vein. To great evils we submit; we resent little provocations. I have before now been disappointed of a hundred-pound job and lost half a crown at rackets on the same day, and been more mortified at the latter than the former. That which is lasting we share with the future, we defer the consideration of till to-morrow: that which belongs to the moment we drink up in all its bitterness, before the spirit evaporates. We probe minute mischiefs to the quick; we lacerate, tear, and mangle our bosoms with misfortune's finest, brittlest point, and wreak our vengeance on ourselves and it for good and all. Small pains are more manageable, more within our reach; we can fret and worry ourselves about them, can turn them into any shape, can twist and torture them how we please: — a grain of sand in the eye, a thorn in the flesh only irritates the part, and leaves us strength enough to quarrel and get out of all patience with it: — a heavy blow stuns and takes away all power of sense as well as of resistance. The great and mighty reverses of fortune, like the revolutions of nature, may be said to carry their own weight and reason along with them: they seem unavoidable and remediless, and we submit to them without murmuring as to a fatal necessity. The magnitude of the events in which we may happen to be concerned, fills the mind, and carries it out of itself, as it were, into the page of history. Our thoughts are expanded with the scene

on which we have to act, and lend us strength to disregard our own personal share in it. Some men are indifferent to the stroke of fate, as before and after earthquakes there is a calm in the air. From the commanding situation whence they have been accustomed to view things, they look down at themselves as only a part of the whole, and can abstract their minds from the pressure of misfortune, by the aid of its very violence. They are projected, in the explosion of events, into a different sphere, far from their former thoughts, purposes, and passions. The greatness of the change anticipates the slow effects of time and reflection: — they at once contemplate themselves from an immense distance, and look up with speculative wonder at the height on which they stood. Had the downfall been less complete, it would have been more galling and borne with less resignation, because there might still be a chance of remedying it by farther efforts and farther endurance — but *past cure, past hope*. It is chiefly this cause (together with something of constitutional character) which has enabled the greatest man in modern history to bear his reverses of fortune with gay magnanimity, and to submit to the loss of the empire of the world with as little discomposure as if he had been playing a game at chess. This does not prove by our theory that he did not use to fly into violent passions with Talleyrand for plaguing him with bad news when things went wrong. He was mad at uncertain forebodings of disaster, but resigned to its consummation. A man may dislike impertinence, yet have no quarrel with necessity!

. . . . . .

I am not aware that any one has demonstrated how it is that a stronger capacity is required for the conduct of great affairs than of small ones. The organs of the mind, like the pupil of the eye, may be contracted or dilated to view a broader or a narrower surface, and yet find sufficient variety to occupy its attention in each. The material universe is infinitely divisible, and so is the texture of human affairs. We take things in the gross or in the detail, according to the occasion. I think I could as soon get up the budget of Ways and Means for the current year, as be sure of making both ends meet, and paying my rent at quarter-day in a paltry huckster's shop. Great objects move on by their own weight and impulse; great power turns aside petty obstacles;

and he who wields it is often but the puppet of circumstances, like the fly on the wheel that said, "What a dust we raise!" It is easier to ruin a kingdom and aggrandize one's own pride and prejudices than to set up a greengrocer's stall. An idiot or a madman may do this at any time, whose word is law, and whose nod is fate. Nay, he whose look is obedience and who understands the silent wishes of the great, may easily trample on the necks and tread out the liberties of a mighty nation, deriding their strength, and hating it the more from a consciousness of his own meanness. Power is not wisdom, it is true; but it equally insures its own objects. It does not exact, but dispenses with talent. When a man creates this power, or new-molds the state by sage counsels and bold enterprises, it is a different thing from overturning it with the levers that are put into his baby hands. In general, however, it may be argued that great transactions and complicated concerns ask more genius to conduct them than smaller ones, for this reason, viz., that the mind must be able either to embrace a greater variety of details in a more extensive range of objects, or must have a greater faculty of generalizing, or a greater depth of insight into ruling principles, and so come at true results in that way Bonaparte knew everything, even to the names of our cadets in the East India service; but he failed in this, that he did not calculate the resistance which barbarism makes to refinement. He thought that the Russians could not burn Moscow, because the Parisians could not burn Paris. The French think everything must be French. The Cossacks, alas! do not conform to etiquette: the rudeness of the seasons knows no rules of politeness! Some artists think it a test of genius to paint a large picture, and I grant the truth of this position, if the large picture contains more than a small one. It is not the size of the canvas, but the quantity of truth and nature put into it that settles the point. It is a mistake, common enough on this subject, to suppose that a miniature is more finished than an oil-picture. The miniature is inferior to the oil-picture only because it is less finished, because it cannot follow nature into so many individual and exact particulars. The proof of which is, that the copy of a good portrait will always make a highly finished miniature (see for example Mr. Bone's enamels), whereas the copy of a good miniature, if enlarged to the size of

life, will make but a very sorry portrait. Several of our best artists, who are fond of painting large figures, invert this reasoning. They make the whole figure gigantic, not that they may have room for nature, but for the motion of their brush (as if they were painting the side of a house), regarding the extent of canvas they have to cover as an excuse for their slovenly and hasty manner of getting over it; and thus, in fact, leave their pictures nothing at last but overgrown miniatures, but huge caricatures. It is not necessary in any case (either in a larger or a smaller compass) to go into the details, so as to lose sight of the effect, and decompound the face into porous and transparent molecules, in the manner of Denner, who painted what he saw through a magnifying glass. The painter's eye need not be a microscope, but I contend that it should be a looking-glass, bright, clear, lucid. The *little* in art begins with insignificant parts, with what does not tell in connection with other parts. The true artist will paint not material points, but *moral qualities*. In a word, wherever there is feeling or expression in a muscle or a vein, there is grandeur and refinement too.

I will conclude these remarks with an account of the manner in which the ancient sculptors combined great and little things in such matters. "That the name of Phidias," says Pliny, "is illustrious among all the nations that have heard of the fame of the Olympian Jupiter, no one doubts; but in order that those may know that he is deservedly praised who have not even seen his works, we shall offer a few arguments, and those of his genius only: nor to this purpose shall we insist on the beauty of the Olympian Jupiter, nor on the magnitude of the Minerva at Athens, though it is twenty-six cubits in height (about thirty-five feet) and is made of ivory and gold: but we shall refer to the shield, on which the battle of the Amazons is carved on the outer side: on the inside of the same is the fight of the Gods and Giants; and on the sandals, that between the Centaurs and Lapithæ; so well did every part of that work display the powers of the art. Again, the sculptures on the pedestal he called the birth of Pandora: there are to be seen in number thirty gods, the figure of Victory being particularly admirable: the learned also admire the figures of the serpent and the brazen sphinx, writhing under the spear. These things are mentioned, in

passing, of an artist never enough to be commended, that it may be seen that he showed the same magnificence even in small things."

LAFCADIO HEARN

Lafcadio Hearn. Born of an English father and a Greek mother, at Santa Maura, Ionian Islands, June 27, 1850. Died in Japan, September 26, 1904. He was educated in England and France, and resided several years in America and Japan. Author of "Two Years in the French West Indies," "Japan," "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," "Kokoro; Hints and Echoes of Japanese Inner Life," "Gleanings in Buddha Fields."

His books are written in a wonderfully beautiful and poetic style, and he is unquestionably the best interpreter of Japanese thought, ideals, and character who has written in the English language.

(The following selection from "Japan" is used by permission of The Macmillan Company, New York, the publishers.)

STRANGENESS AND CHARM

The majority of the first impressions of Japan recorded by travelers are pleasurable impressions. Indeed, there must be something lacking, or something very harsh, in the nature to which Japan can make no emotional appeal. The appeal itself is the clue to a problem; and that problem is the character of a race and of its civilization.

My own first impressions of Japan, — Japan as seen in the white sunshine of a perfect spring day, — had doubtless much in common with the average of such experiences. I remember especially the wonder and the delight of the vision. The wonder and delight have never passed away: they are often revived for me even now, by some chance happening, after fourteen years of sojourn. But the reason of these feelings was difficult to learn, — or at least to guess; for I cannot yet claim to know much about Japan. . . . Long ago the best and dearest Japanese friend I ever had said to me, a little before his death: "When you find, in four or five years more, that you cannot

understand the Japanese at all, then you will begin to know something about them." After having realized the truth of my friend's prediction, — after having discovered that I cannot understand the Japanese at all, — I feel better qualified to attempt this essay.

As first perceived, the outward strangeness of things in Japan produces (in certain minds, at least) a queer thrill impossible to describe, — a feeling of weirdness which comes to us only with the perception of the totally unfamiliar. You find yourself moving through queer small streets full of odd small people, wearing robes and sandals of extraordinary shapes; and you can scarcely distinguish the sexes at sight. The houses are constructed and furnished in ways alien to all your experience; and you are astonished to find that you cannot conceive the use or meaning of numberless things on display in the shops. Food-stuffs of unimaginable derivation; utensils of enigmatic forms; emblems incomprehensible of some mysterious belief; strange masks and toys that commemorate legends of gods or demons; odd figures, too, of the gods themselves, with monstrous ears and smiling faces, — all these you may perceive as you wander about; though you must also notice telegraph-poles and typewriters, electric lamps and sewing machines. Everywhere on signs and hangings, and on the backs of people passing by, you will observe wonderful Chinese characters; and the wizardry of all these texts makes the dominant tone of the spectacle.

Further acquaintance with this fantastic world will in nowise diminish the sense of strangeness evoked by the first vision of it. You will soon observe that even the physical actions of the people are unfamiliar, — that their work is done in ways the opposite of Western ways. Tools are of surprising shapes, and are handled after surprising methods: the blacksmith squats at his anvil, wielding a hammer such as no Western smith could use without long practice; the carpenter pulls, instead of pushing, his extraordinary plane and saw. Always the left is the right side, and the right side the wrong; and keys must be turned, to open or close a lock, in what we are accustomed to think the wrong direction. Mr. Percival Lowell

has truthfully observed that the Japanese speak backwards, read backwards, write backwards, — and that this is "only the *abc* of their contrariety." For the habit of writing backwards there are obvious evolutional reasons; and the requirements of Japanese calligraphy sufficiently explain why the artist pushes his brush or pencil instead of pulling it. But why, instead of putting the thread through the eye of the needle, should the Japanese maiden slip the eye of the needle over the point of the thread? Perhaps the most remarkable, out of a hundred possible examples of antipodal action, is furnished by the Japanese art of fencing. The swordsman, delivering his blow with both hands, does not pull the blade toward him in the moment of striking, but pushes it from him. He uses it, indeed, as other Asiatics do, not on the principle of the wedge, but of the saw; yet there is a pushing motion where we should expect a pulling motion in the stroke. . . . These and other forms of unfamiliar action are strange enough to suggest the notion of a humanity even physically as little related to us as might be the population of another planet, — the notion of some anatomical unlikeness. No such unlikeness, however, appears to exist; and all this oppositeness probably implies, not so much the outcome of a human experience entirely independent of Aryan experience, as the outcome of an experience evolutionally younger than our own.

Yet that experience has been one of no mean order. Its manifestations do not merely startle: they also delight. The delicate perfection of workmanship, the light strength and grace of objects, the power manifest to obtain the best results with the least material, the achieving of mechanical ends by the simplest possible means, the comprehension of irregularity as æsthetic value, the shapeliness and perfect taste of everything, the sense displayed of harmony in tints or colors, — all this must convince you at once that our Occident has much to learn from this remote civilization, not only in matters of art and taste, but in matters likewise of economy and utility. It is no barbarian fancy that appeals to you in those amazing porcelains, those astonishing embroideries, those wonders of lacquer and ivory and bronze, which educate imagination in unfamiliar ways. No: these are the products of a civilization

which became, within its own limits, so exquisite that none but an artist is capable of judging its manufactures, — a civilization that can be termed imperfect only by those who would also term imperfect the Greek civilization of three thousand years ago.

But the underlying strangeness of this world, — the psychological strangeness, — is much more startling than the visible and superficial. You begin to suspect the range of it after having discovered that no adult Occidental can perfectly master the language. East and West the fundamental parts of human nature — the emotional bases of it — are much the same: the mental difference between a Japanese and a European child is mainly potential. But with growth the difference rapidly develops and widens, till it becomes, in adult life, inexpressible. The whole of the Japanese mental superstructure evolves into forms having nothing in common with Western psychological development: the expression of thought becomes regulated, and the expression of emotion inhibited in ways that bewilder and astound. The ideas of this people are not our ideas; their sentiments are not our sentiments; their ethical life represents for us regions of thought and emotion yet unexplored, or perhaps long forgotten. Any one of their ordinary phrases, translated into Western speech, makes hopeless nonsense; and the literal rendering into Japanese of the simplest English sentence would scarcely be comprehended by any Japanese who had never studied a European tongue. Could you learn all the words in a Japanese dictionary, your acquisition would not help you in the least to make yourself understood in speaking, unless you had learned also to think like a Japanese, — that is to say, to think backwards, to think upside-down and inside out, to think in directions totally foreign to Aryan habit. Experience in the acquisition of European languages can help you to learn Japanese about as much as it could help you to acquire the language spoken by the inhabitants of Mars. To be able to use the Japanese tongue as a Japanese uses it, one would need to be born again, and to have one's mind completely reconstructed, from the foundation upwards. It is possible that a person of European parentage, born in Japan,

and accustomed from infancy to use the vernacular, might retain in after-life that *instinctive* knowledge which could alone enable him to adapt his mental relations to the relations of any Japanese environment. There is actually an Englishman named Black, born in Japan, whose proficiency in the language is proved by the fact that he is able to earn a fair income as a professional story-teller (*hanashika*). But this is an extraordinary case. . . . As for the literary language, I need only observe that to make acquaintance with it requires very much more than a knowledge of several thousand Chinese characters. It is safe to say that no Occidental can undertake to render at sight any literary text laid before him — indeed the number of native scholars able to do so is very small; — and although the learning displayed in this direction by various Europeans may justly compel our admiration, the work of none could have been given to the world without Japanese help.

But as the outward strangeness of Japan proves to be full of beauty, so the inward strangeness appears to have its charm, — an ethical charm reflected in the common life of the people. The attractive aspects of that life do not indeed imply, to the ordinary observer, a psychological differentiation measurable by scores of centuries: only a scientific mind, like that of Mr. Percival Lowell, immediately perceives the problem presented. The less gifted stranger, if naturally sympathetic, is merely pleased and puzzled, and tries to explain, by his own experience of happy life on the other side of the world, the social conditions that charm him. Let us suppose that he has the good fortune of being able to live for six months or a year in some old-fashioned town of the interior. From the beginning of this sojourn he can scarcely fail to be impressed by the apparent kindliness and joyousness of the existence about him. In the relations of the people to each other, as well as in all their relations to himself, he will find a constant amenity, a tact, a good nature such as he will elsewhere have met with only in the friendship of exclusive circles. Everybody greets everybody else with happy looks and pleasant words; faces are always smiling; the commonest incidents of everyday life are transfigured by a courtesy at once so artless and so faultless that it appears

to spring directly from the heart, without any teaching. Under all circumstances a certain outward cheerfulness never fails: no matter what troubles may come, — storm or fire, flood or earthquake, — the laughter of greeting voices, the bright smile and graceful bow, the kindly inquiry and the wish to please, continue to make existence beautiful. Religion brings no gloom into this sunshine: before the Buddhas and the gods folk smile as they pray; the temple-courts are playgrounds for the children; and within the inclosure of the great public shrines — which are places of festivity rather than of solemnity — dancing-platforms are erected. Family existence would seem to be everywhere characterized by gentleness: there is no visible quarreling, no loud harshness, no tears and reproaches. Cruelty, even to animals, appears to be unknown: one sees farmers, coming to town, trudging patiently beside their horses or oxen, aiding their dumb companions to bear the burden, and using no whips or goads. Drivers or pullers of carts will turn out of their way, under the most provoking circumstances, rather than overrun a lazy dog or a stupid chicken. . . . For no inconsiderable time one may live in the midst of appearances like these, and perceive nothing to spoil the pleasure of the experience.

Of course the conditions of which I speak are now passing away; but they are still to be found in the remoter districts. I have lived in districts where no case of theft had occurred for hundreds of years, — where the newly built prisons of Meiji remained empty and useless, — where the people left their doors unfastened by night as well as by day. These facts are familiar to every Japanese. In such a district, you might recognize that the kindness shown to you, as a stranger, is the consequence of official command; but how explain the goodness of the people to each other? When you discover no harshness, no rudeness, no dishonesty, no breaking of laws, and learn that this social condition has been the same for centuries, you are tempted to believe that you have entered into the domain of a morally superior humanity. All this soft urbanity, impeccable honesty, ingenuous kindliness of speech and act, you might naturally interpret as conduct directed by perfect goodness of heart. And the simplicity that delights you is no simplicity of

barbarism. Here every one has been taught; every one knows how to write and speak beautifully, how to compose poetry, how to behave politely; there is everywhere cleanliness and good taste; interiors are bright and pure; the daily use of the hot bath is universal. How refuse to be charmed by a civilization in which every relation appears to be governed by altruism, every action directed by duty, and every object shaped by art? You cannot help being delighted by such conditions, or feeling indignant at hearing them denounced as "heathen." And according to the degree of altruism within yourself, these good folk will be able, without any apparent effort, to make you happy. The mere sensation of the *milieu* is a placid happiness: it is like the sensation of a dream in which people greet us exactly as we like to be greeted, and say to us all that we like to hear, and do for us all that we wish to have done, — people moving soundlessly through spaces of perfect repose, all bathed in vapory light. Yes — for no little time these fairyfolk can give you all the soft bliss of sleep. But sooner or later, if you dwell long with them, your contentment will prove to have much in common with the happiness of dreams. You will never forget the dream, — never; but it will lift at last, like those vapors of spring which lend preternatural loveliness to a Japanese landscape in the forenoon of radiant days. Really you are happy because you have entered bodily into Fairyland, — into a world that is not, and never could be, your own. You have been transported out of your own century — over spaces enormous of perished time — into an era forgotten, into a vanished age, — back to something ancient as Egypt or Nineveh. That is the secret of the strangeness and beauty of things, — the secret of the thrill they give, — the secret of the elfish charm of the people and their ways. Fortunate mortal! the tide of Time has turned for you! But remember that here all is enchantment, — that you have fallen under the spell of the dead, — that the lights and the colors and the voices must fade away at last into emptiness and silence.

. . . . . .

Some of us, at least, have often wished that it were possible to live for a season in the beautiful vanished world of Greek culture. Inspired by our first acquaintance with the charm of

Greek art and thought, this wish comes to us even before we are capable of imagining the true conditions of the antique civilization. If the wish could be realized, we should certainly find it impossible to accommodate ourselves to those conditions, — not so much because of the difficulty of learning the environment, as because of the much greater difficulty of feeling just as people used to feel some thirty centuries ago. In spite of all that has been done for Greek studies since the Renaissance, we are still unable to understand many aspects of the old Greek life: no modern mind can really feel, for example, those sentiments and emotions to which the great tragedy of Œdipus made appeal. Nevertheless we are much in advance of our forefathers of the eighteenth century, as regards the knowledge of Greek civilization. In the time of the French revolution, it was thought possible to reëstablish in France the conditions of a Greek republic, and to educate children according to the system of Sparta. To-day we are well aware that no mind developed by modern civilization could find happiness under any of those socialistic despotisms which existed in all the cities of the ancient world before the Roman conquest. We could no more mingle with the old Greek life, if it were resurrected for us, — no more become a part of it, — than we could change our mental identities. But how much would we not give for the delight of beholding it, — for the joy of attending one festival in Corinth, or of witnessing the Pan-Hellenic games? . . .

And yet, to witness the revival of some perished Greek civilization, — to walk about the very Crotona of Pythagoras, — to wander through the Syracuse of Theocritus, — were not any more of a privilege than is the opportunity actually afforded us to study Japanese life. Indeed, from the evolutional point of view, it were less of a privilege, — since Japan offers us the living spectacle of conditions older, and psychologically much farther away from us, than those of any Greek period with which art and literature have made us closely acquainted.

The reader scarcely needs to be reminded that a civilization less evolved than our own, and intellectually remote from us, is not on that account to be regarded as necessarily inferior in all respects. Hellenic civilization at its best represented an early

stage of sociological evolution; yet the arts which it developed still furnish our supreme and unapproachable ideals of beauty. So, too, this much more archaic civilization of Old Japan attained an average of æsthetic and moral culture well worthy of our wonder and praise. Only a shallow mind — a very shallow mind — will pronounce the best of that culture inferior. But Japanese civilization is peculiar to a degree for which there is perhaps no Western parallel, since it offers us the spectacle of many successive layers of alien culture superimposed above the simple indigenous basis, and forming a very bewilderment of complexity. Most of this alien culture is Chinese, and bears but an indirect relation to the real subject of these studies. The peculiar and surprising fact is that, in spite of all superimposition, the original character of the people and of their society should still remain recognizable. The wonder of Japan is not to be sought in the countless borrowings with which she has clothed herself, — much as a princess of the olden time would don twelve ceremonial robes, of divers colors and qualities, folded one upon the other so as to show their many-tinted edges at throat and sleeves and skirt; — no, the real wonder is the Wearer. For the interest of the costume is much less in its beauty of form and tint than in its significance as idea, — as representing something of the mind that devised or adopted it. And the supreme interest of the old Japanese civilization lies in what it expresses of the race-character, — that character which yet remains essentially unchanged by all the changes of Meiji.

"Suggests" were perhaps a better word than "expresses," for this race-character is rather to be divined than recognized. Our comprehension of it might be helped by some definite knowledge of origins; but such knowledge we do not yet possess. Ethnologists are agreed that the Japanese race has been formed by a mingling of peoples, and that the dominant element is Mongolian; but this dominant element is represented in two very different types, — one slender and almost feminine of aspect; the other, squat and powerful. Chinese and Korean elements are known to exist in the populations of certain districts; and there appears to have been a large infusion of Aino blood. Whether there be any Malay or Polynesian element

also, has not been decided. Thus much only can be safely affirmed, — that the race, like all good races, is a mixed one; and that the peoples who originally united to form it have been so blended together as to develop, under long social discipline, a tolerably uniform type of character. This character, though immediately recognizable in some of its aspects, presents us with many enigmas that are very difficult to explain.

Nevertheless, to understand it better has become a matter of importance. Japan has entered into the world's competitive struggle; and the worth of any people in that struggle depends upon character quite as much as upon force. We can learn something about Japanese character if we are able to ascertain the nature of the conditions which shaped it, — the great general facts of the moral experience of the race. And these facts we should find expressed or suggested in the history of the national beliefs, and in the history of those social institutions derived from and developed by religion.

(The following selection from "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan" is used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, the publishers.)

IN THE CAVE OF THE CHILDREN'S GHOSTS

A MORE beautiful sea-cave could scarcely be imagined. The sea, tunneling the tall promontory through and through, has also, like a great architect, ribbed and groined and polished its mighty work. The arch of the entrance is certainly twenty feet above the deep water, and fifteen wide; and trillions of wave tongues have licked the vault and walls into wondrous smoothness. As we proceed, the rock-roof steadily heightens and the way widens. Then we unexpectedly glide under a heavy shower of fresh water, dripping from overhead. This spring is called ō-chōzubachi or mitarashi of Shin-Kukedo-San. From the high vault at this point it is believed that a great stone will detach itself and fall upon any evil-hearted person who should attempt to enter the cave. I safely pass through the ordeal!

Suddenly as we advance the boatwoman takes a stone from the bottom of the boat, and with it begins to rap heavily on the bow; and the hollow echoing is reiterated with thundering reper-

cussions through all the cave. And in another instant we pass into a great burst of light, coming from the mouth of a magnificent and lofty archway on the left, opening into the cavern at right angles. This explains the singular illumination of the long vault, which at first seemed to come from beneath; for while the opening was still invisible, all the water appeared to be suffused with light. Through this grand arch, between outlying rocks, a strip of beautiful green undulating coast appears, over miles of azure water. We glide on toward the third entrance to the Kukedo, opposite to that by which we came in; and enter the dwelling-place of the Kami and the Hotoke, for this grotto is sacred both to Shintō and to Buddhist faith. Here the Kukedo reaches its greatest altitude and breadth. Its vault is fully forty feet above the water, and its walls thirty feet apart. Far up on the right, near the roof, is a projecting white rock, and above the rock an orifice wherefrom a slow stream drips, seeming white as the rock itself.

This is the legendary Fountain of Jizō, the fountain of milk at which the souls of dead children drink. Sometimes it flows more swiftly, sometimes more slowly; but it never ceases by night or day. And mothers suffering from want of milk come hither to pray that milk may be given unto them; and their prayer is heard. And mothers having more milk than their infants need come hither also, and pray to Jizō that so much as they can give may be taken for the dead children; and their prayer is heard, and their milk diminishes.

At least thus the peasants of Izumo say.

And the echoing of the swells leaping against the rocks without, the rushing and rippling of the tide against the walls, the heavy rain of percolating water, sounds of lapping and gurgling and plashing, and sounds of mysterious origin coming from no visible where, make it difficult for us to hear each other speak. The cavern seems full of voices, as if a host of invisible beings were holding tumultuous converse.

Below us all the deeply lying rocks are naked to view as if seen through glass. It seems to me that nothing could be more delightful than to swim through this cave and let one's self drift with the sea-currents through all its cool shadows.

But as I am on the point of jumping in, all the other occupants of the boat utter wild cries of protest. It is certain death! men who jumped in here only six months ago were never heard of again! this is sacred water, Kami-no-umi! And as if to conjure away my temptation, the boatwoman again seizes her little stone and raps fearfully upon the bow. On finding, however, that I am not sufficiently deterred by these stories of sudden death and disappearance, she suddenly screams into my ear the magical word,

"SAMÉ!"

Sharks! I have no longer any desire whatever to swim through the many-sounding halls of Shin-Kuekedo-San. I have lived in the tropics!

And we start forthwith for Kyū-Kukedo-San, the Ancient Cavern.

For the ghastly fancies about the Kami-no-umi, the word "samé" afforded a satisfactory explanation. But why that long, loud, weird rapping on the bow with a stone evidently kept on board for no other purpose? There was an exaggerated earnestness about the action which gave me an uncanny sensation, — something like that which moves a man while walking at night upon a lonesome road, full of queer shadows, to sing at the top of his voice. The boatwoman at first declares that the rapping was made only for the sake of the singular echo. But after some cautious further questioning, I discover a much more sinister reason for the performance. Moreover, I learn that all the seamen and seawomen of this coast do the same thing when passing through perilous places, or places believed to be haunted by the Ma. What are the Ma?

Goblins!

From the caves of the Kami we retrace our course for about a quarter of a mile; then make directly for an immense perpendicular wrinkle in the long line of black cliffs. Immediately before it a huge dark rock towers from the sea, whipped by the foam of breaking swells. Rounding it, we glide behind it into still water and shadow, the shadow of a monstrous cleft in the precipice of the coast. And suddenly, at an unsuspected

angle, the mouth of another cavern yawns before us; and in another moment our boat touches its threshold of stone with a little shock that sends a long sonorous echo, like the sound of a temple drum, booming through all the abysmal place. A single glance tells me whither we have come. Far within the dusk I see the face of a Jizō, smiling in pale stone, and before him, and all about him, a weird congregation of gray shapes without shape, — a host of fantasticalities that strangely suggest the wreck of a cemetery. From the sea the ribbed floor of the cavern slopes high through deepening shadows back to the black mouth of a farther grotto; and all that slope is covered with hundreds and thousands of forms like shattered haka. But as the eyes grow accustomed to the gloaming, it becomes manifest that these were never haka; they are only little towers of stone and pebbles deftly piled up by long and patient labor.

"*Shinda kodomo no shigoto*," my kurumaya murmurs with a compassionate smile; "all this is the work of the dead children."

And we disembark. By counsel, I take off my shoes and put on a pair of zori, or straw sandals, provided for me, as the rock is extremely slippery. The others land barefoot. But how to proceed soon becomes a puzzle: the countless stone-piles stand so close together that no space for the foot seems to be left between them.

"*Mada michi ga arimasŭ!*" the boatwoman announces, leading the way. There is a path.

Following after her, we squeeze ourselves between the wall of the cavern on the right and some large rocks, and discover a very, very narrow passage left open between the stone-towers. But we are warned to be careful for the sake of the little ghosts: if any of their work be overturned, they will cry. So we move very cautiously and slowly across the cave to a space bare of stone-heaps, where the rocky floor is covered with a thin layer of sand, detritus of a crumbling ledge above it. And in that sand I see light prints of little feet, children's feet, tiny naked feet, only three or four inches long, — *the footprints of the infant ghosts.*

Had we come earlier, the boatwoman says, we should have seen many more. For 'tis at night, when the soil of the cavern is moist with dews and drippings from the roof, that They leave

Their footprints upon it; but when the heat of the day comes, and the sand and the rocks dry up, the prints of the little feet vanish away.

There are only three footprints visible, but these are singularly distinct. One points toward the wall of the cavern; the others toward the sea. Here and there, upon ledges or projections of the rock, all about the cavern, tiny straw sandals — children's zori — are lying: offerings of pilgrims to the little ones, that their feet may not be wounded by the stones. But all the ghostly footprints are prints of naked feet.

Then we advance, picking our way very, very carefully between the stone-towers, toward the mouth of the inner grotto, and reach the statue of Jizō before it. A seated Jizō, carven in granite, holding in one hand the mystic jewel by virtue of which all wishes may be fulfilled; in the other his shakujō, or pilgrim's staff. Before him (strange condescension of Shintō faith!) a little torii has been erected, and a pair of gohei! Evidently this gentle divinity has no enemies; at the feet of the lover of children's ghosts, both creeds unite in tender homage.

I said feet. But this subterranean Jizō has only one foot. The carven lotus on which he reposes has been fractured and broken: two great petals are missing; and the right foot, which must have rested upon one of them, has been knocked off at the ankle. This, I learn upon inquiry, has been done by the waves. In times of great storm the billows rush into the cavern like raging Oni, and sweep all the little stone-towers into shingle as they come, and dash the statues against the rocks. But always during the first still night after the tempest the work is reconstructed as before!

"*Hotoke ga shimpai shite: naki-naki tsumi naoshimasŭ.*" They make mourning, the hotoke; weeping, they pile up the stones again, they rebuild their towers of prayer.

All about the black mouth of the inner grotto the bone-colored rock bears some resemblance to a vast pair of yawning jaws. Downward from this sinister portal the cavern-floor slopes into a deeper and darker aperture. And within it, as one's eyes become accustomed to the gloom, a still larger vision of stone towers is disclosed; and beyond them, in a nook of the grotto, three other statues of Jizō smile, each one with a torii before it.

Here I have the misfortune to upset first one stone-pile and then another, while trying to proceed. My kurumaya, almost simultaneously, ruins a third. To atone, therefore, we must build six new towers, or double the number of those which we have cast down. And while we are thus busied, the boatwoman tells of two fishermen who remained in the cavern through all one night, and heard the humming of the viewless gathering, and sounds of speech, like the speech of children murmuring in multitude.

REGINALD HEBER

Reginald Heber. Born at Malpas, Cheshire, England, April 21, 1783; died in Trichinopoly, India, April 2, 1826. Preacher at Lincoln's Inn. Bishop of Calcutta. Author of "The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter," "A Journey through India from Calcutta to Bombay."

He took high rank as a poet in his Oxford school days. The volume of his hymns published in 1812 has been recently reissued. By all the Christian world he is remembered as the author of "Holy, Holy, Holy," "By cool Siloam's shady rill," and his missionary hymn "From Greenland's icy mountains."

GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

From Greenland's icy mountains,
  From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
  Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
  From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
  Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
  Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
  And only man is vile:

In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator
In bliss return to reign.

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
  Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
  And stormy passion's rage.

O thou, whose infant feet were found
  Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
  Were all alike divine:

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
  We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
  To keep us still thine own.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
  Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
  God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore thee,
  Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
  Which wert and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
  Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee
  Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy holy! Lord God Almighty!
  All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky,
    and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
  God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

HEINRICH HEINE

HEINRICH HEINE. Born at Düsseldorf, Germany, December 13, 1799; died in Paris, February 17, 1856. Author of "Poems" (1822), the tragedies "Almansor" and "Radcliff;" "Pictures of Travel" in four volumes; "Book of Songs;" "History of Recent Polite Literature in Germany;" "The Salon" in four volumes; "The Romantic School;" "Shakespeare's Maids and Matrons;" "New Poems;" "Germany: A Winter's Tale;" "The Romancers;" "Miscellaneous Writings," etc.

Heine's twenty-two volumes are characterized by an amazing number of "biting" epigrams. In fact, as a witty, sarcastic, and picturesque word-painter, he is unrivaled. He suffered much from physical pain, especially in later life, and the trace of this suffering appears continually in the literature he created. He holds an eminent place among German authors, and to his exquisitely artistic songs the melodies of Mendelssohn and of Schumann have given an enduring popularity.

(The prose selections are taken from the translation in the Bohn Libraries)

("From "TRAVEL PICTURES")

MY entrance into the Brockenhaus produced on me a strange eerie sensation. After a long solitary scramble among rocks and pine tree one finds oneself suddenly transplanted to a house in the clouds; after leaving towns, mountains, and forests below one meets above a mixed company of strangers by whom, as is natural in such places, one is received almost like an expected acquaintance, with a mixture of curiosity and indifference. I found the house full, and, like a prudent traveler, I thought at once about night quarters and the discomfort of a shake-down in the straw. In a die-away voice I at once asked for tea, and the landlord had the sense to see that one so ill as I must have a proper bed. This he procured me in a room the size of a closet, where a young merchant, who looked like an emetic powder in a long brown wrapper, had already established himself.

In the coffee-room I found nothing but life and movement. Students of various universities, some just arrived and refreshing themselves; others just off again, strapping on their knapsacks, writing their names in the visitors' book, receiving Brocken nosegays from the chambermaids, chucking them

under the chin, singing, jumping, yodeling, questioning, answering questions, "fine weather, short cut, your health, adieu!"

After recruiting myself, I ascended the observatory, where I found a short gentleman with two ladies, one young, the other oldish. The young lady was very beautiful. A splendid profile, curling hair confined by a black satin helmet-shaped hat, with a white feather, which waved in the wind; a close-fitting black silk mantle which revealed the fine lines of her slim figure; great open eyes looking calmly out on the great open world.

When I was a boy I thought of nothing but fairy tales and stories of magic, and every pretty woman I saw with ostrich feathers in her bonnet was for me an elfin queen: and if I did chance to notice that her skirts were wet, I thought her a water-witch. Now that I have studied natural history, and know that those symbolic feathers are plucked from the stupidest of birds, and that the skirts of a lady's dress may get wet by a very natural process, I have lost my early faith. But if I could have seen with my boyish eyes the fair lady as and where I have described her on the Brocken, I should certainly have thought, This is the fairy of the mountain, and 'tis she that spoke the spell that cast such a wondrous glamor on the whole scene beneath. Yes, very wonderful is our first view from the Brocken; each side of our nature receives new impressions, and these separate impressions, mostly distinct, nay contradictory, produce on us a powerful effect, though we cannot as yet analyze or understand it. If we succeed in grasping the conception which underlies this state of feeling, we recognize the character of the mountain. Its character is wholly German in its weakness no less than in its strength. The Brocken is a German. With German thoroughness he shows us clearly and plainly as in a giant panorama the hundred of cities, towns, and villages (mostly to the north), and all around, the hills, forests, rivers, and plains stretching away to the distant horizon. But this very distinctness gives everything the sharp definition and clear coloring of a local chart; there is nowhere a really beautiful landscape for the eye to rest on. This is just our way. Thanks to the conscientious exactitude with which we are bent on giving every single fact, we German compilers

never think about the form that will best represent any particular fact. The mountain, too, has something of German calmness, intelligence, and tolerance, just because it can command such a wide, clear view of things. And when such a mountain opens its giant eyes, it may well happen that it sees more than we dwarfs who clamber over him with purblind eyes. Many, indeed, declare that the Brocken is thoroughly *bourgeois*, and Claudius has sung of "The Blocksberg, that tall Philistine." But that is a mistake. It is true that owing to his bald pate, over which he sometimes draws his white cap of mist, he gives himself an air of *bourgeoisie*, but, as with many other great Germans, this is pure irony. Nay, it is notorious that the Brocken has his wild freshman days, *e.g.* the first of May. Then he tosses his cloud cap in the air and goes romantic mad, like a genuine German.

I tried at once to engage the pretty lady in a conversation, for one never properly enjoys the beauties of nature unless one can talk them over on the spot. She was no genius, but bright and intelligent. Really distinguished manners, not the common stiff and starched distinction, a negative quality which knows what *not* to do, but that rare positive quality, the ease of manner which tells us exactly how far we may go, and by setting us at our ease give us a perfect sense of social self-possession. I displayed an amount of geographical knowledge that astonished myself, satisfied the curiosity of my fair inquirer by telling her the names of all the towns that lay at our feet, looked them out and showed them to her on my pocket map, which I unrolled on the stone table in the middle of the observatory with the air of a regular professor. Several towns I failed to find, perhaps because I sought them with my finger rather than with my eyes, which were engaged in taking the bearings of the fair face and finding there more attractive regions than Schierke and Elend. The face was one of those that always please, though we are rarely enchanted, and never fall in love with them. I like such faces because they smile to rest my too susceptible heart. The lady was not married, although she had reached the full flower of beauty which gives its possessor a claim to matrimony. But it's a matter of everyday experience that the prettiest girls find it hardest to get a husband. Even

in ancient times this was the case, and we know that the three Graces were all old maids.

In what relationship the short gentleman stood to the ladies he was escorting I could not make out. He was a spare, odd-looking figure. A small head, with a sprinkling of gray hairs straggling over his low forehead as far as his green dragon-fly eyes; a broad, prominent nose; mouth and chin, on the other hand, receding almost to the ears. The face seemed made of that soft, yellowish clay that sculptors use for their first models; and when he pursed up his thin lips, some thousands of faint semicircular wrinkles spread over the cheeks. The little man never said a word; only now and then, when the elder lady made some pleasant remark to him in a whisper, he smiled like a lap-dog with a cold in its head.

The elder lady was the mother of the younger, and had, like her, a most distinguished manner. Her eyes betrayed a sort of sickly mysticism, and the lips wore an expression of austere piety; yet I detected traces of past beauty, and it seemed to me as though they had laughed much, felt many a kiss, and given many a kiss in return. Her face was like a palimpsest, where beneath the black modern monkish manuscript of one of the Fathers you can trace the half-obliterated characters of an old Greek love-song. Both ladies had this year been to Italy with their companion, and were full of the beauties of Rome, Florence, and Venice. The mother talked about the Raphaels in St. Peter's, the daughter of the opera in the Venice theater. Both were enchanted with the improvisatori. Their native town was Nüremberg, but they could tell me little of its ancient glories. The divine art of the Meistersingers has grown dumb, and in Wagenseil's verse we hear its dying echoes. Now the dames of Nüremberg are edified by the silly extemporizations of Italians and the songs of castrati. Saint Sebaldus! thou art truly but an indifferent patron to-day.

Whilst we were conversing twilight approached; the air grew cooler, the sun was sinking, and the platform of the watch-tower begun to fill — students, mechanics, and a few respectable citizens with their wives and daughters, all intent on seeing the sunset. It is a solemnizing spectacle, which frames the beholder's mind to prayer. For full a quarter of an hour

we all stood in solemn silence, and gazed at the fiery orb sinking slowly to the west. The ruddy glow lit up our faces, and our hands instinctively were clasped as in prayer. We seemed a silent congregation, standing in the nave of a giant cathedral, at the moment when the priest is elevating the Host, and the organ rolls forth Palestrina's immortal chorale.

While I was standing thus absorbed in devotion, I heard a voice near me exclaiming, "Generally speaking, how very beautiful Nature is!" These words proceeded from the sentimental breast of the young merchant who shared my bedroom. They restored me to my work-a-day frame of mind, and I was ready to address to the ladies any number of appropriate remarks about the sunset, and conduct them back to their rooms with perfect nonchalance, as if nothing had happened. They allowed me, moreover, to stay with them for an hour or more. Our conversation, like the earth, revolved round the sun. The mother thought that the sun, as it sank in mist, looked like a glowing rose thrown down by her lover the heavens into the outspread white veil of his bride the earth. The daughter smiled and observed that a too frequent sight of such natural phenomena would weaken their impressiveness. The mother corrected her daughter's heresy by quoting a passage from Goethe's "Reisebriefe," and asked me whether I had read his "Werther." I believe we talked besides of Angora cats, Etruscan vases, Turkish shawls, Maccaroni, and Lord Byron, from whose poems the elder lady recited some sunset descriptions with a pretty lisp and sigh. The younger lady, who did not understand English, wanted to know something of the poems, so I recommended her the translation of my fair and accomplished countrywoman Baroness Elise von Hohenhausen, and I did not miss the opportunity of holding forth, as I make a point of doing to all young ladies I meet, on Byron's godlessness, lovelessness, hopelessness, and Heaven knows what besides.

This business over, I went for a turn on the Brocken, for it's never quite dark on the summit. There was only a slight mist, and I made out the outlines of the two mounds called the Witches' Altar and the Devil's Pulpit. I fired off my pistols, but there was not an echo. Suddenly, however, I heard voices

that I recognized, and felt myself embraced and kissed. It was a party of my college friends who had left Göttingen four days later than I, and they were now considerably surprised to find me again alone on the Blocksberg. At once we set to — telling the news, expressing our astonishment, making plans, laughing at old college jokes; in the spirit we were back again in our learned Siberia, where culture is carried to such a pitch that the bears in the public houses run up scores, and the pussies wish the hunter good-evening.

In the dining room of the inn supper was laid — a long table with two rows of hungry students. At first we had nothing but the usual university shop — duels, duels, and still duels. The company was composed mostly of Halle men, and so Halle was the chief topic. The broken windows of Councillor Schütz were exegetically illustrated. Then we heard that the last levée at the king of Cyprus's court had been very brilliant, that he had chosen as his successor a natural son, contracted a left-handed marriage with a Lichtenstein princess, and given the royal mistress her congé, and that the whole ministry, on hearing the sad news, had wept to order. I need hardly explain that all this gossip referred to the king and queen of the Halle drinking halls. The subject then changed to two Chinamen who exhibited themselves two years ago in Berlin, and now hold appointments as private teachers of Chinese esthetics. Here was an opening for the wits. Suppose a German shown as a rarity in China; posters announcing the show, with certificates from mandarins Tsching-Tschang-Tschung and Hi-Ha-Ho attesting that he is a genuine German; announcing further his accomplishments, the principal being philosophy, smoking, and patience; finally warning visitors who came at twelve o'clock, when the beasts are fed, not to bring dogs with them, as dogs have a way of making off with the poor German's tit-bits.

. . . . . .

Such interchange of ideas did not make us lose sight of the practical, and the huge dishes liberally filled with meat, potatoes, &c., were done full justice to. But the quality was not equal to the quantity. I ventured to hint as much to my neighbor, who answered me rudely in an unmistakable Swiss

accent, that we Germans knew as little of true contentment as of true liberty. I shrugged my shoulders, and remarked that royal lackeys and pastry-cooks all the world over were Swiss, in fact as well as in name, and that the present Swiss champions of liberty, who deafen the public with their swaggering politics, reminded me of the hares you see shooting off pistols at fairs. Their boldness sets the rustics and children staring, and yet they are hares.

The son of the Alps had certainly meant no offense. "He was a fat man, and therefore a good man," as Cervantes says. But my neighbor on the other side, a Greifswald man, was nettled by his remark. He maintained that German vigor and simplicity had not degenerated, scowled, smote his breast, and emptied a monstrous glass of pale ale. "My good sir!" cried the Swiss, in a propitiatory tone; but the more he apologized the more the Greifswald man fumed and raved. He was a wild man, and seemed as if he belonged to the age when vermin had a good time of it, and hair-dressers were in danger of starving. His hair streamed down his shoulders; he wore a military berretta and an old-fashioned black coat; his linen was dirty, and served both for shirt and waistcoat; inside it was a medallion, with a tuft of hair from Blücher's white charger. He looked a consummate fool. I like some excitement at supper-time and was not sorry to break a lance with him on the subject of patriotism.

He maintained that Germany should be divided into thirty-three districts; I argued for forty-eight, to enable a systematic handbook on Germany to be written, and pleaded the necessity of correlating life and science. My Greifswald friend was besides a German bard, and confided to me he was at work on a national epic in commemoration of Hermann and the Hermann battle. I gave him some useful hints for his poem, and suggested that he might represent the swamps and trunk roads of the Teutoberg forest onomatopoetically by wishy-washy lines and jolting rhythms, and that it would be a delicate stroke of patriotism to make Varus and his legionaries talk sheer nonsense. I hope he will make as good use of this literary trick as other Berlin poets have, and succeed in sounds that are "echoes of the sense."

Our company meanwhile grew less stiff and more noisy; beer made way for wine, and wine for steaming punch-bowls; we drank, we fraternized, we sang "The Old German Worthy," and other grand songs of W. Müller, Rückert, Uhland, &c., were trolled out; pretty airs of Methfessel; best of all, the words of our German Arndt, "God planted iron ore to show he'd have no slaves on earth." And out of doors it roared as if the old mountain was taking a part in the music, and some of our reeling topers swore that he was nodding his bald head in approval, which accounted for the unsteadiness of the room. As bottles got lighter brains got heavier; one bawled, another sang falsetto, a third recited passages from "Die Schuld" (*Guilt*), a fourth spoke Latin, a fifth preached a sermon on temperance, and a sixth mounted a chair and began to lecture: "Gentlemen, the earth is a barrel, and men are pins stuck seemingly at random on its surface; but the barrel turns, and the pins strike and give a sound, a few frequently, the rest seldom, and this produces a curious complicated music which is called history. My subject then divides itself into three heads: music, the world, and history; the last head, however, is subdivided into matters of fact and Spanish flies" — and so on, with a strange jumble of sense and nonsense.

A jovial Mecklenberger, who had buried his nose in his punch-glass and was inhaling the fragrant steam with a silly smile, remarked that he felt as if he were again at the buffet of the Schwerin theater. Another student put his wine-glass to his eye like a telescope, and gazed at the company through it, while the red wine trickled down his cheeks into his open mouth. The Greifswald man threw himself by a sudden inspiration on my breast, and shouted, "Sure you know me, a lover, a happy lover, his love returned — and I'm d—d if she's not accomplished — soft bosom, white frock, plays piano." But the Swiss wept, kissed my hand tenderly, and kept on whimpering, "O Bäbeli, Bäbeli!"

During all this mad carouse of dancing plates and flying glasses, I observed two youths sitting opposite me, pale as marble statues, the one like Adonis, the other more like an Apollo. The wine had tinged their cheeks with the faintest touch of pink. They gazed at one another with infinite passion,

as though they could read in each other's eyes, and their eyes beamed as though they had caught the drops of light that fall from the love-lit lamp that the angels bear from one star to another. They whispered together, in a voice tremulous with emotion, sad stories, whose melancholy echo reached my ear. "Lory, too, is dead," said one, and sighed; and, after a pause, he told a tale of a Halle maiden who fell in love with a student, and when her lover left Halle she shut herself up and starved herself, and wept day and night, and did nothing but gaze at the canary that her lover had once given her. "The bird died, and soon after Lory died too!" That was the end of the tale, and both youths ceased talking, and sighed as though their hearts would break. At last one said to the other, "My soul is sad! Come out with me into the darkness of night! I would drink in the breath of the clouds and the beams of the moon. Partner of my misery! I love thee; thy words are musical as whispering reeds; as rippling streams they find an echo in my breast, but my soul is sorrowful."

The two youths rose, one threw his arm round the other's neck, and they left the roisterers of the supper-table. I followed, and observed them enter a dark room, where one of them opened a big wardrobe, mistaking it for the window. Both stood in front of it, and with sentimentally outstretched arms poured forth alternate strains. "Airs of the dusky night," cried the first, "how refreshingly ye cool my cheeks! how sweetly ye sport with my flowing locks! I stand on the cloudy mountain top, beneath me lie the sleeping cities of men and the blinking blue waters! Hark, below in the valley is the rustle of pine trees! Above me in the mist flit the spirits of my fathers! O! that I might fly with you on your cloud-steeds through the stormy night o'er the billowy sea, up, up to the stars. But, O! I am laden with sorrow, and my soul is sad." The other youth had also stretched out his arms, like a lover, to the clothes-press. His eyes were streaming, and in a love-lorn strain he addressed a pair of yellow leather breeches which he mistook for the moon. "Fair art thou, daughter of Heaven! Benign is the peace of thy countenance! Thy paths are paths of pleasantness, and the stars follow thy blue tracks in the East! The clouds rejoice in the joy of thy countenance, and their

dark forms are illumined. Who is like thee in Heaven, thou progeny of night? The stars are abashed in thy presence, and turn away their green twinkling eyes. Whither, when at morn thy face pales, dost thou fly from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy Halle? Dost thou live in the shadow of mourning? Have thy sisters fallen from Heaven? Thy fellow-pilgrims of the night, are they no more? Yes, bright orb, thy sisters fell from heaven, and thou hidest thyself to mourn them. Yes; the night will come, and then even thou wilt pass away, and thy blue paths know thee no more. Then will the stars lift their green heads, whom once thy presence shamed, and rejoice once more. But now thou art clad in radiant majesty, and lookest down from the gates of Heaven. Part the clouds, ye breezes, that the daughter of Night may shine forth, and the shaggy mountains shine forth, and the deep roll his billows in light!"

A well-known acquaintance of mine, a somewhat corpulent man, who had drunk more than he had eaten, though he had devoured for his supper as usual enough beef to have satisfied six life-guardsmen and a boy, happened at this moment to pass by as merry as a grig (as a pig, I ought to have said) and shoved the two maudlin youths somewhat roughly into the press; after which he blundered out-of-doors, and there swore at large. Indoors, too, the sounds of revelry grew more confused and less articulate. The two youths in the press kept whining and whimpering. They thought they were lying crushed at the bottom of the mountain; the red wine streamed from their throats, and each was deluged by the other. One youth said to the other, "Farewell! I feel that I am bleeding to death. Why do ye awake me, O breezes of Spring? Ye woo me and whisper, 'We bedew thee with the dews of heaven;' but my days are in the yellow leaf, the storm will soon scatter my leafy honors. Soon will the wanderer come; to-day he beheld me in my beauty; to-morrow he will seek me and find me not — the flowers of the forest are a' wede away!" But high above the hubbub rose a well-known basso, bellowing and cursing and swearing outside, "Not a blessed lantern alight in the whole of the d—d dark Weenderstrasse, an' how's a fellow to tell whose windows he's smashing."

Fortunately I can carry my liquor well — the exact tale of bottles my modesty forbids me to tell — and I reached my bedroom not much the worse for the carouse. The young merchant was already in bed, with his white nightcap and his yellow jacket of hygienic flannel, but not yet asleep, and ready to engage me in a conversation. He was from Frankfort-on-the-Main, and consequently he began on the Jews, and complained that they were lost to all sense of decency and honor, selling English wares twenty-five per cent. under cost price. I was tempted to try and mystify him a bit, so I told him that I was a somnambulist, and must beg his pardon by anticipation if I should chance to disturb him in his sleep. In consequence the wretched man, as he confided to me next day, did not get a wink, but lay the whole night in mortal terror that I might, in my sleep-walking, do him a mischief with my pistols which I had placed at my bedside.

. . . . . .

The book beside me was the so-called Brocken book, where all the visitors inscribe their names, most adding their reflections, or, in default, their feelings. Many are not content with prose, and the book is evidence of the awful consequences that ensue when the ragtag and bobtail of Philistinism seize on such an opportunity as a visit to the Brocken to become poetical. The palace of Prince Pallagonia contains no such monstrosities as this book. Gentlemen of the excise with their moldy platitudes, counter-skippers with their maudlin effusions, dilettanti revolutionists of the old school with their commonplaces of the gymnastic club, and Berlin schoolmasters with their flat raptures, hold a bad preëminence. Herr Johannes Hagel tries, for once in his life, to prove himself an author. On one page a description of the purple pomp of sunrise, on the next complaints of the bad weather, disappointed hopes, and so forth. "Viewed the mist and missed the view." "Wet without we reached the inn, and we left it wet within," are standing witticisms which recur a hundred times. Caroline writes down, "I wet my feet in the ascent," and beneath some simple Jeannie writes a laconic "Ditto." The whole book reeks of cheese, beer, and tobacco; you might think you were reading a novel of Clauren's.

While I was thus employed in drinking my coffee and turning over the pages of the Brocken book, my Swiss friend entered, his cheeks flushed, and full of enthusiasm at the magnificent sight he had enjoyed on the tower — "The pure calm light of the sun, type of truth and purity, struggling with the hosts of night and mist, a ghostly battle, grim giants lunging with their long swords, charges of harnessed knights on rearing steeds, war chariots, fluttering banners, shapes of outlandish monsters emerging from the cloud-rack, and all again fantastically contorted and intertwisted, melting gradually into dimness and leaving not a trace behind." Of this elemental *émeute* I had seen nothing, and, if it ever should lead to a judicial investigation, I can testify on oath that I know nothing about it, except the flavor of the good brown coffee I was drinking. Ah, that coffee! it made me forget my beautiful lady, and there she was standing at the door with her mother and their traveling companion, just stepping into the carriage. I had only time to hurry out and assure her that it was very cold. She seemed piqued at my tardiness, but I soon smoothed the wrinkles on her fair brow by presenting her with a rare flower that I had plucked the day before from the side of a precipice at the risk of my neck. The mother wanted to know the name, as if she thought it improper that her daughter should take a strange flower to her bosom without an introduction, for this was in fact the enviable position the flower attained, a promotion that it little dreamt of yesterday on its lonely height. The silent companion at last opened his mouth, and, after counting the stamens, dryly remarked, "The flower belongs to the eighth class." It always makes me angry to see God's own flowers divided like ourselves into classes, and like us distinguished by external differences such as the number of stamens. If we must have classification, let us rather follow Theophrastus, who proposed to class them by their souls, *i.e.*, their scent. As for me, I have my own system of natural history, under which everything falls into two categories, edible and inedible.

(From "The Romantic School")

In fact, that harmony between the author's genius and his personality, that we expect to find in extraordinary men, was

perfectly realized in Goethe. His external appearance was as distinctive as his written utterances; his form and features were harmonious, clear, serene, nobly portioned; to see him was to study Greek art as from an antique. This majestic form was never bent and bowed with cringing Christian humility; these noble features were never marred with Christian contrition; these eyes were never downcast with the sense of sin, never upturned with rapt devotion, never tremulous with Christian fervor — no, his eyes were calm as a god's. Are not gods universally known by the steadiness of their glance, by eyes that never wink or wander? So when Agni, Varuna, Yama and Indra take the form of Nala at Damayanti's wedding, she is able to recognize her lover by the blinking of his eyes, gods' eyes being, as aforesaid, fixed and motionless. Napoleon's eyes, too, had this peculiarity, and this is proof to me that he was a god. Goethe's eye, even in advanced old age, was as divine as in his youth. His head, too, though whitened with the snows of age, remained erect to the last. He always carried his head high, and when he spoke he seemed to grow taller and statelier, and when he stretched out his hand it was as though by pointing with the finger he could prescribe to the stars their courses in heaven. Some have detected about his lips certain hard lines of egotism, but this feature, too, is peculiar to the Immortals, and most conspicuous in the father of the Immortals, great Jupiter, to whom I have already compared Goethe. Seriously, when I visited him at Weimar and stood face to face with him, I involuntarily took a side glance to see whether the eagle was not there with the thunderbolt in his beak. I was on the point of addressing him in Greek, but observing that he understood German, I remarked to him in German that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar were excellent. How many long winter evenings had I spent in dreaming of all the profound things I would say to Goethe if ever I saw him! and when at last I did see him, I told him that Saxon plums were delicious. And Goethe smiled. He smiled with the same lips with which he had once kissed the fair Leda, Europa, Danae, Semele, and so many other princesses or simple nymphs.

Les dieux s'en vont. Goethe is dead. He died on the 22nd

March of last year, a fatal year to the mighty ones of earth. It would almost seem as if that year death had suddenly turned aristocrat, and intended to confer distinction on the notabilities of earth by sending them all at once to the grave. Perhaps he had thoughts of creating a peerage in the world of shadows, and if that were his object his nominees were well chosen. Or was it that death had a fancy last year to favor democracy by destroying not only our leaders themselves, but also their authority, and so promoting intellectual equality? Was it reverence or insolence that made death during the past year spare crowned heads? In a fit of absence he did indeed raise his scythe to strike down the king of Spain, but he bethought himself in time and let him live. In the past year no single king died. *Les dieux s'en vont* — but the kings are still with us.

LORELEY

I WIST not what it is daunts me,
And makes me feel eerie and low:
A legend, it troubles, it haunts me,
A legend of long ago.

The air chills, day is declining,
And smoothly Rhine's waters run,
And the peaks of the mountains are shining
Aloft in the setting sun.

A maiden of wondrous seeming,
Most beautiful, see, sits there;
Her jewels in gold are gleaming,
She combs out her golden hair.

With a comb of red gold she parts it,
And still as she combs it she sings;
As the melody falls on our hearts, it
With power as of magic stings.

With a spasm the boatman hears it
Out there in his little skiff:

He sees not the reef as he nears it,
  He only looks up to the cliff.

The waters will sweep, I am thinking,
  O'er skiff, aye, and boatman ere long;
And this is, when daylight is sinking,
  What Loreley did with her song.

TO ——

Thou art even as a flower is,
  So gentle, and pure, and fair;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
  Comes over my heart unaware.

I feel as though I should lay, sweet,
  My hands on thy head, with a prayer
That God may keep thee alway, sweet,
  As gentle, and pure, and fair!

THE FISHER-MAIDEN

My bonnie blithe fisher-maiden,
  Row in your boat to the strand,
And come and sit down beside me,
  And chat with me hand in hand.

Rest your dear little head on my bosom,
  And be not so frightened, child;
Every day you trust without thinking
  Yourself to the ocean wild.

My heart is quite like the ocean,
  It has tempests, and ebb, and flow;
And fine pearls lie there a-many,
  Down, down in its depths below.

THE PINE AND THE PALM

A pine tree stands alone on
  A bare bleak northern height;

The ice and snow they swathe it,
As it sleeps there, all in white.

'Tis dreaming of a palm-tree,
In a far-off Eastern land,
That mourns, alone and silent,
On a ledge of burning sand.
— *Translations of Sir Theodore Martin.*

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

Felicia Dorothea Browne Hemans. An English-Irish poetess. Born in Liverpool, September 25, 1793; died at Redesdale, Ireland, May 16, 1835. Author of volumes entitled: "Domestic Affections," "Tales and Historic Scenes in Verse," "Lays of Many Lands," "Forest Sanctuary," "Songs of the Cid," "The Siege of Valencia, the Last Constantine."

Skilled in musical versification, this author's lyrical poetry has won a high place in literature.

CASABIANCA

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm —
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on — he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud: — "Say, father, say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound —
The boy — oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea! —

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part; —
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tost;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and water o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear, —
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim-band —
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
  The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found —
  Freedom to worship God.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY. Born in Gloucester, England, in 1849; died July 11, 1903. Author of "Book of Verses," "English Lyrics." His "Song of the Sword" is widely known.

(The following poem is used by permission of David Nutt, London, the publisher.)

OUT OF THE NIGHT THAT COVERS ME

OUT of the night that covers me,
  Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
  For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
  I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
  My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
  Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
  Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
  How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
  I am the captain of my soul.

PATRICK HENRY

PATRICK HENRY, a famous American orator and statesman. Born at Studley, Virginia, May 29, 1736; died at Red Hill, June 6, 1799. His contribution to American literature is found in the third volume of William Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry." Excerpts from his speeches have appeared in our school books for four generations.

At twenty-five, he already possessed a gift of eloquence that put him into the foremost rank as a lawyer and public man, able and farsighted at a critical period of American history. Not one of the earlier patriots equalled him in popular appeal. He was five times elected Governor of Virginia; and his practical talent in administration so far won the approval of Washington that he offered him a position in his cabinet as Secretary of State.

SPEECH IN THE CONVENTION OF DELEGATES OF VIRGINIA, MARCH, 1775

MR. PRESIDENT, — It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in the great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, — to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know, what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss! Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations, which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation! Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be

reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love! Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministers have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? — Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer on the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, — we have remonstrated, — we have supplicated, — we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, — we must fight; I repeat it, sir, we *must fight!* An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger?

Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed: and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone, — it is to the active, the vigilant, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election! If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, — but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Heaven! — I know not what course others may take, but as for me, — give me *liberty*, or give me *death!*

GEORGE HERBERT

GEORGE HERBERT, a religious poet. Born in Montgomery Castle, Montgomeryshire, Wales, April 3, 1593; died at Bemerton, Wiltshire, in 1633. His devotional poems are still read after eight generations.

VIRTUE

SWEET Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessing standing by,
"Let us," said He, "pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span."

So Strength first made a way;
Then Beauty flowed, then Wisdom, Honor, Pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all His treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said He,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,

He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature,
So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."

THE ELIXIR

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean
Which with his tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

HERODOTUS

HERODOTUS. Born at Halicarnassus, in Caria, Greece, about 490 B.C.; died at Thurii, 427 B.C. In Europe he was the earliest of historians. His work appears in nine books. He spent the greater part of his life in traveling in the countries near the eastern Mediterranean, collecting information, geographical, racial, historical, and mythological.

From a literary point of view, we find in his works the beginning of Greek prose, and he is justly called the Father of History.

(The following selections are taken from the translations in Bohn's Libraries.)

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF CRŒSUS

SOLON having gone abroad for the purposes of observation, arrived in Egypt at the court of Amasis, and afterwards at that of Crœsus at Sardis. On his arrival he was hospitably entertained by Crœsus, and on the third or fourth day, by order of the king, the attendants conducted him round the treasury, and showed him all their grand and costly contents; and when he had seen and examined everything sufficiently, Crœsus asked him this question, "My Athenian guest, your great fame has reached even to us, as well of your wisdom as of your travels, how that as a philosopher you have traveled through various countries for the purpose of observation; I am therefore desirous of asking you, who is the most happy man you have seen?" He asked this question, because he thought himself the most happy of men. But Solon, speaking the truth freely, without any flattery, answered, "Tellus the Athenian." Crœsus, astonished at his answer, eagerly asked him, "On what account do you deem Tellus the happiest?" He replied, "Tellus, in the first place, lived in a well-governed commonwealth; had sons who were virtuous and good; and he saw children born to them all, and all surviving: in the next place, when he had lived as happily as the condition of human affairs will permit, he ended his life in a most glorious manner. For coming to the assistance of the Athenians in a battle with their neighbors of Eleusis, he put the enemy to flight, and died

nobly. The Athenians buried him at the public charge in the place where he fell, and honored him greatly."

When Solon had roused the attention of Crœsus by relating many and happy circumstances concerning Tellus, Crœsus, expecting at least to obtain the second place, asked, whom he had seen next to him. "Cleobis," said he, "and Biton, for they being natives of Argos, possessed a sufficient fortune, and had withal such strength of body, that they were both alike victorious in the public games; and moreover the following story is related of them: when the Argives were celebrating a festival of Juno, it was necessary that their mother should be drawn to the temple in a chariot; but the oxen did not come from the field in time, the young men therefore, being pressed for time, put themselves beneath the yoke, and drew the car in which their mother sate; and having conveyed it forty-five stades, they reached the temple. After they had done this in sight of the assembled people, a most happy termination was put to their lives; and in them the Deity clearly showed, that it is better for a man to die than to live. For the men of Argos, who stood round, commended the strength of the youths, and the women blessed her as the mother of such sons; but the mother herself, transported with joy both on account of the action and its renown, stood before the image and prayed, that the goddess would grant to Cleobis and Biton, her own sons, who had so highly honored her, the greatest blessing man could receive. After this prayer, when they had sacrificed and partaken of the feast, the youths fell asleep in the temple itself, and never awoke more, but met with such a termination of life. Upon this the Argives, in commemoration of their piety, caused their statues to be made and dedicated at Delphi." Thus Solon adjudged the second place of felicity to these youths. But Crœsus, being enraged, said, "My Athenian friend, is my happiness then so slighted by you as nothing worth, that you do not think me of so much value as private men?" He answered; "Crœsus, do you inquire of me concerning human affairs — of me, who know that the divinity is always jealous, and delights in confusion? For in lapse of time men are constrained to see many things they would not willingly see, and to suffer many things they

would not willingly suffer. Now I put the term of man's life at seventy years; these seventy years then give twenty-five thousand two hundred days, without including the intercalary month; and if we add that month to every other year, in order that the seasons arriving at the proper time may agree, the intercalary months will be thirty-five more in the seventy years, and the days of these months will be one thousand and fifty. Yet in all this number of twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty days, that compose these seventy years, one day produces nothing exactly the same as another. Thus, then, O Crœsus, man is altogether the sport of fortune. You appear to me to be the master of immense treasures, and king of many nations; but as relates to what you inquire of me, I cannot say, till I hear you have ended your life happily. For the richest of men is not more happy than he that has a sufficiency for a day, unless good fortune attend him to the grave, so that he ends his life in happiness. Many men, who abound in wealth, are unhappy; and many, who have only a moderate competency, are fortunate. He that abounds in wealth, and is yet unhappy, surpasses the other only in two things; but the other surpasses the wealthy and the miserable in many things. The former indeed is better able to gratify desire, and to bear the blow of adversity. But the latter surpasses him in this: he is not indeed equally able to bear misfortune or satisfy desire, but his good fortune wards off these things from him; and he enjoys the full use of his limbs, he is free from disease and misfortune, he is blessed with good children and a fine form, and if, in addition to all these things, he shall end his life well, he is the man you seek, and may justly be called happy; but before he die we ought to suspend our judgment, and not pronounce him happy, but fortunate. Now it is impossible for any one man to comprehend all these advantages: as no one country suffices to produce everything for itself, but affords some and wants others, and that which affords the most is the best; so no human being is in all respects self-sufficient, but possesses one advantage, and is in need of another; he therefore who has constantly enjoyed the most of these, and then ends his life tranquilly, this man, in my judgment, O king, deserves the name of happy. We ought there-

fore to consider the end of everything, in what way it will terminate; for the Deity having shown a glimpse of happiness to many, has afterwards utterly overthrown them."

When he spoke thus to Crœsus, Crœsus did not confer any favor on him, and holding him in no account, dismissed him; since he considered him a very ignorant man, because he overlooked present prosperity, and bade men look to the end of everything.

After the departure of Solon, the indignation of the gods fell heavily upon Crœsus, probably because he thought himself the most happy of all men. A dream soon after visited him while sleeping, which pointed out to him the truth of the misfortunes that were about to befall him in the person of one of his sons. For Crœsus had two sons, of whom one was grievously afflicted, for he was dumb; but the other, whose name was Atys, far surpassed all the young men of his age. Now the dream intimated to Crœsus that he would lose this Atys by a wound inflicted by the point of an iron weapon; he, when he awoke, and had considered the matter with himself, dreading the dream, provided a wife for his son; and though he was accustomed to command the Lydian troops, he did not ever after send him out on that business; and causing all spears, lances, and such other weapons as men use in war, to be removed from the men's apartments, he had them laid up in private chambers, that none of them being suspended might fall upon his son. While Crœsus was engaged with the nuptials of his son, a man oppressed by misfortune, and whose hands were polluted, a Phrygian by birth, and of royal family, arrived at Sardis. This man, having come to the palace of Crœsus, sought permission to obtain purification according to the custom of the country. Crœsus purified him: — (now the manner of expiation is nearly the same among the Lydians and the Greeks:) and when he had performed the usual ceremonies, Crœsus inquired whence he came, and who he was; speaking to him as follows: "Stranger, who art thou, and from what part of Phrygia hast thou come as a suppliant to my hearth? and what man or woman hast thou slain?" The stranger answered, "Sire, I am the son of Gordius, son of Midas, and am called Adrastus: having unwittingly slain my

own brother, and being banished by my father and deprived of everything, I am come hither." Crœsus answered as follows: "You are born of parents who are our friends, and you are come to friends, among whom, if you will stay, you shall want nothing; and by bearing your misfortune as lightly as possible you will be the greatest gainer." So Adrastus took up his abode in the palace of Crœsus.

At this same time a boar of enormous size appeared in Mysian Olympus, and rushing down from that mountain, ravaged the fields of the Mysians. The Mysians, though they often went out against him, could not hurt him, but suffered much from him. At last deputies from the Mysians having come to Crœsus, spoke as follows: "O king, a boar of enormous size has appeared in our country, and ravages our fields: though we have often endeavored to take him, we cannot. We therefore earnestly beg that you would send with us your son and some chosen youths with dogs, that we may drive him from the country." Such was their entreaty, but Crœsus, remembering the warning of his dream, answered, "Make no further mention of my son; for I shall not send him with you, because he is lately married, and that now occupies his attention: but I will send with you chosen Lydians, and the whole hunting train, and will order them to assist you with their best endeavors in driving the monster from your country." Such was his answer; and when the Mysians were content with this, the son of Crœsus, who had heard of their request, came in; and when Crœsus refused to send him with them, the youth thus addressed him: "Father, in time past I was permitted to signalize myself in the two most noble and becoming exercises of war and hunting; but now you keep me excluded from both, without having observed in me either cowardice or want of spirit. How will men look on me when I go or return from the forum? What kind of man shall I appear to my fellow-citizens? What to my newly married wife? What kind of man will she think she has for a partner? Either suffer me then to go to this hunt, or convince me that it is better for me to do as you would have me." "My son," answered Crœsus, "I act thus, not because I have seen any cowardice, or anything else unbecoming in you; but a vision in a dream ap-

pearing to me in my sleep warned me that you would be short-lived, and would die by the point of an iron weapon. On account of this vision therefore I hastened your marriage, and now refuse to send you on this expedition; taking care to preserve you, if by any means I can, as long as I live; for you are my only son; the other, who is deprived of his hearing, I consider as lost." The youth answered, "You are not to blame, my father, if after such a dream you take so much care of me; but it is right for me to explain that which you do not comprehend, and which has escaped your notice in the dream. You say the dream signified that I should die by the point of an iron weapon. But what hand, or what pointed iron weapon has a boar, to occasion such fears in you? Had it said I should lose my life by a tusk, or something of like nature, you ought then to have done as you now do; whereas it said by the point of a weapon; since then we have not to contend against men, let me go." "You have surpassed me," replied Crœsus, "in explaining the import of the dream; therefore, being overcome by you, I change my resolution, and permit you to go to the chase."

Crœsus, having thus spoken, sent for the Phrygian Adrastus, and, when he came, addressed him as follows: "Adrastus, I purified you when smitten by a grievous misfortune, which I do not upbraid you with, and have received you into my house, and supplied you with everything necessary. Now therefore (for it is your duty to requite me with kindness, since I have first conferred a kindness on you), I beg you would be my son's guardian, when he goes to the chase, and take care that no skulking villains show themselves in the way to do him harm. Besides, you ought to go for your own sake, where you may signalize yourself by your exploits; for this was the glory of your ancestors, and you are besides in full vigor." Adrastus answered, "On no other account, sire, would I have taken part in this enterprise; for it is not fitting that one in my unfortunate circumstances should join with his prosperous compeers, nor do I desire to do so; and, indeed, I have often restrained myself. Now, however, since you urge me, and I ought to oblige you, for I am bound to requite the benefits you have conferred on me, I am ready to do as you desire; and rest

assured that your son, whom you bid me take care of, shall, as far as his guardian is concerned, return to you uninjured."

When Adrastus had made this answer to Crœsus, they went away, well provided with chosen youths and dogs: and, having arrived at Mount Olympus, they sought the wild beast, and having found him and encircled him around, they hurled their javelins at him. Among the rest, the stranger, the same that had been purified of murder, named Adrastus, throwing his javelin at the boar, missed him, and struck the son of Crœsus; thus he being wounded by the point of the lance, fulfilled the warning of the dream. Upon this, some one ran off to tell Crœsus what had happened, and having arrived at Sardis, gave him an account of the action, and of his son's fate. Crœsus, exceedingly distressed by the death of his son, lamented it the more bitterly, because he fell by the hand of one whom he himself had purified from blood; and vehemently deploring his misfortune, he invoked Jove the Expiator, attesting what he had suffered by this stranger. He invoked also the same deity, by the name of the god of hospitality and private friendship: as the god of hospitality, because by receiving a stranger into his house, he had unawares fostered the murderer of his son; as the god of private friendship, because, having sent him as a guardian, he found him his greatest enemy. After this, the Lydians approached, bearing the corpse, and behind it, followed the murderer. He, having advanced in front of the corpse, delivered himself up to Crœsus, stretching forth his hands and begging of him to kill him upon it; then relating his former misfortune, and how in addition to that he had destroyed his purifier, and that he ought to live no longer. When Crœsus heard this, though his own affliction was so great, he pitied Adrastus, and said to him, "You have made me full satisfaction by condemning yourself to die. But you are not the author of this misfortune, except as far as you were the involuntary agent; but that god, whoever he was, that long since foreshowed what was about to happen." Crœsus therefore buried his son as the dignity of his birth required; but Adrastus, son of Gordius, son of Midas, who had been the murderer of his own brother, and the murderer of his purifier, when all was silent

round the tomb, judging himself the most heavily afflicted of all men, killed himself on the tomb. But Crœsus, bereaved of his son, continued disconsolate for two years.

Whilst Crœsus was preparing for his expedition against the Persians, a certain Lydian, who before that time was esteemed a wise man, and on this occasion acquired a very great name in Lydia, gave him advice in these words (the name of this person was Sandanis): "O king, you are preparing to make war against a people who wear leather trousers, and the rest of their garments of leather; who inhabit a barren country, and feed not on such things as they choose, but such as they can get. Besides, they do not habitually use wine, but drink water; nor have they figs to eat, nor anything that is good. In the first place, then, if you should conquer, what will you take from them, since they have nothing? On the other hand, if you should be conquered, consider what good things you will lose. For when they have tasted of our good things, they will become fond of them, nor will they be driven from them. As for me, I thank the gods that they have not put it into the thoughts of the Persians to make war on the Lydians." In saying this, he did not persuade Crœsus. Now before they subdued the Lydians, the Persians possessed nothing either luxurious or good. The Cappadocians are by the Greeks called Syrians; these Syrians, before the establishment of the Persian power, were subject to the Medes; but then to Cyrus. For the boundary of the Median empire and the Lydian was the river Halys, which flows from the mountains of Armenia through Cilicia; and afterwards has the Matienians on the right and the Phrygians on the other side; then passing these and flowing up towards the north, it skirts the Syrian Cappadocians on one side, and the Paphlagonians on the left. Thus the river Halys divides almost the whole of lower Asia, from the sea opposite Cyprus to the Euxine: this is the isthmus of that whole country: as to the length of the journey, it takes five days for a well-girt man.

Crœsus invaded Cappadocia for the following reasons; as well from a desire of adding it to his own dominions, as, especially, from his confidence in the oracle, and a wish to punish Cyrus on account of Astyages. For Cyrus, son of Cambyses,

had subjugated Astyages, son of Cyaxares, who was brother-in-law of Crœsus, and king of the Medes. He had become brother-in-law to Crœsus in the following manner; a band of Scythian nomads having risen in rebellion withdrew into Media: at that time Cyaxares, son of Phraortes, grandson of Deicoes, ruled over the Medes; he, at first, received these Scythians kindly, as being suppliants; so much so, that esteeming them very highly, he intrusted some youths to them, to learn their language, and the use of the bow. In course of time, it happened that these Scythians, who were constantly going out to hunt, and who always brought home something, on one occasion took nothing. On their returning empty-handed, Cyaxares (for he was, as he proved, of a violent temper) treated them with most opprobrious language. The Scythians, having met with this treatment from Cyaxares, and considering it undeserved by them, determined to kill one of the youths that were being educated under their care; and having prepared the flesh as they used to dress the beasts taken in hunting, to serve it up to Cyaxares as if it were game; and then to make their escape immediately to Alyattes, son of Sadyattes, at Sardis. This was accordingly done: and Cyaxares and his guests tasted of this flesh; and the Scythians, having done this, became suppliants to Alyattes. After this (for Alyattes refused to deliver up the Scythians to Cyaxares when he demanded them), war lasted between the Lydians and the Medes for five years: during this period the Medes often defeated the Lydians, and often the Lydians defeated the Medes; and during this time they had a kind of nocturnal engagement. In the sixth year, when they were carrying on the war with nearly equal success, on occasion of an engagement, it happened that in the heat of the battle day was suddenly turned into night. This change of the day Thales the Milesian had foretold to the Ionians, fixing beforehand this year as the very period in which the change actually took place. The Lydians and Medes seeing night succeeding in the place of day, desisted from fighting, and both showed a great anxiety to make peace. Syennesis the Cilician, and Labynetus the Babylonian, were the mediators of their reconciliation; these were they who hastened the treaty between them, and made a matrimonial

connection; for they persuaded Alyattes to give his daughter Aryenis in marriage to Astyages, son of Cyaxares. For without strong necessity, agreements are not wont to remain firm. These nations in their federal contracts observe the same ceremonies as the Greeks; and in addition, when they have cut their arms to the outer skin, they lick up one another's blood.

Cyrus had subdued this same Astyages, his grandfather by the mother's side, for reasons which I shall hereafter relate. Crœsus, alleging this against him, sent to consult the oracle, if he should make war on the Persians; and when an ambiguous answer came back, he, interpreting it to his own advantage, led his army against the territory of the Persians. When he arrived at the river Halys, Crœsus transported his forces, as I believe, by the bridges which are now there. But the common opinion of the Grecians is, that Thales the Milesian procured him a passage. For, whilst Crœsus was in doubt how his army should pass over the river (for *they say* that these bridges were not at that time in existence), Thales, who was in the camp, caused the stream, which flowed along the left of the army, to flow likewise on the right; and he contrived it thus: having begun above the camp, he dug a deep trench, in the shape of a half-moon, so that the river being turned into this from its old channel, might pass in the rear of the camp pitched where it then was, and afterwards, having passed by the camp, might fall into its former course; so that as soon as the river was divided into two streams it became fordable in both. Some say, that the ancient channel of the river was entirely dried up; but this I cannot assent to; for how then could they have crossed it on their return? However, Crœsus, having passed the river with his army, came to a place called Pteria, in Cappadocia. (Now Pteria is the strongest position of the whole of this country, and is situated over against Sinope, a city on the Euxine Sea.) Here he encamped, and ravaged the lands of the Syrians; and took the city of the Pterians, and enslaved the inhabitants; he also took all the adjacent places, and expelled the inhabitants, who had given him no cause for blame. But Cyrus, having assembled his own army, and having taken with him all who inhabited the intermediate country, went to meet Crœsus.

But before he began to advance, he sent heralds to the Ionians, to persuade them to revolt from Crœsus: the Ionians however refused. When Cyrus had come up and encamped opposite Crœsus, they made trial of each other's strength on the plains of Pteria: but when an obstinate battle took place, and many fell on both sides, they at last parted, on the approach of night, neither having been victorious. In this manner did the two armies engage.

But Crœsus laying the blame on his own army on account of the smallness of its numbers, for his forces that engaged were far fewer than those of Cyrus, — laying the blame on this, when on the following day Cyrus did not attempt to attack him, he marched back to Sardis, designing to summon the Egyptians according to treaty, for he had made an alliance with Amasis king of Egypt before he had with the Lacedæmonians: and to send for the Babylonians (for he had made an alliance with them also, and Labynetus at this time reigned over the Babylonians), and to require the presence of the Lacedæmonians at a fixed time: having collected these together, and assembled his own army, he purposed, when winter was over, to attack the Persians in the beginning of the spring. With this design, when he reached Sardis, he despatched ambassadors to his different allies, requiring them to meet at Sardis before the end of five months; but the army that was with him, and that had fought with the Persians, which was composed of mercenary troops, he entirely disbanded, not imagining that Cyrus, who had come off on such equal terms, would venture to advance upon Sardis. While Crœsus was forming these plans the whole suburbs were filled with serpents, and when they appeared, the horses, forsaking their pastures, came and devoured them. When Crœsus beheld this, he considered it to be, as it really was, a prodigy, and sent immediately to consult the interpreters at Telmessus; but the messengers having arrived there, and learnt from the Telmessians what the prodigy portended, were unable to report it to Crœsus, for before they sailed back to Sardis Crœsus had been taken prisoner. The Telmessians had pronounced as follows: "that Crœsus must expect a foreign army to invade his country, which, on its arrival, would sub-

due the natives, because, they said, the serpent is a son of the earth, but the horse is an enemy and a stranger." This answer the Telmessians gave to Crœsus when he had been already taken; yet without knowing what had happened with respect to Sardis or Crœsus himself.

But Cyrus, as soon as Crœsus had retreated after the battle at Pteria, having discovered that it was the intention of Crœsus to disband his army, found, upon deliberation, that it would be to his advantage to march with all possible expedition on Sardis, before the forces of the Lydians could be a second time assembled; and when he had thus determined, he put his plan into practice with all possible expedition, for having marched his army into Lydia, he brought this news of his own enterprise to Crœsus. Thereupon Crœsus, being thrown into great perplexity, seeing that matters had turned out contrary to his expectations, nevertheless drew out the Lydians to battle; and at that time no nation in Asia was more valiant and warlike than the Lydians. Their mode of fighting was from horseback; they were armed with long lances, and managed their horses with admirable address.

The place where they met was the plain that lies before the city of Sardis, which is extensive and bare; several rivers, as well as the Hyllus, flowing through it, force a passage into the greatest, called the Hermus, which flowing from the sacred mountain of mother Cybele, falls into the sea near the city of Phocæa. Here Cyrus, when he saw the Lydians drawn up in order of battle, alarmed at the cavalry, had recourse to the following stratagem, on the suggestion of Harpagus, a Mede. Having collected together all the camels that followed his army with provisions and baggage, and having caused their burdens to be taken off, he mounted men upon them equipped in cavalry accoutrements, and having furnished them, he ordered them to go in advance of the rest of his army against the Lydian horse; and he commanded his infantry to follow the camels, and he placed the whole of his cavalry behind the infantry. When all were drawn up in order, he charged them not to spare any of the Lydians, but to kill every one they met; but on no account to kill Crœsus, even if he should offer resistance when taken. Such were the orders

he gave. He drew up the camels in the front of the cavalry, for this reason; a horse is afraid of a camel, and cannot endure either to see its form or to scent its smell: for this reason, then, he had recourse to this stratagem, that the cavalry might be useless to Crœsus, by which the Lydian expected to signalize himself. Accordingly, when they joined battle, the horses no sooner smelt the camels and saw them, than they wheeled round, and the hopes of Crœsus were destroyed. Nevertheless the Lydians were not therefore discouraged, but when they perceived what had happened, leaped from their horses and engaged with the Persians on foot: at last, when many had fallen on both sides, the Lydians were put to flight, and being shut up within the walls, were besieged by the Persians.

On the fourteenth day after Crœsus had been besieged, Cyrus sent horsemen throughout his army, and proclaimed that he would liberally reward the man who should first mount the wall: upon this several attempts were made, and as often failed; till, after the rest had desisted, a Mardian, whose name was Hyrœades, endeavored to climb up on that part of the citadel where no guard was stationed, because there did not appear to be any danger that it would be taken on that part, for on that side the citadel was precipitous and impracticable. Round this part alone, Meles, a former king of Sardis, had not brought the lion which his concubine bore to him, though the Telmessians had pronounced, that if the lion were carried round the wall, Sardis would be impregnable; but Meles, having caused it to be carried round the rest of the wall, where the citadel was exposed to assault, neglected this, as altogether unassailable and precipitous: this is the quarter of the city that faces Mount Tmolus. Now this Hyrœades the Mardian having seen a Lydian come down this precipice the day before for a helmet that was rolled down, and carry it up again, noticed it carefully, and reflected on it in his mind: he thereupon ascended the same way, followed by divers Persians; and when great numbers had gone up, Sardis was taken, and the whole town plundered.

The following incidents befell Crœsus himself. He had a son of whom I have before made mention, who was in other respects proper enough, but dumb. Now, in the time of his

former prosperity, Crœsus had done everything he could for him, and among other expedients had sent to consult the oracle at Delphi concerning him; but the Pythian gave him this answer: "O Lydian born, king of many, very foolish Crœsus, wish not to hear the longed-for voice of thy son speaking within thy palace: it were better for thee that this should be far off; for he will first speak in an unhappy day." When the city was taken one of the Persians, not knowing Crœsus, was about to kill him: Crœsus, though he saw him approach, from his present misfortune, took no heed of him, nor did he care about dying by the blow; but this speechless son of his, when he saw the Persian advancing against him, through dread and anguish, burst into speech, and said, "Man, kill not Crœsus." These were the first words he ever uttered; but from that time he continued to speak during the remainder of his life. So the Persians got possession of Sardis, and made Crœsus prisoner, after he had reigned fourteen years, been besieged fourteen days, and lost his great empire, as the oracle had predicted. The Persians, having taken him, conducted him to Cyrus; and he, having heaped up a great pile, placed Crœsus upon it, bound with fetters, and with him fourteen young Lydians; designing either to offer this sacrifice to some god, as the first-fruits of his victory, or wishing to perform a vow; or perhaps, having heard that Crœsus was a religious person, he placed him on the pile for the purpose of discovering whether any deity would save him from being burnt alive. He accordingly did what has been related: it is added, that when Crœsus stood upon the pile, notwithstanding the weight of his misfortunes, the words of Solon recurred to him, as spoken by inspiration of the deity, that "no living man could be justly called happy." When this occurred to him, it is said, that after a long silence he recovered himself, and uttering a groan, thrice pronounced the name of Solon; that when Cyrus heard him, he commanded his interpreters to ask Crœsus, whom it was he called upon; that they drew near and asked him; but Crœsus for some time kept silence; but at last, being constrained to speak, said, "I named a man, whose discourses I more desire all tyrants might hear, than to be possessor of the greatest riches." When he gave them this obscure answer, they again

inquired what he said: and when they persisted in their inquiries, and were very importunate, he at length told them, that Solon, an Athenian, formerly visited him, and having viewed all his treasures, made no account of them; telling, in a word, how everything had befallen him as Solon had warned him, though his discourse related to all mankind as much as to himself, and especially to those who imagine themselves happy. They say that Crœsus gave this explanation; and that the pile being now kindled, the outer parts began to burn; and that Cyrus, informed by the interpreters of what Crœsus had said, relented, and considering that being but a man, he was yet going to burn another man alive, who had been no way inferior to himself in prosperity; and moreover fearing retribution, and reflecting that nothing human is constant, commanded the fire to be instantly extinguished, and Crœsus, with those who were about him, to be taken down; and that they with all their endeavors were unable to master the fire. It is related by the Lydians, that Crœsus, perceiving that Cyrus had altered his resolution, when he saw every man endeavoring to put out the fire, but unable to get the better of it, shouted aloud, invoking Apollo, and besought him, if ever any of his offerings had been agreeable to him, to protect and deliver him from the present danger: they report, that he with tears invoked the god, and that on a sudden clouds were seen gathering in the air, which before was serene, and that a violent storm burst forth and vehement rain fell and extinguished the flames; by which Cyrus perceiving that Crœsus was beloved by the gods, and a good man, when he had him taken down from the pile, asked him the following question: "Who persuaded you, Crœsus, to invade my territories, and to become my enemy instead of my friend?" He answered: "O king, I have done this for your good but my own evil fortune, and the god of the Greeks who encouraged me to make war is the cause of all. For no man is so void of understanding as to prefer war before peace; for in the latter children bury their fathers; in the former, fathers bury their children. But, I suppose, it pleased the gods that these things should be so."

He then thus spoke: but Cyrus, having set him at liberty,

placed him by his own side, and showed him great respect; and both he and all those that were with him were astonished at what they saw. But Crœsus, absorbed in thought, remained silent; and presently turning round and beholding the Persians sacking the city of the Lydians, he said, "Does it become me, O king, to tell you what is passing through my mind, or to keep silence on the present occasion?" Cyrus bid him say with confidence whatever he wished; upon which Crœsus asked him, saying, "What is this vast crowd so earnestly employed about?" He answered, "They are sacking your city, and plundering your riches." "Not so," Crœsus replied; "they are neither sacking my city, nor plundering my riches, for they no longer belong to me, but they are ravaging what belongs to you."

The reply of Crœsus attracted the attention of Cyrus; he therefore ordered all the rest to withdraw, and asked Crœsus what he thought should be done in the present conjuncture. He answered: "Since the gods have made me your servant, I think it my duty to acquaint you, if I perceive anything deserving of remark. The Persians, who are by nature overbearing, are poor. If, therefore, you permit them to plunder and possess great riches, you may expect the following results: whoso acquires the greatest possessions, be assured, will be ready to rebel. Therefore, if you approve what I say, adopt the following plan: place some of your body-guard as sentinels at every gate, with orders to take the booty from all those who would go out, and to acquaint them that the tenth must of necessity be consecrated to Jupiter: thus you will not incur the odium of taking away their property; and they, acknowledging your intention to be just, will readily obey."

Cyrus when he heard this was exceedingly delighted, as he thought the suggestion a very good one; having therefore commended it highly, and ordered his guards to do what Crœsus suggested, he addressed Crœsus as follows: "Crœsus, since you are resolved to display the deeds and words of a true king, ask whatever boon you desire on the instant." "Sir," he answered, "the most acceptable favor you can bestow upon me, is to let me send my fetters to the god of the Grecians whom I have honored more than any other deity, and to

ask him, if it be his custom to deceive those who deserve well of him." Cyrus asked him what cause he had to complain, that induced him to make this request: upon which Crœsus recounted to him all his projects, and the answers of the oracles, and particularly the offerings he had presented; and how he was incited by the oracle to make war against the Persians. When he had said this, he again besought him to grant him leave to reproach the god with these things. But Cyrus, smiling, said, "You shall not only receive this boon from me, but whatever else you may at any time desire." When Crœsus heard this, he sent certain Lydians to Delphi, with orders to lay his fetters at the entrance of the temple, and to ask the god, if he were not ashamed to have encouraged Crœsus by his oracles to make war on the Persians, assuring him that he would put an end to the power of Cyrus, of which war such were the first-fruits (commanding them at these words to show the fetters), and at the same time to ask if it were the custom of the Grecian gods to be ungrateful.

When the Lydians arrived at Delphi, and had delivered their message, the Pythian is reported to have made this answer: "The god himself even cannot avoid the decrees of fate; and Crœsus has atoned the crime of his ancestor in the fifth generation, who, being one of the body-guard of the Heraclidæ, was induced by the artifice of a woman to murder his master, and to usurp his dignity, to which he had no right. But although Apollo was desirous that the fall of Sardis might happen in the time of the sons of Crœsus, and not during his reign, yet it was not in his power to avert the fates; but so far as they allowed he accomplished, and conferred the boon on him; for he delayed the capture of Sardis for the space of three years. Let Crœsus know, therefore, that he was taken prisoner three years later than the fates had ordained; and in the next place, he came to his relief, when he was upon the point of being burnt alive. Then, as to the prediction of the oracle, Crœsus has no right to complain; for Apollo foretold him that if he made war on the Persians, he would subvert a great empire; and had he desired to be truly informed, he ought to have sent again to inquire, whether his own or that of Cyrus was meant. But since he neither understood the oracle, nor

inquired again, let him lay the blame on himself. And when he last consulted the oracle, he did not understand the answer concerning the mule; for Cyrus was that mule; inasmuch as he was born of parents of different nations, the mother superior, but the father inferior. For she was a Mede, and daughter of Astyages king of Media; but he was a Persian, subject to the Medes; and although in every respect inferior, he married his own mistress." The Pythian gave this answer to the Lydians, and they carried it back to Sardis, and reported it to Crœsus, and he, when he heard it, acknowledged the fault to be his and not the god's. Such is the account of the kingdom of Crœsus and the first subjection of Ionia.

THERMOPYLÆ

THERE is a ravine to the south of Trachis, and through the ravine the river Asopus flows, by the base of the mountain. To the south of the Asopus is another river, the Phœnix, not large, which, flowing from these mountains, falls into the Asopus. At the river Phœnix it is the narrowest; for only a single carriage road has been constructed there. From the river Phœnix it is fifteen stades to Thermopylæ. King Xerxes, then, encamped in the Trachinian territory of Malis, and the Greeks in the pass. This spot is called by most of the Greeks, Thermopylæ, but by the inhabitants and neighbors, Pylæ. Both parties, then, encamped in these places. The one was in possession of all the parts towards the north, as far as Trachis; and the others, of the parts which stretch towards the south and meridian, on this continent.

The following were the Greeks who awaited the Persians in this position. Of Spartans three hundred heavy-armed men; of Tegeans and Mantineans one thousand, half of each; from Orchomenus in Arcadia, one hundred and twenty; and from the rest of Arcadia one thousand, there were so many Arcadians; from Corinth four hundred; from Philus two hundred men, and from Mycenæ eighty. These came from Peloponnesus. From Bœotia, of Thespians seven hundred, and of Thebans four hundred. In addition to these, the Opuntian Locrians, being invited, came with all their forces, and

a thousand Phocians. For the Greeks themselves had invited them, representing by their ambassadors that "they had arrived as forerunners of the others, and that the rest of the allies might be daily expected; that the sea was protected by them, being guarded by the Athenians, the Æginetæ, and others, who were appointed to the naval service; and that they had nothing to fear, for that it was not a god who invaded Greece, but a man, and that there never was, and never would be, any mortal who had not evil mixed with his prosperity from his very birth; and to the greatest of them the greatest reverses happen. That it must, therefore, needs be, that he who is marching against us, being a mortal, will be disappointed in his expectation." They, having heard this, marched with assistance to Trachis. These nations had separate generals for their several cities; but the one most admired, and who commanded the whole army, was a Lacedæmonian, Leonidas, son of Anaxandrides, son of Leon, son of Eurycratides, son of Anaxander, son of Eurycrates, son of Polydorus, son of Alcamenes, son of Teleclus, son of Archelaus, son of Agesilaus, son of Doryssus, son of Leobotes, son of Echestratus, son of Agis, son of Eurysthenes, son of Aristodemus, son of Aristomachus, son of Cleodæus, son of Hyllus, son of Hercules; who had unexpectedly succeeded to the throne of Sparta. For as he had two elder brothers, Cleomenes and Dorieus, he was far from any thought of the kingdom. However, Cleomenes having died without male issue, and Dorieus being no longer alive, having ended his days in Sicily, the kingdom thus devolved upon Leonidas; both because he was older than Cleombrotus (for he was the youngest son of Anaxandrides), and also because he had married the daughter of Cleomenes. He then marched to Thermopylæ, having chosen the three hundred men allowed by law, and such as had children. On his march he took with him the Thebans, whose numbers I have already reckoned, and whom Leontiades, son of Eurymachus, commanded. For this reason Leonidas was anxious to take with him the Thebans alone of all the Greeks, because they were strongly accused of favoring the Medes: he, therefore, summoned them to war, wishing to know whether they would send their forces with him, or would openly renounce the alli-

ance of the Grecians. But they, though otherwise minded, sent assistance. The Spartans sent these troops first with Leonidas, in order that the rest of the allies, seeing them, might take the field, and might not go over to the Medes, if they heard that they were delaying. But afterwards, for the Carnean festival was then an obstacle to them, they purposed, when they had kept the feast, to leave a garrison in Sparta, and to march immediately with their whole strength. The rest of the confederates likewise intended to act in the same manner; for the Olympic games occurred at the same period as these events. As they did not, therefore, suppose that the engagement at Thermopylæ would so soon be decided, they despatched an advance-guard. Thus, then, they intended to do.

The Greeks at Thermopylæ, when the Persians came near the pass, being alarmed, consulted about a retreat; accordingly it seemed best to the other Peloponnesians to retire to Peloponnesus, and guard the Isthmus; but Leonidas, perceiving the Phocians and the Locrians very indignant at this proposition, determined to stay there, and to despatch messengers to the cities, desiring them to come to their assistance, as being too few to repel the army of the Medes. While they were deliberating on these matters, Xerxes sent a scout on horseback to see how many they were, and what they were doing. For while he was still in Thessaly, he had heard that a small army had been assembled at that spot, and as to their leaders that they were Lacedæmonians, and Leonidas, who was of the race of Hercules. When the horseman rode up to the camp, he reconnoitered, and saw not indeed the whole camp, for it was not possible that they should be seen who were posted within the wall, which, having rebuilt, they were now guarding: but he had a clear view of those on the outside, whose arms were piled in front of the wall. At this time the Lacedæmonians happened to be posted outside; and some of the men he saw performing gymnastic exercises, and others combing their hair. On beholding this he was astonished, and ascertained their number; and having informed himself of everything accurately, he rode back at his leisure, for no one pursued him, and he met with general contempt. On

his return he gave an account to Xerxes of all that he had seen. When Xerxes heard this, he could not comprehend the truth that the Grecians were preparing to be slain and to slay to the utmost of their power. But, as they appeared to behave in a ridiculous manner, he sent for Demaratus, son of Ariston, who was then in the camp; and when he was come into his presence, Xerxes questioned him as to each particular, wishing to understand what the Lacedæmonians were doing. Demaratus said, "You before heard me, when we were setting out against Greece, speak of these men; and when you heard, you treated me with ridicule, though I told you in what way I foresaw these matters would issue. For it is my chief aim, O king, to adhere to the truth in your presence; hear it, therefore, once more. These men have come to fight with us for the pass, and are now preparing themselves to do so. For such is their custom, when they are going to hazard their lives, then they dress their heads. But be assured, if you conquer these men, and those that remain in Sparta, there is no other nation in the world that will dare to raise their hands against you, O king. For you are now to engage with the noblest kingdom and city of all amongst the Greeks, and with the most valiant men." What was said seemed very incredible to Xerxes, and he asked again, "how, being so few in number, they could contend with his army." He answered, "O king, deal with me as with a liar, if these things do not turn out as I say."

By saying this he did not convince Xerxes. He therefore let four days pass, constantly expecting that they would betake themselves to flight. But on the fifth day, as they had not retreated, but appeared to him to stay through arrogance and rashness, he being enraged, sent the Medes and the Cissians against them, with orders to take them alive, and bring them into his presence. When the Medes bore down impetuously upon the Greeks, many of them fell; others followed to the charge, and were not repulsed, though they suffered greatly. But they made it evident to every one, and not least of all to the king himself, that they were indeed many men, but few soldiers. The engagement lasted through the day. When the Medes were roughly handled, they thereupon retired;

and the Persians whom the king called "Immortal," and whom Hydarnes commanded, taking their place, advanced to the attack; thinking that they indeed should easily settle the business. But when they engaged with the Grecians, they succeeded no better than the Medic troops, but just the same, as they fought in a narrow space, and used shorter spears than the Greeks, and were unable to avail themselves of their numbers. The Lacedæmonians fought memorably both in other respects, showing that they knew how to fight with men who knew not, and whenever they turned their backs, they retreated in close order; but the barbarians seeing them retreat, followed with a shout and clamor; then they, being overtaken, wheeled round so as to front the barbarians, and having faced about, overthrew an inconceivable number of the Persians; and then some few of the Spartans themselves fell. So that when the Persians were unable to gain anything in their attempt on the pass, by attacking in troops and in every possible manner, they retired. It is said that during these onsets of the battle, the king, who witnessed them, thrice sprang from his throne, being alarmed for his army. Thus they strove at that time. On the following day, the barbarians fought with no better success; for considering that the Greeks were few in number, and expecting that they were covered with wounds, and would not be able to raise their heads against them any more they renewed the contest. But the Greeks were marshaled in companies and according to their several nations, and each fought in turn, except only the Phocians, they were stationed at the mountain to guard the pathway. When therefore the Persians found nothing different from what they had seen on the preceding day, they retired.

While the king was in doubt what course to take in the present state of affairs, Ephialtes, son of Eurydemus a Malian, obtained an audience of him, expecting that he should receive a great reward from the king, and informed him of the path which leads over the mountain to Thermopylæ; and by that means caused the destruction of those Greeks who were stationed there. But afterwards, fearing the Lacedæmonians, he fled to Thessaly; and when he had fled, a price was set on his head by the Pylagori, when the Amphictyons were assembled

at Pylæ. But some time after, he went down to Anticyra, and was killed by Athenades, a Trachinian. This Athenades killed him for another reason, which I shall mention in a subsequent part of my history; he was however rewarded none the less by the Lacedæmonians. Another account is given, that Onetes, son of Phanagoras, a Carystian, and Corydallus of Anticyra, were the persons who gave this information to the king, and conducted the Persians round the mountain. But to me this is by no means credible: for in the first place we may draw that inference from this circumstance, that the Pylagori of the Grecians set a price on the head not of Onetes and Corydallus, but of Ephialtes the Trachinian, having surely ascertained the exact truth; and in the next place we know that Ephialtes fled on that account. Onetes indeed, though he was not a Malian, might be acquainted with this path, if he had been much conversant with the country; but it was Ephialtes who conducted them round the mountain by the path, and I charge him as the guilty person. Xerxes, since he was pleased with what Ephialtes promised to perform, being exceedingly delighted, immediately despatched Hydarnes and the troops that Hydarnes commanded; and he started from the camp about the hour of lamp-lighting. The native Malians discovered this pathway; and having discovered it, conducted the Thessalians by it against the Phocians, at the time when the Phocians, having fortified the pass by a wall, were under shelter from an attack. From that time it appeared to have been of no service to the Malians. This path is situated as follows: it begins from the river Asopus, which flows through the cleft; the same name is given both to the mountain and to the path, Anopæa: and this Anopæa extends along the ridge of the mountain, and ends near Alpenus, which is the first city of the Locrians towards the Malians, and by the rock called Melampygus, and by the seats of the Cercopes; and there the path is the narrowest. Along this path, thus situate, the Persians, having crossed the Asopus, marched all night, having on their right the mountains of the Œtæans, and on their left those of the Trachinians; morning appeared, and they were on the summit of the mountain. At this part of the mountain, as I have already mentioned, a thousand

heavy-armed Phocians kept guard, to defend their own country, and to secure the pathway. For the lower pass was guarded by those before mentioned; and the Phocians had voluntarily promised Leonidas to guard the path across the mountain. The Phocians discovered them after they had ascended, in the following manner; for the Persians ascended without being observed, as the whole mountain was covered with oaks; there was a perfect calm, and as was likely, a considerable rustling taking place from the leaves strewn under foot, the Phocians sprung up and put on their arms, and immediately the barbarians made their appearance. But when they saw men clad in armor they were astonished, for expecting to find nothing to oppose them, they fell in with an army. Thereupon Hydarnes, fearing lest the Phocians might be Lacedæmonians, asked Ephialtes of what nation the troops were; and being accurately informed, he drew up the Persians for battle. The Phocians, when they were hit by many and thick-falling arrows, fled to the summit of the mountain, supposing that they had come expressly to attack them, and prepared to perish. Such was their determination. But the Persians, with Ephialtes and Hydarnes, took no notice of the Phocians, but marched down the mountain with all speed.

To those of the Greeks who were at Thermopylæ, the augur Megistias, having inspected the sacrifices, first made known the death that would befall them in the morning; certain deserters afterwards came and brought intelligence of the circuit the Persians were taking; these brought the news while it was yet night, and, thirdly, the scouts running down from the heights, as soon as day dawned, brought the same intelligence. Upon this the Greeks held a consultation, and their opinions were divided. For some would not hear of abandoning their post, and others opposed that view. After this, when the assembly broke up, some of them departed, and being dispersed betook themselves to their several cities; but others of them prepared to remain there with Leonidas. It is said that Leonidas himself sent them away, being anxious that they should not perish; but that he and the Spartans who were there could not honorably desert the post which they originally came to defend. For my own part, I am rather inclined to think

that Leonidas, when he perceived that the allies were averse and unwilling to share the danger with him, bade them withdraw; but that he considered it dishonorable for himself to depart: on the other hand, by remaining there, great renown would be left for him, and the prosperity of Sparta would not be obliterated. For it had been announced to the Spartans, by the Pythian, when they consulted the oracle concerning this war, as soon as it commenced, "that either Lacedæmon must be overthrown by the barbarians, or their king perish." This answer she gave in hexameter verses to this effect: "To you, O inhabitants of spacious Lacedæmon, either your vast, glorious city shall be destroyed by men sprung from Perseus, or, if not so, the confines of Lacedæmon mourn a king deceased of the race of Hercules. For neither shall the strength of bulls nor of lions withstand him, with force opposed to force; for he has the strength of Jove; and I say he shall not be restrained, before he has, certainly, obtained one of these for his share." I think therefore, that Leonidas, considering these things, and being desirous to acquire glory for the Spartans alone, sent away the allies, rather than that those who went away differed in opinion, and went away in such an unbecoming manner. The following in no small degree strengthens my conviction on this point. For not only did he send away the others, but it is certain that Leonidas also sent away the augur who followed the army, Megistias the Acarnanian, who was said to have been originally descended from Melampus, the same who announced from an inspection of the victims what was about to befall them, in order that he might not perish with them. He, however, though dismissed, did not himself depart, but sent away his son, who served with him in the expedition, being his only child. The allies accordingly, that were dismissed, departed, and obeyed Leonidas; but only the Thespians and the Thebans remained with the Lacedæmonians: the Thebans, indeed, remained unwillingly, and against their inclination, for Leonidas detained them, treating them as hostages; but the Thespians willingly, for they refused to go away and abandon Leonidas and those with him, but remained and died with them. Demophilus, son of Diadromas, commanded them.

Xerxes, after he had poured out libations at sunrise, having waited a short time, began his attack about the time of full market; for he had been so instructed by Ephialtes; for the descent from the mountain is more direct, and the distance much shorter, than the circuit and ascent. The barbarians, therefore, with Xerxes, advanced; and the Greeks with Leonidas, marching out as if for certain death, now advanced much farther than before into the wide part of the defile. For the fortification of the wall had protected them, and they on the preceding days, having taken up their position in the narrow part, there fought. But now engaging outside the narrows, great numbers of the barbarians fell. For the officers of the companies from behind, having scourges, flogged every man, constantly urging them forward; in consequence, many of them falling into the sea, perished, and many more were trampled alive under foot by one another; and no regard was paid to any that perished. For the Greeks, knowing that death awaited them at the hands of those who were going round the mountain, being desperate, and regardless of their own lives, displayed the utmost possible valor against the barbarians. Already were most of their javelins broken, and they had begun to despatch the Persians with their swords. In this part of the struggle fell Leonidas, fighting valiantly, and with him other eminent Spartans, whose names, seeing they were deserving men, I have ascertained; indeed I have ascertained the names of the whole three hundred. On the side of the Persians, also, many other eminent men fell on this occasion, and amongst them two sons of Darius, Abrocomes and Hyperanthes, born to Darius of Phrataguna, daughter of Artanes; but Artanes was brother to king Darius, and son of Hystaspes, son of Arsames. He, when he gave his daughter to Darius, gave him also all his property, as she was his only child. Accordingly, two brothers of Xerxes fell at this spot, fighting for the body of Leonidas, and there was a violent struggle between the Persians and Lacedæmonians, until at last the Greeks rescued it by their valor, and four times repulsed the enemy. Thus the contest continued until those with Ephialtes came up. When the Greeks heard that they were approaching, from this time the battle was altered.

For they retreated to the narrow part of the way, and passing beyond the wall, came and took up their position on the rising ground, all in a compact body, with the exception of the Thebans: the rising ground is at the entrance where the stone lion now stands to the memory of Leonidas. On this spot, while they defended themselves with swords, such as had them still remaining, and their hands and teeth, the barbarians overwhelmed them with missiles, some of them attacking them in front, and having thrown down the wall; and others surrounding and attacking them on every side.

Xerxes passed through the dead, and having heard that Leonidas was king and general of the Lacedæmonians, he commanded them to cut off his head, and fix it upon a pole. It is clear to me from many other proofs, and not the least of all from this, that king Xerxes was more highly incensed against Leonidas during his life than against any other man; for otherwise he would never have violated the respect due to his dead body; since the Persians, most of all men with whom I am acquainted, are wont to honor men who are brave in war. They, however, to whom the order was given to do this, did it.

THE STORY OF ARION

Periander was the son of Cypselus, — he it was who acquainted Thrasybulus with the answer of the oracle. Now, Periander was king of Corinth, and the Corinthians say, (and the Lesbians confirm their account,) that a wonderful prodigy occurred in his lifetime. They say that Arion of Methymna, who was second to none of his time in accompanying the harp, and who was the first, that we are acquainted with, who composed, named, and represented the dithyrambus at Corinth, was carried to Tænarus on the back of a dolphin. They say that this Arion, having continued a long time with Periander, was desirous of making a voyage to Italy and Sicily; and that having acquired great wealth, he determined to return to Corinth: that he set out from Tarentum, and hired a ship of certain Corinthians because he put more confidence in them than in any other nation; but that these men, when they were

in the open sea, conspired together to throw him overboard and seize his money, and he being aware of this, offered them his money, and entreated them to spare his life. However, he could not prevail on them; but the sailors ordered him either to kill himself, that he might be buried ashore, or to leap immediately into the sea. They add, that Arion, reduced to this strait, entreated them, since such was their determination, to permit him to stand on the poop in his full dress and sing, and he promised when he had sung to make away with himself. The seamen, pleased that they should hear the best singer in the world, retired from the stern to the middle of the vessel. They relate, that Arion, having put on all his robes, and taken his harp, stood on the rowing benches and went through the Orthian strain; that when the strain was ended he leaped into the sea as he was, in his full dress; and the sailors continued their voyage to Corinth: but they say that a dolphin received him on his back, and carried him to Tænarus; and that he, having landed, proceeded to Corinth in his full dress, and upon his arrival there, related all that had happened; but that Periander, giving no credit to his relation, put Arion under close confinement, and watched anxiously for the seamen; that when they appeared, he summoned them and inquired if they could give any account of Arion; but when they answered that he was safe in Italy, and that they had left him flourishing at Tarentum, Arion in that instant appeared before them just as he was when he leaped into the sea; at which they were so astonished, that being fully convicted, they could no longer deny the fact. These things are reported by the Corinthians and Lesbians; and there is a small brazen statue of Arion at Tænarus, representing a man sitting on a dolphin.

THE CROCODILE

THE following is the nature of the crocodile. During the four coldest months it eats nothing, and though it has four feet, it is amphibious. It lays its eggs on land, and there hatches them. It spends the greater part of the day on the dry ground, but the whole night in the river; for the water is then warmer than the air and dew. Of all living things with which we are

acquainted, this, from the least beginning, grows to be the largest. For it lays eggs little larger than those of a goose, and the young is at first in proportion to the egg; but when grown up it reaches to the length of seventeen cubits, and even more. It has the eyes of a pig, large teeth, and projecting tusks, in proportion to the body: it is the only animal that has no tongue: it does not move the lower jaw, but is the only animal that brings down its upper jaw to the under one. It has strong claws, and a skin covered with scales, that cannot be broken on the back. It is blind in the water, but very quick-sighted on land; and because it lives for the most part in the water, its mouth is filled with leeches. All other birds and beasts avoid him, but he is at peace with the trochilus, because he receives benefit from that bird. For when the crocodile gets out of the water on land, and then opens its jaw, which it does most commonly towards the west, the trochilus enters its mouth and swallows the leeches: the crocodile is so well pleased with this service that it never hurts the trochilus.

The modes of taking the crocodile are many and various, but I shall only describe that which seems to me most worthy of relation. When the fisherman has baited a hook with the chine of a pig, he lets it down into the middle of the river, and holding a young live pig on the brink of the river, beats it; the crocodile, hearing the noise, goes in its direction, and meeting with the chine, swallows it; but the men draw it to land: when it is drawn out on shore, the sportsman first of all plasters its eyes with mud; and having done this, afterwards manages it very easily; but until he has done this, he has a great deal of trouble.

THE PHŒNIX

THERE is also another sacred bird, called the phœnix, which I have never seen except in a picture; for it seldom makes its appearance amongst them, only once in five hundred years, as the Heliopolitans affirm: they say that it comes on the death of its sire. If he is like the picture, he is of the following size and description: the plumage of his wings is partly golden-colored, and partly red; in outline and size he is very like

an eagle. They say that he has the following contrivance, which in my opinion is not credible. They say that he comes from Arabia, and brings the body of his father to the temple of the sun, having inclosed him in myrrh, and there buries him in the temple. He brings him in this manner: first he molds an egg of myrrh as large as he is able to carry; then he tries to carry it, and when he has made the experiment, he hollows out the egg, and puts his parent into it, and stops up with some more myrrh the hole through which he had introduced the body, so when his father is put inside the weight is the same as before: then having covered it over, he carries him into the temple of the sun in Egypt. This they say is done by this bird.

EMBALMING

THERE are persons who are appointed for this very purpose; they, when the dead body is brought to them, show to the bearers wooden models of corpses, made exactly like by painting. And they show that which they say is the most expensive manner of embalming, the name of which I do not think it right to mention on such an occasion; they then show the second, which is inferior and less expensive; and then the third, which is the cheapest. Having explained them all, they learn from them in what way they wish the body to be prepared; then the relations, when they have agreed on the price, depart; but the embalmers remaining in the workshops thus proceed to embalm in the most expensive manner. First they draw out the brains through the nostrils with an iron hook, taking part of it out in this manner, the rest by the infusion of drugs. Then with a sharp Ethiopian stone they make an incision in the side, and take out all the bowels; and having cleansed the abdomen and rinsed it with palm-wine, they next sprinkle it with pounded perfumes. Then having filled the belly with pure myrrh pounded, and cassia, and other perfumes, frankincense excepted, they sew it up again; and when they have done this, they steep it in natrum, leaving it under for seventy days; for a longer time than this it is not lawful to steep it. At the expiration of the seventy days they wash the corpse, and wrap the whole body in bandages of flaxen cloth, smearing

it with gum, which the Egyptians commonly use instead of glue. After this the relations, having taken the body back again, make a wooden case in the shape of a man, and having made it, they inclose the body; and thus, having fastened it up, they store it in a sepulchral chamber, setting it upright against the wall. In this manner they prepare the bodies that are embalmed in the most expensive way. Those who, avoiding great expense, desire the middle way, they prepare in the following manner. When they have charged their syringes with oil made from cedar, they fill the abdomen of the corpse without making any incision or taking out the bowels, but inject it at the fundament; and having prevented the injection from escaping they steep the body in natrum for the prescribed number of days, and on the last day they let out from the abdomen the oil of cedar which they had before injected, and it has such power that it brings away the intestines and vitals in a state of dissolution; the natrum dissolves the flesh, and nothing of the body remains but the skin and the bones. When they have done this they return the body without any further operation. The third method of embalming is this, which is used only for the poorer sort: having thoroughly rinsed the abdomen in syrmæa, they steep it with natrum for the seventy days, and then deliver it to be carried away.

THE INUNDATION OF THE NILE

I WILL describe what, in my opinion, causes the Nile to overflow in summer. During the winter season, the sun, being driven by storms from his former course, retires to the upper parts of Libya: this in few words comprehends the whole matter; for it is natural that that country which this god is nearest to, and over which he is, should be most in want of water, and that the native river streams should be dried up. But to explain my meaning more at length, the case is this: the sun passing over the upper parts of Libya, produces the following effect; as the air in these regions is always serene, and the soil always hot, since there are no cold winds passing over, he produces just the same effect, as he usually does in the summer, when passing through the middle of the firmament; for he attracts the water to himself, and having so attracted it, throws it back upon the higher regions; there the

winds, taking it up and dispersing it, melt it: and therefore, with good reason, the winds that blow from this country, from the south and southwest, are by far the most rainy of all. I do not think, however, that the sun on each occasion discharges the annual supply of water from the Nile, but that some remains about him. When, however, the winter grows mild, the sun returns again to the middle of the heavens, and from that time attracts water equally from all rivers. Up to this time those other rivers, having much rain-water mixed with them, flow with full streams; but as the country has been watered by showers and torn up by torrents, when the showers fail them, and they are attracted in summer by the sun, they become weak, but the Nile, being destitute of rain, and attracted by the sun, is the only river that with good reason flows much weaker, than usual at this time, than in summer; for in summer it is attracted equally with all other waters, but in winter it alone is hard pressed. Thus I consider that the sun is the cause of these things. The same cause in my opinion occasions also the dryness of the air in these parts, the sun scorching everything in his passage; in consequence of this, heat always prevails in the upper parts of Libya. But if the order of the seasons were changed, and that part of the heaven where the north and winter are now placed could be made the position of the south and midday, and the north were transferred to the south, if such a change were made, the sun, driven from the middle of the firmament by the winter and the north wind, would go to the upper parts of Europe, as he now does through those of Libya; and I suppose he would produce in his passage the same effects on the Ister, which he now does on the Nile. Then, with regard to the reason why no breezes blow from the Nile, my opinion is, that it is very improbable they should blow from hot countries, for they generally blow from some cold one.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE

Now for a voyage and land journey of four months, the Nile is known, in addition to the part of the stream that is in Egypt. For upon computation, so many months are known to be spent by a person who travels from Elephantine to the Automoli. This river flows from the west and the setting of the sun; but

beyond this no one is able to speak with certainty, for the rest of the country is desert by reason of the excessive heat. But I have heard the following account from certain Cyrenæans, who say that they went to the oracle of Ammon, and had a conversation with Etearchus king of the Ammonians; and that, among other subjects, they happened to discourse about the Nile, — that nobody knew its sources: whereupon Etearchus said, that certain Nasamonians once came to him; this nation is Libyan and inhabits the Syrtis, and the country for no great distance eastward of the Syrtis; and that when these Nasamonians arrived, and were asked if they could give any further information touching the deserts of Libya, they answered, that there were some daring youths amongst them, sons of powerful men; and that they, having reached man's estate, formed many other extravagant plans, and moreover chose five of their number by lot to explore the deserts of Libya, to see if they could make any further discovery than those who had penetrated the farthest. (For as respects the parts of Libya along the Northern Sea, beginning from Egypt to the promontory of Solois, where is the extremity of Libya, Libyans and various nations of Libyans reach all along it, except those parts which are occupied by Grecians and Phœnicians; but as respects the parts above the sea, and those nations which reach down to the sea, in the upper parts Libya is infested by wild beasts; and all beyond that is sand, dreadfully short of water, and utterly desolate.) *They further related*, "that when the young men deputed by their companions set out, well furnished with water and provisions, they passed first through the inhabited country; and having traversed this, they came to the region infested by wild beasts; and after this they crossed the desert, making their way towards the west; and when they had traversed much sandy ground, during a journey of many days, they at length saw some trees growing in a plain; and that they approached and began to gather the fruit that grew on the trees; and while they were gathering, some diminutive men, less than men of middle stature, came up, and having seized them carried them away; and that the Nasamonians did not at all understand their language, nor those who carried them off the language of the Nasamonians. However, they conducted them through vast morasses, and when they had passed these, they came to

a city, in which all the inhabitants were of the same size as their conductors, and black in color: and by the city flowed a great river, running from the west to the east, and that crocodiles were seen in it." Thus far I have set forth the account of Etearchus the Ammonian; to which may he added, as the Cyrenæans assured me, "that he said the Nasamonians all returned safe to their own country, and that the men whom they came to were all necromancers." Etearchus also conjectured that this river, which flows by their city, is the Nile; and reason so evinces: for the Nile flows from Libya, and intersects it in the middle; and (as I conjecture, inferring things unknown from things known) it sets out from a point corresponding with the Ister. For the Ister, beginning from the Celts, and the city of Pyrene, divides Europe in its course: but the Celts are beyond the pillars of Hercules, and border on the territories of the Cynesians, who lie in the extremity of Europe to the westward; and the Ister terminates by flowing through all Europe into the Euxine Sea, where a Milesian colony is settled in Istria. Now the Ister, as it flows through a well-peopled country, is generally known; but no one is able to speak about the sources of the Nile, because Libya, through which it flows, is uninhabited and desolate. Respecting this stream, therefore, as far as I was able to reach by inquiry, I have already spoken. It however discharges itself into Egypt; and Egypt lies, as near as may be, opposite to the mountains of Cilicia; from whence to Sinope, on the Euxine Sea, is a five days' journey in a straight line to an active man; and Sinope is opposite to the Ister, where it discharges itself into the sea. So I think that the Nile, traversing the whole of Libya, may be properly compared with the Ister. Such, then, is the account that I am able to give respecting the Nile.

THE KING AND THE MASTER-THIEF

This king, they said, possessed a great quantity of money, such as no one of the succeeding kings was able to surpass, or even nearly come up to; and he, wishing to treasure up his wealth in safety, built a chamber of stone, of which one of the walls adjoined the outside of the palace. But the builder, forming a plan against it, devised the following contrivance; he fitted one of the stones so that it might be easily taken out by two men, or

even one. When the chamber was finished, the king laid up his treasures in it; but in course of time the builder, finding his end approaching, called his sons to him, for he had two, and described to them how (providing for them that they might have abundant sustenance) he had contrived when building the king's treasury; and having clearly explained to them everything relating to the removal of the stone, he gave them its dimensions, and told them, if they would observe his instructions, they would be stewards of the king's riches. He accordingly died, and the sons were not long in applying themselves to the work; but having come by night to the palace, and having found the stone in the building, they easily removed it, and carried off a great quantity of treasure. When the king happened to open the chamber, he was astonished at seeing the vessels deficient in treasure; but he was not able to accuse any one, as the seals were unbroken, and the chamber well secured. When therefore, on his opening it two or three times, the treasures were always evidently diminished (for the thieves did not cease plundering), he adopted the following plan; he ordered traps to be made, and placed them round the vessels in which the treasures were. But when the thieves came as before, and one of them had entered, as soon as he went near a vessel, he was straightway caught in the trap; perceiving, therefore, in what a predicament he was, he immediately called to his brother, and told him what had happened, and bade him enter as quick as possible, and cut off his head, lest, if he was seen and recognized, he should ruin him also: the other thought that he spoke well, and did as he was advised; then, having fitted in the stone, he returned home, taking with him his brother's head. When day came, the king having entered the chamber, was astonished at seeing the body of the thief in the trap without the head, but the chamber secure, and without any means of entrance or exit. In this perplexity he contrived the following plan; he hung up the body of the thief from the wall, and having placed sentinels there, he ordered them to seize and bring before him whomsoever they should see weeping or expressing commiseration at the spectacle. The mother was greatly grieved at the body being suspended, and coming to words with her surviving son, commanded him, by any means he could, to contrive how he might take down and bring away the corpse of

his brother; but, should he neglect to do so, she threatened to go to the king, and inform him that he had the treasures. When the mother treated her surviving son harshly, and when with many entreaties he was unable to persuade her, he contrived the following plan: having got some asses, and having filled some skins with wine, he put them on the asses, and then drove them along; but when he came near the sentinels that guarded the suspended corpse, having drawn out two or three of the necks of the skins that hung down, he loosened them; and when the wine ran out, he beat his head, and cried out aloud, as if he knew not to which of the asses he should turn first: but the sentinels, when they saw wine flowing in abundance, ran into the road, with vessels in their hands, caught the wine that was being spilt, thinking it all their own gain; but the man, feigning anger, railed bitterly against them all; however, as the sentinels soothed him, he at length pretended to be pacified, and to forego his anger; at last he drove his asses out of the road, and set them to rights again. When more conversation passed, and one of the sentinels joked with him and moved him to laughter, he gave them another of the skins; and they, just as they were, lay down and set to to drink, and joined him to their party, and invited him to stay and drink with them: he was persuaded, forsooth, and remained with them; and as they treated him kindly during the drinking, he gave them another of the skins; and the sentinels, having taken very copious draughts, became exceedingly drunk, and being overpowered by the wine, fell asleep on the spot where they had been drinking. But he, as the night was far advanced, took down the body of his brother, and by way of insult shaved the right cheeks of all the sentinels; then having laid the corpse on the asses, he drove home, having performed his mother's injunctions. When this also was reported to the king, he was astonished at the shrewdness and daring of the man; and at last, sending throughout all the cities, he caused a proclamation to be made, offering a free pardon, and promising great reward to the man, if he would discover himself. The thief, relying on this promise, went to the king's palace; and Rhampsinitus greatly admired him and gave him his daughter in marriage, accounting him the most knowing of all men; for that the Egyptians are superior to all others, but he was superior to the Egyptians.

ROBERT HERRICK

ROBERT HERRICK, one of the most charming of lyric poets. Born in London, August, 1591; died at Dean Prior, Devonshire, October 15, 1674. Author of "Noble Numbers," "Hesperides."

Herrick's poetry has commended itself to readers during nine generations of men. Ralph Waldo Emerson has called Herrick "the master of miniature painting."

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING

GET up, get up for shame! the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin
Nay, profanation, to keep in, —
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street; each street a park
Made green, and trimm'd with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch: each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad: and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament:
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd: — yet we're not a Maying.

— Come, let us go, while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time!
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short; and our days run
As fast away as does the sun: —

And as a vapor, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again:
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
— Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna! come, let's go a Maying.

CHERRY-RIPE

CHERRY-RIPE, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come, and buy:
If so be you ask me where
They do grow? I answer, there
Where my Julia's lips do smile; —
There's the land, or cherry-isle;
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

THE NIGHT-PIECE: TO JULIA

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness;
A lawn about the shoulders throws
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher:
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility; —
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may:
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

— Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

TO VIOLETS

WELCOME, maids of honor,
You do bring
In the Spring;
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies;
And so graced,
To be placed
'Fore damask roses.

— Yet, though thus respected,
By and by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honor thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

— Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;

And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

THE BAG OF THE BEE

About the sweet bag of a bee,
Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize should be,
They vowed to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them,
And taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kissed and wiped their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

TO BLOSSOMS

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride

Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warped as we,
Who think it strange to see,
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before you have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep.
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this?
No, no; this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

TO FIND GOD

WEIGH me the fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind:

Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixed in that watery theater,
And taste thou them as saltless there,
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshivered into seeds of rain.
Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears;
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence;
This if thou canst, then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread

Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent:
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail-bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land:
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me for this end:
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly Thine:
But the acceptance — that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

THE COUNTRY LIFE

Sweet country life, to such unknown,
Whose lives are others', not their own!
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plow'd the ocean's foam,
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the eastern Ind dost rove,

To bring from thence the scorched clove;
Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the west.
No; thy ambition's masterpiece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year;
But walk'st about thy own dear grounds,
Not craving others' larger bounds;
For well thou know'st 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the plowman's horn,
Calls for the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which, though well soil'd, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.
There, at the plow, thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them;
And cheer'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plow.
This done, then to th' enameled meads
Thou go'st; and, as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present godlike power
Imprinted in each herb and flower;
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large, sleek neat,
Unto the dewlaps up in meat;
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox, draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox;
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on the hill.
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,

Thou hast thy eves and holy-days,
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet;
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crowned.
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,
Thy May-poles, too, with garlands graced;
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun ale,
Thy shearing feast, which never fail;
Thy harvest-home, thy wassail-bowl,
That's tost up after fox i' th' hole;
Thy mummeries, thy twelfth-night kings
And queens, thy Christmas revelings;
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it.
To these thou hast thy time to go,
And trace the hare in the treacherous snow:
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net;
Thou hast thy cock rood, and thy glade,
To take the precious pheasant made;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls, then,
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
O happy life, if that their good
The husbandmen but understood!
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these;
And, lying down, have nought t' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.